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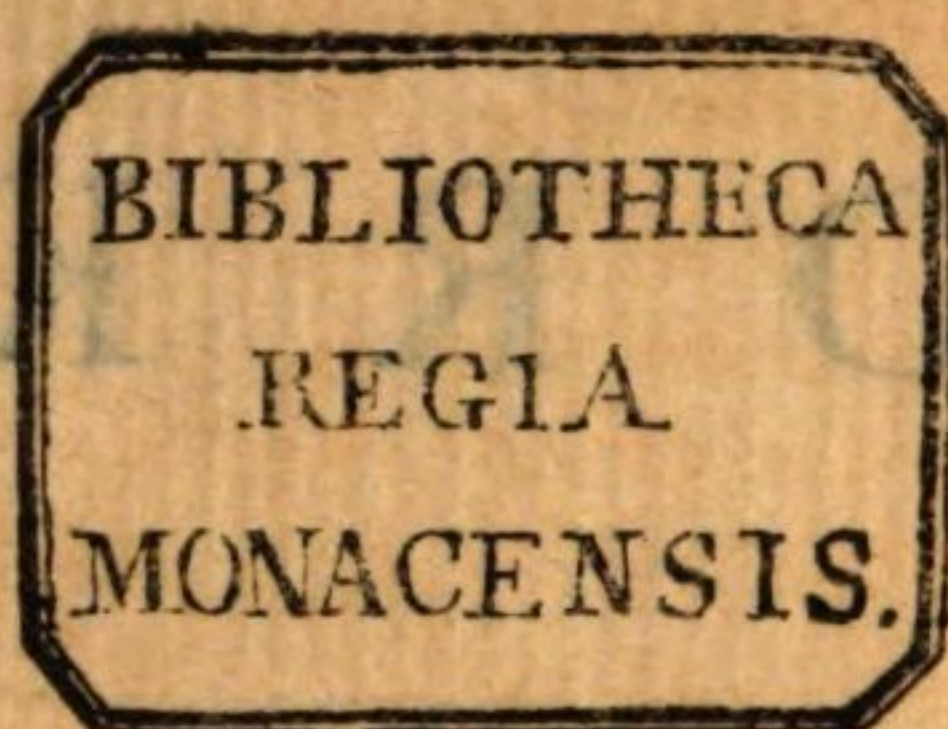
M O L I E R E.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

THE
FORC'D MARRIAGE.

A
COMEDY.

A C T O R S.

S G A N A R E L, lover of Dorimena.

G E R O N I M O, friend to Sganarel.

D O R I M E N A, daughter to Alcantor.

A L C A N T O R, father of Dorimena.

A L C I D A S, brother of Dorimena.

L Y C A S T O, lover of Dorimena.

P A N C R A T I U S, an Aristotelian doctor.

M A R P H U R I U S, a Pyrrhonian doctor.

T W O B O H E M I A N S.

S C E N E the Street.

T H E
FORC'D MARRIAGE.

S C E N E I.

S G A N A R E L, G E R O N I M O.

SGANAREL speaking to the people in the house.

I 'LL be back again in a moment. Let good care be taken of the house, and let every thing be set to rights. If any body brings me money, let me be fetch'd immediately from Mr. Geronimo's; but should any one come to demand it of me, say, that I'm gone out, and that I shan't return all day.

Geronimo. That's a very prudent order.

Sganarel. O! Mr. Geronimo, I find you very opportunely; I was going to your house to look for you.

Geronimo. On what occasion, pray?

Sganarel To communicate an affair to you I have in my head, and desire you to give me your advice upon it.

Geronimo. With all my heart. I'm mighty glad of this opportunity; and we may talk here at full liberty.

Sganarel. Pray be cover'd then. The matter in question is a thing of consequence that has been propos'd to me; and 'tis good to do nothing without the advice of one's friends.

6 THE FORC'D MARRIAGE.

Geronimo. I'm oblig'd t'ye, for having chose me for that purpose. You need only tell me what it is.

Sganarel. But first of all, I must conjure you in no wise to flatter me, but to tell me your opinion plainly.

Geronimo. I will, since you will have it so.

Sganarel. I think nothing more culpable than a friend that does not speak freely.

Geronimo. You're in the right.

Sganarel. And now-a-days one finds few sincere friends.

Geronimo. That's true.

Sganarel. Then promise me, Mr. Geronimo, to speak to me with all manner of freedom.

Geronimo. I promise it you.

Sganarel. Swear on your faith.

Geronimo. Well, on the faith of a friend. Do but tell me your affair.

Sganarel. I would know of you if I should do well to marry.

Geronimo. Who, you?

Sganarel. Yes; I myself, in proper person. What's your advice upon it?

Geronimo. I desire you to tell me one thing first.

Sganarel. Ay, what?

Geronimo. What age may you really now be of?

Sganarel. I?

Geronimo. Yes.

Sganarel. O' my conscience, I don't know; but I'm mighty well.

Geronimo. How! don't you know your age within a little?

Sganarel. No: Is that a thing to be regarded?

Geronimo. Humph! pray now, do but tell me: how

may years old were you when we began our acquaintance?

Sganarel. O' my conscience, I was then but twenty.

Geronimo. How long were we at Rome together?

Sganarel. Eight years.

Geronimo. What time did you stay in England?

Sganarel. Seven years.

Geronimo. And in Holland, where you were afterwards?

Sganarel. Five years and a half.

Geronimo. How long is it that you've been come back hither?

Sganarel. I return'd in fifty-two.

Geronimo. From fifty-two to sixty-four, that is a dozen years, I think; five years in Holland make seventeen; seven years in England make twenty-four; eight years we stay'd at Rome make thirty-two; and twenty, which was your age when we became acquainted, make exactly fifty-two. So that, Mr. Sganarel, according to your own confession, you are about your fifty-second or fifty-third year.

Sganarel. Who, I? That can't be.

Geronimo. Troth, the calculation is exact; and I must tell you thereupon sincerely, and as a friend (as you made me promise you I would) that matrimony is none of your business. That's a thing young people should think of seriously before they enter upon it; but folks of your age ought not to think of it at all. And if 'tis said, that the greatest of all follies is that of marrying, I know nothing more preposterous than to commit this folly in a season when we ought to be most discreet. In short, I'll tell you my opinion plainly. I advise you not to think of matrimony; and I should

take you for the most ridiculous creature in the world, if, having hitherto been at liberty, you should now load yourself with the heaviest of all chains.

Sganarel. And for my part, I tell you, that I'm resolv'd to wed ; and that I shan't be at all ridiculous in marrying the girl I propose.

Geronimo. O ! that's another matter. You didn't tell me that.

Sganarel. 'Tis a girl that pleases me, and whom I love with all my heart.

Geronimo. You love her with all your heart ?

Sganarel. Most certainly ; and I've ask'd her father's consent.

Geronimo. You've ask'd consent ?

Sganarel. Yes : 'tis a marriage that must be made an end of this evening ; and I've given my word.

Geronimo. Oh ! marry then. I say not a word more.

Sganarel. Shall I give over my design ? Do you imagine, Mr. Geronimo, that I'm no longer fit to think of a wife ? Don't let us talk of what age I may be, but let us only regard things. Is there a man of thirty that appears more fresh and vigorous than you see me ? Have not I the use of all my limbs as well as ever ? And does any body see me want either coach or chair to carry me ? Have not I still all my teeth in perfection ? [Shewing his teeth.] Don't I eat my four meals a day heartily ? And can you find a stomach that has more strength than mine ? Hem, hem, hem. Well, what d'ye say to't ?

Geronimo. You're in the right ; I was mistaken. You'll do well to marry.

Sganarel. I was against it formerly ; but I've strong reasons for it now. Besides the pleasure I shall have in

possessing a pretty woman that will fondle me very much, and cocker me up, and come stroke me when I am weary : I say, besides that pleasure, I consider, that remaining as I am, I shall suffer the race of the Sganarels to be extinct ; but that, by marrying, I shall see myself revive in other Sganarels ; I shall have the satisfaction of seeing creatures sprung from me, little babies that will be as like me as two drops of water ; that will continually be playing about the house, will call me their papa when I come back out of the city, and will prattle their little nonsense to me in the most agreeable manner possible. Hold, methinks I'm already amongst them, and see half a dozen round me.

Geronimo. There's nothing pleasanter than that, and I desire you to marry with all the speed you can.

Sganarel. Indeed ! Do you advise me to it ?

Geronimo. To be sure. You can't do better.

Sganarel. Really, I'm overjoy'd that you give me this advice as a sincere friend.

Geronimo. Well, who's the person, pray, that you are going to marry ?

Sganarel. Dorimena.

Geronimo. What ! young Dorimena, that's so gay and so fine ?

Sganarel. Ay.

Geronimo. Mr. Alcantor's daughter ?

Sganarel. The same.

Geronimo. And sister to one Alcidas, who takes upon him to wear a sword ?

Sganarel. That's she.

Geronimo. Mercy o' me !

Sganarel. What d'ye say to't ?

Geronimo. A good match ! marry out of hand.

Sganaral. Am I not right, in having made this choice?

Geronimo. Certainly. Ah! how happily you'll be marry'd! Make haste to be so.

Sganarel. You overwhelm me with joy by saying so. I thank you for your advice, and invite you this evening to my wedding.

Geronimo. I'll not fail to come, and to honour it the more, I'll be there in masquerade.

Sganarel. Your servant.

Geronimo aside.] Young Dorimena, Mr. Alcantor's daughter, with Mr. Sganarel, who's but fifty-three years old! Oh! a fine match! a fine match!

[This he repeats several times in going away.

SCENE II.

SGANAREL alone.

THIS marriage must needs be happy, for it rejoices every body; and I make ev'ry body laugh that I speak of it to. I'm now the most contented of mankind.

SCENE III.

DORIMENA, SGANAREL.

DORIMENA.

COME, boy, hold up my train handsomely, and don't amuse yourself with playing tricks.

Sganarel aside, seeing Dorimena.] Here's my mistress coming. O! how agreeable she is! What an air!

What a shape! can there be a man that sees her, but what must have an itch to be marry'd? [to Dorimena.] Whither art thou going, pretty creature, dear future spouse of thy future husband?

Dorimena. I'm going to buy some things.

Sganarel. Well, my pretty one, both of us are now going to be happy. You'll no longer have a right to refuse me any thing, and I may do whatever I please with you, without any body's being offended. You are going to be mine from head to foot, and I shall be master of you all; of your little twinkling eyes, of your little roguish nose, of your provoking lips, of your amorous ears, of your little handsome chin, of your little round bubbies, of your — In short, your whole person will be at my direction, and I shall have it in my power to fondle you as I please. Ar'n't you very glad of this marriage, my dear child?

Dorimena. Intirely glad, I swear t'ye. For, in short, the severity of my father has kept me hitherto under the most grievous subjection in the world. I'm I don't know how much provoked at the little liberty he allows me, and have an hundred times wish'd he would marry me, that I might cleverly get rid of the restraint he lays upon me, and be in a condition of doing what I've a mind to. God be thanked, you are come luckily for that purpose, and I'm preparing myself henceforward to take my pleasure, and make amends, as I ought to do, for the time I've lost. As you're a mighty polite man, and understand the way of living in the world, I believe we shall manage together the best that can be, and that you'll not be one of those impertinent husbands who would have their wives live like owls. I assure you, that would not suit me at all, and solitude makes me mad. I love plays,

visits, assemblies, entertainments, walks, in a word, all sorts of pleasure; and you will be overjoy'd to have a wife of my humour. We shall never have any difference, for I won't restrain your actions, as I hope that on your side you'll put no restraint on mine. For my own part, I hold that there must be a mutual complaisance, and that people should not marry to plague one another. In a word, we'll live together when we're marry'd, like two people that know the world. No jealous suspicion shall rack our brain: and 'tis sufficient that you'll be assur'd of my fidelity, as I shall be persuaded of yours. But what's the matter wi' ye? Your countenance is quite chang'd, I see.

Sganarel. 'Tis vapours that get up into my head.

Dorimena. That's a distemper which seizes many people now-a-days: but our marriage will drive all that away. Good b'ye. I long to have a proper dress, that I may throw off these rags immediately. I'm going now to make an end of buying all the things I want, and I'll send the tradesmen to you.

SCENE IV.

GERONIMO, SGANAREL.

GERONIMO.

O! Mr. Sganarel, I'm overjoy'd to find you still here: for I've met with a goldsmith, who upon the report that you were in search after some fine diamond ring, to make a present of to your spouse, has earnestly requested me to come and speak to you for him, and to tell you he has one to sell, the finest in the world.

Sganarel. Bless me! there's no hast for that.

Geronimo. How! What d'ye mean? Where's the eagerness you shew'd just now?

Sganarel. I've had, a minute or two ago, some little scruples come into my head, about this marriage. Before I proceed any farther, I'd fain sift the matter thoroughly, and get some-body to interpret a dream I had last night, which I just now have recollected. Dreams, you know, are like mirrors, wherein one sometimes discovers all that's to happen to one. Methought I was in a ship, on a boisterous sea; and that —

Geronimo. Mr. Sganarel, I've a small affair at present, which will not allow me to give you the hearing. I understand nothing at all of dreams; and as for reasoning about matrimony, you have a couple of learn'd men, a couple of philosophers your neighbours, who are people will inform you of all that can be said upon the subject. As they are of different sects, you may examine their different opinions of the matter. For my own part, I'm satisfy'd with what I said to you just now: and remain your servant.

Sganarel alone.] He's in the right. I must consult these people a little, upon the uncertainty I'm under.

SCENE V.

PANCRATIUS, SGANAREL.

PANCRATIUS turning towards the side where he enter'd, and not seeing Sganarel.

GO, thou'rt an impertinent fellow, friend, a man ignorant of all good discipline, who ought to be banish'd from the republic of letters.

Sganarel. O! good, here's one of them very seasonably.

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] Ay, I'll maintain to thee by strong reasons, I'll shew thee by Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers, that thou art an *ignorans*, *ignorantissimus*, *ignorantificans*, and *ignorantificatus*, through all the cases and moods imaginable.

Sganarel aside.] He's quarrelling with some-body. [to Pancratius.] Sir. —

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] Thou wilt be attempting to reason, and thou dost not know the very elements of reason.

Sganarel aside.] Passion prevents his seeing me. [to Pancratius.] Sir —

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] 'Tis a proposition to be condemned in all the regions of philosophy.

Sganarel aside.] Some-body must have provok'd him mightily. [to Pancratius.] I —

Pancratius does the same again, not seeing Sganarel.] *Toto coelo, tota via aberras.*

Sganarel. I kiss your hands, master doctor.

Pancratius. Your servant.

Sganarel. May a body —

Pancratius returning to the place where he enter'd.] Dost thou know what thou hast done? A syllogism in *balordo*!

Sganarel. I tell you —

Pancratius. The major is stupid, the minor impertinent, and the conclusion ridiculous.

Sganarel. I —

Pancratius. I'd die rather than vindicate what thou

say't; and I'll maintain my opinion to the very last drop of my ink.

Sganarel. May I —

Pancratius. Yes, I'll defend that proposition, *Pugnis et calcibus, unguibus et rostro.*

Sganarel. Mr. Aristotle, may one know what puts you in such a passion?

Pancratius. The justest reason in the world.

Sganarel. What is it, pray?

Pancratius. An ignorant wretch would maintain to me a proposition that's erroneous; an hideous, frightful, execrable proposition.

Sganarel. May I ask what it is?

Pancratius. Ah! Mr. Sganarel, every thing, now-a-days, is turned topsy-turvy, and the world is fallen into a general corruption. An horrible license prevails every where; and the magistrates, who are set up to preserve order in the state, ought to die with shame, for suffering such an intolerable scandal as that I'm going to mention.

Sganarel. What is this matter?

Pancratius. Isn't it an horrible thing, a thing, that cries to heaven for vengeance, to suffer any one to say publicly, the form of a hat?

Sganarel. How's that?

Pancratius. I maintain that one should say, the figure of a hat, and not the form. Forasmuch as there's this difference between the form and the figure: the form is the exterior disposition of bodies that are animated, and the figure is the exterior disposition of bodies that are not animated; therefore, as a hat is a body not animated, one should say the figure of a hat, and not the form: [returning to the place where he enter'd.]

Yes, ignorant creature as you are, thus it is you should speak ; and these are the express terms of Aristotle in his chapter of Qualities.

Sganarel aside.] I imagin'd we'd been all undone. [to Pancratius.] Think no more o' that, master doctor. I —

Pancratius. I'm in such a rage, I don't know what I do.

Sganarel. Let the form and the hat alone : I have somewhat to communicate to you. I —

Pancratius. Impertinent !

Sganarel. Pray now, command yourself. I —

Pancratius. Ignorant !

Sganarel. Good Lord ! I —

Pancratius. To think I'd bear such a proposition !

Sganarel. He did wrong. I —

Pancratius. A proposition condemn'd by Aristotle.

Sganarel. That's true. I —

Pancratius. In express terms.

Sganarel. You're in the right. [turning himself to the side where Pancratius enter'd.] Ay, thou'rt a fool, and an impudent rascal, to pretend to dispute against a doctor that can read and write. There's an end o' that matter : now pray hear me. I'm come to advise with you about an affair that perplexes me. I've a design to take a wife, to bear me company in house-keeping. The person is handsom, and well-shap'd : I like her very much, and she is out of her wits to marry me. Her father consents to it : but, I'm a little fearful of you know what ; that disgrace for which no-body pities one ; and I'd intreat you, as a philosopher, to tell me your sentiments. Heh ! What is your opinion upon it ?

Pancratius. Rather than allow that one should say, the form of a hat, I'd allow that *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, and that I am a very ass.

Sganarel aside.] Plague on the man! [to Pancratius.] Why, master doctor, hear people a little. One talks t'ye for an hour, and you give no answer to what one says t'ye.

Pancratius. I ask your pardon. A just anger took up my thoughts.

Sganarel. Well, ha' done with all that, and take the pains to hear me.

Pancratius. Come then: what have you to say to me?

Sganarel. I would talk t'ye about a matter.

Pancratius. And what tongue will you make use of with me?

Sganarel. What tongue!

Pancratius. Ay.

Sganarel. Bless my soul! Why the tongue I've in my mouth: I believe I shan't borrow my neighbour's.

Pancratius. I ask you what idiom, what language?

Sganarel. Oh! that's another thing.

Pancratius. Will you speak Italian to me?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Spanish?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. High Dutch?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. English?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Latin?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Greek?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Hebrew?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Syriac?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Turkish?

Sganarel. No.

Pancratius. Arabic?

Sganarel. No, no: French, French, French.

Pancratius. Oh! French.

Sganarel. Right.

Pancratius. Go o' t'other side then; for this ear is destin'd for the learned and foreign languages; and t'other is for the vulgar and mother tongue.

Sganarel aside.] One must use abundance of ceremony with these kind of gentry.

Pancratius. What's your business?

Sganarel. To consult you upon a little difficulty.

Pancratius. Ay, ay, upon a difficulty in philosophy, without doubt?

Sganarel. Pardon me. I —

Pancratius. You'd know, perhaps, whether substance and accident are terms synonymous, or equivocal with regard to entity?

Sganarel. Not at all. I —

Pancratius. Whether logic is an art, or a science?

Sganarel. 'Tis not that. I —

Pancratius. If it has for it's object the three operations of the mind, or the third only?

Sganarel. No. I —

Pancratius. Whether there are ten categories, or no more than one?

Sganarel. No. I —

Pancratius. Whether the conclusion be of the essence of the syllogism?

Sganarel. No, no. I —

Pancratius. Whether the essence of good be plac'd in the appetibility, or in the congruity of it?

Sganarel. No. I ———

Pancratius. Whether good reciprocates with it's end?

Sganarel. Oh! no. I —

Pancratius. Whether the end can affect us by it's real, or by it's intentional being?

Sganarel. No, no, no, no, no; by all the devils, no.

Pancratius. Explain your meaning then; for I cannot guess it.

Sganarel. I will explain it to you, but then you must hear me. The business I have to tell you is, that I've a mind to marry a girl that is young and handsome. I love her very much, and have ask'd her of her father: but as I apprehend —

Pancratius speaks at the same time without hearing Sganarel.] Speech was given to man to express his thoughts: and as thoughts are the portraits of things, even so are our words the portraits of our thoughts.

[Sganarel being impatient, stops the doctor's mouth with his hand several times, and the doctor continues talking as soon as Sganarel takes his hand away.

But these portraits are different from other portraits, because other portraits are distinguish'd every where by their originals, but speech includes it's original in itself; since it is nothing else but thought express'd by an exterior sign: whence it come to pass, that those who think well are likewise those who speak the best. Wherefore express to me your thought by speech, which is the most intelligible of all the signs.

Sganarel pushes the doctor into his house, and pulls the door to prevent his coming out.] Pox o' the man!

Pancratius within the house.] Yes, speech is *Animi index, et speculum*; 'tis the interpreter of the heart, 'tis the image of the soul. [Pancratius gets up to the win-]

dow, and goes on.] 'Tis a mirror that plainly represents to us the most hidden secrets of us individuals. Then since you have the faculty of ratiocinating and talking both together, how comes it you don't make use of speech to make me understand your thoughts?

Sganarel. That's what I would do; but you'll not hear me.

Pancratius. I hear you: speak.

Sganarel. I say then, master doctor, that —

Pancratius. But above all things, be brief.

Sganarel. I will.

Pancratius. Avoid prolixity.

Sganarel. Oh! Sir —

Pancratius. Abridge me your discourse into a Laconic apothegm.

Sganarel. I —

Pancratius. No round-about talk, no circumlocution.

[Sganarel, through vexation that he's not able to speak, gathers up stones to throw at the doctor's head.

Pancratius. How now? D'ye fall into a passion, instead of explaining yourself! Go, you are more impertinent than he that would maintain to me that one should say the form of a hat; and I'll prove t'ye upon all occasions, by reasons demonstrative and convincing, and by arguments *in barbara*, that you are not, nor shall ever be any other than a loggerhead, and that I am, and shall be always, *in utroque jure*, doctor Pancratius.

Sganarel. What the devil of a babbler is this!

[Pancratius coming upon the stage.] A man of letters, a man of erudition.

Sganarel. Again?

Pancratius. A man of sufficiency, a man of capacity. [Going away.] A man consummate in all the sciences,

natural, moral, and political. [Coming back.] A man learned, most learned, *per omnes modos et casus*. [Going away.] A man that possesses, *superlative*, fables, mythologies, and histories. [Coming back.] Grammar, poesy, rhetoric, dialectics, and sophistries. [Going away.] Mathematics, arithmetic, optics, onirocritics, physics, and metaphysics. [Coming back.] Cosmometry, geometry, architecture, speculative, and speculatory. [Going away.] Physic, astronomy, astrology, physiognomy, metaprosopy, chiromancy, geomancy, *etc.*

SCENE VI.

SGANAREL alone.

THE devil take these learned folks, that will not hear people. I was rightly told that his master Aristotle was nothing but a boaster. I must go find the other, he perhaps will be more compos'd and reasonable. So-ho! there.

SCENE VII.

MARPHURIUS, SGANAREL.

MARPHURIUS.

WHAT would you have with me, Mr. Sganarel?

Sganarel. Master doctor, I've occasion for your advice about a little affair in hand, and am come hither upon that account. [Aside.] Oh! this goes well. This man hears people.

Marphurius. Mr. Sganarel, be pleas'd to alter that

way of speaking. Our philosophy commands, not to express one's self upon a proposition decisively ; to speak of every thing with uncertainty ; always to suspend one's judgment ; and by that rule, you ought not to say, *I am come*, but, *I think that I am come*.

Sganarel. I think ?

Marphurius. Yes.

Sganarel. S'bud ! I must needs think so, because it is so.

Marphurius. That is not a consequence, for you may think so, without the thing's being really so.

Sganarel. How ! Is it not true that I am come.

Marphurius. That's uncertain, and we should doubt of every thing.

Sganarel. What ! am I not here ? and don't you speak to me ?

Marphurius. It appears to me that you are there, and I think that I speak to you ; but it's not certain that it is so.

Sganarel. Heh ! What the devil, you joke. I am here, and you are there, very plainly, and there's nothing of, *I think*, in all that. Pray let's ha' done with these subtilties ; and let's talk of my affair. I'm come to tell you that I've a mind to marry.

Marphurius. I know nothing of the matter.

Sganarel. I tell it you.

Marphurius. That may be.

Sganarel. The girl that I would take is very young, and very handsome.

Marphurius. It is not impossible.

Sganarel. Shall I do well, or ill, to marry her ?

Marphurius. Either one or t' other.

Sganarel aside.] Hey-day ! here's another fiddle to the

same tune. [To Marphurius.] I ask you whether I shall do well to marry the girl I told you of?

Marphurius. Just as it falls out.

Sganarel. Shall I do ill?

Marphurius. Peradventure.

Sganarel. Good now, answer me as you should do.

Marphurius. That's my intent.

Sganarel. I have a great inclination for the girl.

Marphurius. It may be so.

Sganarel. The father has given her to me.

Marphurius. So he might.

Sganarel. But by marrying her, I'm afraid of being a cuckold.

Marphurius. The thing is feasible.

Sganarel. What think you of it?

Marphurius. There's no impossibility in it.

Sganarel. But what would you do, was you in my place?

Marphurius. I don't know.

Sganarel. What d'ye advise me to do?

Marphurius. What you please.

Sganarel. I'm provok'd.

Marphurius. I clear my hands of it.

Sganarel. The devil take the old dotard.

Marphurius. That shall be as it will.

Sganarel aside.] Plague on the tormenting rogue! I'll make you change your note, you mad dog of a philosopher.

[Beating Marphurius.

Marphurius. Oh! oh! oh!

Sganarel. There's a payment for thy nonsense, and now I'm satisfy'd.

Marphurius. How now? What insolence to affront me in this manner! to have the impudence to beat a philosopher like me!

Sganarel. Be pleas'd to correct that way of speaking.

One should doubt of all things ; and you ought not to say, that I have beat you, but, that you think that I have beat you.

Marphurius. Ay, ay, I'll go make my complaint to a justice of peace, of the blows which I've receiv'd.

Sganarel. I clear my hands of it.

Marphurius. I have the marks of them upon my body.

Sganarel. That may be.

Marphurius. 'Tis thou hast treated me in this manner.

Sganarel. It is not impossible.

Marphurius. I'll get a warrant against thee.

Sganarel. I know nothing o' the matter.

Marphurius. And thou shalt suffer the law.

Sganarel. That shall be as it will.

Marphurius. Let me alone for that.

SCENE VIII.

SGANAREL alone.

HOW's this ? One cannot get one word from that dog of a fellow there ! and a body's as wife at the end, as at the beginning ! What shall I do under this uncertainty of the consequence of my marriage ? Never man was more perplex'd than I am. Oh ! here are Bohemians, I must make them tell me my good fortune.

SCENE IX.

TWO BOHEMIANS, SGANAREL.

Enter two Bohemians with their tabors, singing and dancing.

SGANAREL.

THEY are merry people. Hark'e, you there, can't tell me my good fortune ?

1. Bo-

1. Bohemian. Ay, my good master, both of us will tell it you.

2. Bohemian. Do but give us thy hand, with a cross in it, and we will tell thee something for thy good profit.

Sganarel. Hold, there are both of them, with what you demand.

1. Bohemian. Thou hast a good physiognomy, my good master, a good physiognomy.

2. Bohemian. Ay, a good physiognomy. The physiognomy of a man that one day will be something.

1. Bohemian. Thou shalt be marry'd before it's long, my good master; thou shalt be marry'd before 'tis long.

2. Bohemian. Thou shalt marry an accomplish'd woman, an accomplish'd woman.

1. Bohemian. Ay, a woman that shall be carefs'd and belov'd by every body.

2. Bohemian. A woman that will get thee store of friends, my good master; that will get thee store of friends.

1. Bohemian. A woman that will bring great plenty to thy house.

2. Bohemian. A woman that will get thee a mighty reputation.

1. Bohemian. Thou shalt be respected for her sake, my good master; thou shalt be respected for her sake.

Sganarel. That's well; but inform me a little, am I threatn'd to be a cuckold.

2. Bohemian. A cuckold?

Sganarel. Yes.

1. Bohemian. A cuckold?

Sganarel. Yes, if I'm threaten'd to be a cuckold?

[The two Bohemians sing and dance.

Sganarel. What the devil! this is not answering me.

Come hither. I ask you both whether I shall be a cuckold?

2. Bohemian. A cuckold? you?

Sganarel. Ay, whether I shall be a cuckold?

1. Bohemian. You, a cuckold?

Sganarel, Ay. whether I shall be one, or not?

[The two Bohemians go off singing and dancing.]

SCENE X.

SGANAREL alone.

PLAGUE on the baggages for leaving me in this uncertainty! I must absolutely know the fate of my marriage: and for that purpose I'll go find that famous conjuror whom the whole world talks so much of, and who, by his wonderful art, shews every thing one can wish. O' my conscience, I believe I've no occasion to go to a conjuror, here's one discovers to me all that I can inquire about.

SCENE XI.

DORIMENA, LYCASTO, SGANAREL
retired unseen to the corner of the stage.

LYCASTO.

WELL, fair Dorimena, d'ye speak without jesting?

Dorimena. Without jesting.

Lycasto. Will you really marry?

Dorimena. Really.

Lycasto. And your wedding is to be this evening?

Dorimena. This evening.

Lycasto. And can you, cruel as you are, forget in this manner the love I bear you, and the obliging promises which you have given me?

Dorimena. I forget them! Not at all. I regard you still in the same manner, and this marriage should not at all discompose you. 'Tis a man whom I marry not for love, his riches alone make me resolve to accept of him. I have no fortune; no more have you; and without it, you know, one passes the time but indifferently in the world; therefore at whatever rate it be, one must endeavour to acquire it. I have embrac'd this opportunity of making myself easy; and have done it upon the hope of seeing myself soon deliver'd from the old fellow whom I take. He'll die before 'tis long; he hasn't at the most above six months to live. I'll warrant him dead within the time I mention; and I shan't long have need to beg of heaven the happy state of widowhood. [To Sganarel, discovering him.] Oh! we were talking of you, and saying all the handsome things of you that can be said.

Lycasto. Is that gentleman there —

Dorimena. Yes, 'tis the gentleman that's to marry me.

Lycasto. Give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you upon your marriage, and at the same time present you my most humble services. I assure you that you marry there a very virtuous lady; and I rejoice with you also, madam, upon the happy choice you have made. You could not have found a better, for the gentleman has all the appearance of making an excellent husband. Really, Sir, I'd fain commence a friendship with you, and settle a small commerce together of visits and diversions.

Dorimena. 'Tis too much honour you do us both. But come, the time presses, and we shall have all opportunities of conversing together.

SCENE XII.

SGANAREL alone.

I'M now intirely disgusted with my match, and believe I should not do amiss to go and disengage myself from my promise. It has cost me some money, but 'tis even better to lose that than to expose myself to somewhat worse. Let's endeavour to disengage ourselves from this affair dexterously. Soho!

[Knocking at Alcantor's door.]

SCENE XIII.

ALCANTOR, SGANAREL.

ALCANTOR.

O! Son-in-law, you're welcome.

Sganarel. Sir, your fervant.

Alcantor. You're come to conclude the marriage?

Sganarel. Pardon me.

Alcantor. I promise you I'm as impatient for it as you.

Sganarel. I come hither upon another score.

Alcantor. I have given orders about every thing that's necessary for the feast.

Sganarel. That is not the matter.

Alcantor. The musicians are spoke to, the entertainment order'd, and my daughter drest out to receive you.

Sganarel. 'Tis not that brings me hither.

Alcantor. In short, you are going to be satisfy'd, and nothing can retard your happiness.

Sganarel. Lack-a-day! 'tis another thing.

Alcantor. Come, son-in-law, walk in then.

Sganarel. I've a word to say t'ye.

Alcantor. O dear! don't let us stand upon ceremony: pray please to walk in immediately.

Sganarel. No, I tell you. I would speak to you first.

Alcantor. Would you say somewhat to me?

Sganarel. Yes.

Alcantor. And what is it?

Sganarel. Mr. Alcantor, I've ask'd your daughter in marriage, 'tis true; and you have agreed to give her me: but I find myself a little too far advanc'd in years for her; and I consider that I'm not at all for her purpose.

Alcantor. I beg your pardon. My daughter likes you as you are; and I'm certain that she'll live very contentedly with you.

Sganarel. No; I've sometimes terrible whimsies; and it would be too much for her to endure my ill humour.

Alcantor. My daughter has complaisance; and you will see that she'll conform to you intirely.

Sganarel. I have some infirmities of body which might disgust her.

Alcantor. That's nothing. A virtuous woman is never disgusted with her husband.

Sganarel. In short, shall I tell you? I advise you not to give her me.

Alcantor. D'ye banter? I'd rather die than not perform my promise.

Sganarel. Lack-a day ! I dispense with you for that, and I —

Alcantor. Not at all. I've promis'd her to you, and you shall have her, in spite of all who pretend to her.

Sganarel aside.] The devil I shall !

Alcantor. Take notice. I've a very particular esteem and friendship for you ; and I would refuse my daughter to a prince, to give her you.

Sganarel. Mr. Alcantor, I'm oblig'd t'ye for the honour you do me ; but I declare to you that I'll not marry.

Alcantor. Who, you ?

Sganarel. Yes, I.

Alcantor. For what reason ?

Sganarel. The reason is, because I find myself unfit for marriage ; and because I'd imitate my father, and all those of my relations who would never marry.

Alcantor. Hark'e. Will is free ; and I'm a man that never forces any body. You are engag'd with me to marry my daughter, and every thing is prepar'd for it ; but since you will go from your word, I'll see what is to be done in the matter, and you shall hear some news of me soon.

SCENE XIV.

S G A N A R E L alone.

H E's even more reasonable than I imagin'd, and I thought I should have much more difficulty to disengage myself. Troth, upon consideration, I have acted very discreetly to extricate myself from this affair : I was going to take a step, which I should perhaps have repent-

ed a long while. But here the son comes to give me an answer.

S C E N E XV.

A L C I D A S, S G A N A R E L.

A L C I D A S speaking all the while in a mild tone.

S I R, I'm your most humble servant.

Sganarel. Sir, I'm yours with all my heart.

Alcidas. My father told me, Sir, that you are come to disengage yourself from your promise.

Sganarel. Yes, Sir, 'tis with regret ; but —

Alcidas. Oh ! Sir, there's no harm in that.

Sganarel. I'm sorry for it, I assure you ; and I could have wish'd —

Alcidas. That's nothing, I tell you. [presenting two swords to Sganarel.] Sir, take the trouble of chusing which of these two swords you like.

Sganarel. Of these two swords ?

Alcidas. Yes, if you please.

Sganarel. For what purpose ?

Alcidas. Sir, as you refuse to marry my sister after having given your word, I believe you won't take amiss the small compliment I'm come to pay you.

Sganarel. How ?

Alcidas. Other folks would have made more noise, and put themselves in a passion at you ; but we are people that do things in a mild way, and I'm come to tell you civilly, that if you think fit, we must cut one another's throats.

Sganarel. That's a very ill-turn'd compliment.

Alcidas. Come, Sir, pray chuse.

Sganarel. I'm your servant, I have no throat to be cut. [aside.] What a confounded way of talking is this?

Alcidas. Sir, it must be so, by your leave.

Sganarel. Oh! Sir, forbear the compliment, I intreat you.

Alcidas. Let's dispatch, Sir, quick. I've a little affair that waits for me.

Sganarel. I'm for nothing of this, I tell you.

Alcidas. Won't you fight?

Sganarel. No, by my faith, won't I.

Alcidas. Really?

Sganarel. Really.

Alcidas after beating him with his cane.] However, Sir, you have no reason to complain: you see I do things in order. You break your word with us; I would fight you: you refuse to fight; I beat you: all this is according to the rules; and you're a man of too much honour to disapprove of my behaviour.

Sganarel aside.] What a devil of a man this is!

Alcidas presenting him the swords again.] Come, Sir, do things in a gallant manner without making me pull you by the ears.

Sganarel. What again?

Alcidas. Sir, I don't force any body; but you must either fight, or marry my sister.

Sganarel. Sir, I can do neither one, nor t'other, I assure you.

Alcidas. Positively?

Sganarel. Positively.

Alcidas. With your permission then ——

[Beating him again with his cane.]

Sganarel. Oh! oh! oh!

Alcidas. Sir, I have all the concern in the world for being oblig'd to use you in this manner; but I shan't give over, till you please to promise either to fight, or marry my sister. [He lifts up the cane.

Sganarel. Well, I'll marry, I'll marry —

Alcidas. Ah! Sir, I'm overjoy'd that you are come to reason, and that things are set to rights, for, in short, you're the man in the world I esteem the most, I swear; and 'twould have heartily vex'd me, had you forc'd me to use you ill. I'll go call my father, to tell him that all's agreed.

[Going to knock at Alcantor's door.

SCENE THE LAST.

ALCANTOR, DORIMENA, ALCIDAS, SGANAREL.

ALCIDAS.

FATHER, here's the gentleman intirely come to reason. He's willing to do things with a good grace, and you may give my sister to him.

Alcantor. Sir, there's her hand, you need only give her yours: heaven be thanked, I'm discharg'd from it, and 'tis you henceforward whom the care of her conduct lies upon. Let us go and make merry, and celebrate this happy marriage.

THE END.

T H E

MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T O R S.

ARISTIONE, a princess, mother to Eriphila.

ERIPHILA, daughter to the princess.

IPHICRATES, a prince in love with Eriphila.

TIMOCLES, a prince in love with Eriphila.

SOSTRATUS, the general of the army, in love with
Eriphila.

CLEONICE, Eriphila's confident.

ANAXARCHUS, an astrologer.

CLEON, his son.

CHOREBUS, one of the princess's servants.

CLITIDAS, a court jester.

A false VENUS, Anaxarchus's correspondent.

T H E
MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The theatre represents a vast sea border'd on each side with four great rocks, on the side of each whereof is a River-god leaning on an urn. At the foot of these rocks are twelve Tritons, and in the middle of the sea four Cupids upon dolphins; behind is Æolus rais'd above the waters on a cloud.

S C E N E I.

ÆOLUS, RIVER-GODS, TRITON, CUPIDS.

Æ O L U S.

YE winds which mar the fairest days,
Retire into your caves,
And leave the Zephyrs and the Loves
To reign upon the waves.

S C E N E II.

The sea grows calm, and a city is seen to rise out of the middle of the waves. Eight Fishermen rise from the bottom of the sea with mother-of-pearl and branches of coral.

ÆOLUS, RIVER-GODS, TRITONS, CUPIDS, CORAL-FISHERS.

A TRITON.

WHAT lovely eyes have pierc'd our moist abodes?
Hide yourselves, Nereids, come ye watry gods.

CHORUS OF TRITONS.

Come let's approach these fair divinities,
And in soft strains pay homage to their eyes.

A CUPID.

Ah! how fair these queens appear!

ANOTHER CUPID.

What hearts but must their charms obey.

ANOTHER CUPID.

The fairest of th' immortal fair,
Our mother, boasts less charms than they.

CHORUS.

Come, let's approach these fair divinities,
And in soft strains pay homage to their eyes.

FIRST ENTRY.

The Fishermen form a dance, at the end of which they place themselves each upon a rock under a River-god.

A TRITON.

WHAT noble figure bends this way?

Great Neptune, with majestic port,

To honour this illustrious day

Approaches here with all his court.

CHORUS.

Redouble our concerts, and let our joys fly

On the wings of the winds to the echoing sky.

SCENE III.

NEPTUNE, SEA-GODS, ÆOLUS, TRITONS,
RIVER-GODS, CUPIDS, FISHERMEN.

SECOND ENTRY.

NEPTUNE dances with his attendants. The Tritons, River-gods, and Fishermen accompany his steps with variety of gestures, and the sound of their pearl shells.

End of the First Interlude.

Verses for the KING, representing Neptune.

HEAV'N, 'mongst the chief of the immortal gods,
Has plac'd me in a rank of no small note,
And, giving me the empire of the seas,
Makes the whole universe adore my power.

40 THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

No regions of the earth who mark my force,
But tremble lest I overflow their shores ;
No state but in an instant I can drown
With the impetuous surges I command.

Nothing their fierce invasion can resist,
And triple dikes in vain their force oppose ;
The firm resistance boldly they surmount,
And gain in ev'ry place an easy passage.

Yet I can curb the fury of these waves
By the wise equity that guides my power,
And leave to all who plough the watry plain
The lovely liberty of peaceful commerce.

Though rocks may sometimes in my realms be found,
And vessels perish by the tempest's rage,
Yet no one ever murmurs at my sway,
For virtue knows no shipwreck where I reign.

For Mr. LE GRAND, representing a Sea-god.

THE empire where we live abounds in treasures,
And crouds of mortals to our shores resort ;
Whilst to acquire with speed an ample fortune,
We need but to obtain great Neptune's favour.

For the marquis of VILLEROI, representing a Sea-god.

TRUST in this monarch of the floating empire,
And you may still with confidence embark.
The waves are guilty of inconstancy,
But Neptune in himself is always constant.

For the marquis of RASSENT, representing a Sea-god.

IF you would wish to purchase Neptune's favour,
Lanch out into this deep with fearless zeal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

CLITIDAS aside.

HE's very thoughtful.

[Sostratus thinking himself alone.] No, Sostratus, I see nothing thou canst have recourse to, and thy misfortunes are such as to leave thee no hopes of their ever having an end.

Clitidas aside.] He's talking to himself.

[Sostratus thinking himself alone.] Alas!

Clitidas aside.] These sighs have some meaning; I believe my conjecture will prove true.

[Sostratus thinking himself alone.] Tell me, upon what chimeras canst thou found any hope? And what canst thou conceive but the frightful length of an unhappy life, and disturbances which death alone can put an end to?

Clitidas aside.] That head is much more disturbed than mine.

[Sostratus thinking himself alone.] Ah! my heart! Ah! my heart! to what have you drove me?

Clitidas. Your servant, lord Sostratus.

Sostratus. Where are you going, Clitidas?

Clitidas. Nay, rather pray do you tell me what you do here, and what secret melancholy, what gloomy fan-

cy can keep you in these woods, whilst every body else is gone to the magnificent feast with which prince Iphicrates just now regaled the princesses upon the sea, whilst they were wonderfully treated with music and dancing; and rocks and waves adorn'd themselves with deities to honour their charms?

Sostratus. I can imagine what this magnificence was, without going to see it; and so many people generally croud to cause confusion in such festivals, that I did not care to augment the number of the troublesome.

Clitidas. You know your presence never spoils any thing, and that, go where you will, you are always welcome. Your face will pass every where, and is none of those disgraced faces which are never well received by sovereigns. You are equally in the favour of both princesses; and both mother and daughter sufficiently let you know the esteem they have for you; so that you need not fear being troublesome; and I see 'twas not that kept you away.

Sostratus. I confess I have no great curiosity naturally for such things.

Clitidas. O! though you had no curiosity for the things, yet one always has to go where one may find company; and say what you will, people don't remain alone during a festival to think amongst trees, as you do, without they have something in their head that disturbs them.

Sostratus. Why? What do you believe I have in my head?

Clitidas. When! I can't tell whence this proceeds, but here's a strong smell of love. 'Tis not me. Oh! faith 'tis you.

Sostratus. What a fool you are, Clitidas!

Clitidas. I am no fool ; you are in love ; I have a nice nose, and smell it presently.

Sostratus. Why should you think so ?

Clitidas. Why ? You'd be very much amaz'd if I should tell you who you are in love with now.

Sostratus. I ?

Clitidas. Yes. I'll lay you a wager I immediately guess whom you are in love with. I have some secrets as well as our astrologer whom the princess Aristione is so infatuated with, and if he has the art of reading mens fortunes in the stars, I have that of reading the name of the persons that men love, in their eyes. Stand a little, and open your eyes. E, by itself, e ; r, i, ri, Eri ; p, h, i, phi, Eriphi ; l, a, la, Eriphila. You are in love with the princess Eriphila.

Sostratus. Ah ! Clitidas, I confess I cannot hide my concern ; you strike me with a thunderbolt.

Clitidas. You see whether I am learned or no.

Sostratus. Alas ! if by some accident you have discover'd the secrets of my heart, I conjure you at least not to reveal it to any one, and especially to conceal it from the fair princess whom you just now mention'd.

Clitidas. But, to speak seriously, if I have been long able to find out the passion you would fain have kept secret, do you think the princess Eriphila could be so blind as not to see it ? Believe me, the ladies are always the most quick-sighted to discover the love they cause ; and the language of the eyes and sighs makes itself be sooner understood by those to whom it addresses itself, than to any body else.

Sostratus. Well, Clitidas, let us see if she can read the passion she inspires me with in my sighs and looks ; but let us take care not to let her know any thing of it any other way.

Clitidas. And what are you afraid of? Is it possible that this same Sostratus, who fear'd neither Brennus nor all the Gauls, and whose arm so gloriously contributed to rid us of that deluge of Barbarians who ravaged Greece, is't possible, I say, that a man so stout in war should be so timorous in love, and tremble only to say he loves?

Sostratus. Ah! Clitidas, I do not tremble without a cause; and all the Gauls in the world are much less to be fear'd, than two beautiful eyes full of charms.

Clitidas. I do not think so; and for my part, one single Gaul, with sword in hand, would make me tremble much more than fifty of the most charming eyes in the world put together. But tell me, what do you intend to do?

Sostratus. To die without declaring my passion.

Clitidas. A fine intention indeed! Go, go; you are deceived; a little boldness always succeeds in lovers, only the bashful are lost; and if I were in love with a goddess, I should go near to tell her my passion.

Sostratus. Alas! too many things condemn my flames to an eternal silence.

Clitidas. What things?

Sostratus. The meanness of my fortune, by which heaven is pleas'd to humble the ambition of my love; the princess's rank, which sets between her and my desires so mortifying a distance; the rivalship of two princes who are supported by all the great titles that can sustain the pretensions of their passion; two princes who, by a thousand and a thousand magnificencies, are continually disputing the glory of her conquest, and whose love is daily expected to be decided by her choice; but most of all, Clitidas, the inviolable respect to

which her charming eyes subject the violence of my passion.

Clitidas. Respect is not always so agreeable as love, and I am mightily deceived if the young princess does not already know of your flame, and is not insensible to it.

Sostratus. O ! for pity sake, don't flatter a miserable wretch.

Clitidas. My conjecture is well founded. She is mightily for deferring the choice of an husband, and I'll look a little further into this affair. You know I am in a sort of favour with her, have free access to her, and have gain'd a privilege to throw a word in now and then, and to speak at random to any thing. Sometimes this don't succeed as I'd have it ; and sometimes it does succeed as I'd have it. Let me alone, I'm your friend, I love men of merit, and will take my time to talk to the princess —

Sostratus. O ! For heaven's sake, however you may pity my misfortune, do not mention my flame to her. I had rather die than be accused by her of the least temerity, and the profound respect which her divine charms —

Clitidas. Silence. Here they all come.

SCENE II.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, ANAXARCHUS, CLEON, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONÉ to Iphicrates.

PRINCE, I can't forbear saying it ; no spectacle in the world can dispute it for magnificence with this

you just now gave us. This entertainment had ornaments which certainly gain the day from all that can be seen ; and it shewed us something so noble, so great, and so majestic, that heaven itself cannot out-do it ; and I may with certainty say that nothing in the universe can equal it.

Timocles. These are ornaments which cannot be hoped for in all feasts, and I ought to tremble, madam, for the little diversion I am preparing to give you in Diana's wood.

Aristione. I believe 'twill be nothing but what's very agreeable ; and it must doubtless be confess'd that the country ought to appear very beautiful to us, and that we have no time to be uneasy in this agreeable habitation, which all that are poets have celebrated by the name of Tempe. For, not to mention the pleasures of hunting which we are continually taking, and the solemnity of the Pythian games which are to be celebrated by and by, you take care to supply us with diversions that might charm the anxieties of the most melancholy. How comes it, Sostratus, that we did not meet you in our walks ?

Sostratus. A little indisposition, madam, hinder'd me.

Iphicrates. Sostratus is one of those men, madam, who thinks it does not look well to be curious like others ; and that 'tis noble to affect not to run where every body else does.

Sostratus. My lord, affectation has no part in what I do, and without making you a compliment, there were things to be seen in this feast which might have attracted me, if some other motive had not retained me.

Aristione. And did not Clitidas see this ?

Clitidas. Yes, madam, from the shore.

Aristione. Why from the shore?

Clitidas. Faith, madam, I was afraid of one of those accidents that are common in such confusions. I dream'd of dead fish and broken eggs last night, and I have learn'd of Anaxarchus, that broken eggs and dead fish bode ill luck.

Anaxarchus. I observe that Clitidas has nothing to say if he don't speak of me.

Clitidas. That's because there's so many things to be said of you, that one can never say enough of you.

Anaxarchus. You might take some other subject since I have desired it of you.

Clitidas. How is that possible! Don't you say that the ascendant is stronger than any thing, and if 'tis written in the stars that I shall talk of you, how can I resist my destiny?

Anaxarchus. With all the respect I owe you, madam, there's one thing in your court that's troublesome, that is, every body takes the liberty of talking, and the honestest man is expos'd to the rallery of the first rascally buffoon.

Clitidas. I thank you for the honour —

Aristione to Anaxarchus.] What a fool you are to be uneasy at what he says!

Clitidas. With all the respect I owe you, madam, there is one thing that amazes me in astrology; how people who know all the secrets of the gods, and who possess such lights as ought to set them above all mankind, should have need to make their court to any body, and ask for any thing.

Anaxarchus. You ought to earn your money better, and give your mistress better jests.

Clitidas. Faith, I give her as good as I can. You

Speak of it with a great deal of ease ; the trade of a jester is not like that of an astrologer. To lye well, and to joke well, are two very different things, and 'tis much more easy to cheat people than to make them laugh.

Aristione. Ha ? What's the meaning of that ?

Clitidas talking to himself.] Silence, Impertinence ; don't you know that astrology is a state affair, and that you must not touch upon that string ? I have often told you, you give yourself too great a loose, and take certain liberties that, I'll promise you, will pull some ugly business or other upon your head. You'll see some day or other that you'll be kick'd out of door for a knave ; hold your tongue if you're wise.

Aristione. Where's my daughter ?

Timocles. Madam, she's by herself somewhere ; I presented her my hand, but she refus'd it.

Aristione. Princes, since your love for Eriphila consents to submit to the laws I have imposed ; since you have promis'd me to be rivals without being enemies, and since, with a full submission to my daughter's sentiments, you wait for a choice which I have made her sole mistress of : open to me, both of you, the bottom of your heart, and tell me sincerely what progress you each of you think you have made on her heart.

Timocles. Madam, I won't flatter myself ; I have done all I could to touch the heart of the princess Eriphila, and I think I have gone about it in all the tender methods a lover could use : I made her submissive homages of all my vows ; I have shewn assiduities, I have paid her obedience daily ; I have caused my passion to be sung to her by the most touching voices, and express'd in verse by the nicest pens ; I have complain'd of my sufferings in passionate terms ; I have told her
the

the despair of my love, as well by my eyes as by my mouth ; I have fetch'd languishing sighs at her feet ; I have even shed tears ; but all this was in vain, and I can't find that she has any feeling of my ardor in her breast.

Aristione. And you, prince ?

Iphicrates. For my part, madam, knowing her indifference, and the little value she sets upon the homage that is paid her, I did not care to lose either complaints, sighs, or tears. I know she is entirely submissive to your will, and that 'tis from your hand alone she designs to take an husband. So 'tis to you alone that I mean to address myself to obtain her ; to you rather than to her, that I render all my cares and homages. And would to heaven, madam, you could resolve to take her place, that you would enjoy the conquests you make for her, and receive for yourself the addresses you transfer to her.

Aristione. Prince, this compliment is like a cunning lover, and you have heard that the mothers must be flatter'd to gain the daughters ; but, as ill luck will have it, all this is useless here ; and I have promis'd to leave the choice intirely to my daughter's inclination.

Iphicrates. Whatever power you give her for this choice, what I say to you, madam, is no compliment. I court the princess Eriphila only because she's of your family ; I think her charming in that she inherits from you, and 'tis you that I adore in her.

Aristione. Very well.

Iphicrates. Yes, madam, all the earth beholds in you charms and attractions, which I——

Aristione. Pray no more of these charms and attractions, prince ; you know these are words I prohibit in the compliments that are made me. I can endure to

be praised for my sincerity, to have it said that I am a good princess, that I speak to every body, that I have warmth for my friends, and esteem for merit and virtue ; I can taste all this : but for the sweetness of charms and attractions, I don't care to have people go that way to work ; and what truth soever may be in it, one ought to make a scruple of relishing being praised for't, when one is mother of such a daughter as mine.

Iphicrates. Ah ! madam, 'tis you who will be her mother in spite of all the world ; there's no-body but opposes it ; and if you have a mind to't, the princess Eriphila shall be only your sister.

Aristione. O prince ! I don't love this stuff which most women are so fond of ; I will be a mother, because I am so ; and 'twould be in vain to desire not to be so. That title has nothing in it that shocks me, since I receiv'd it by my own consent. 'Tis a weakness in our sex, which, thank heaven, I am exempt from, and I don't trouble myself with those disputes concerning age, about which we see so much folly. But let's return to our discourse. Is it possible that hitherto you could never find out where Eriphila's inclination tends.

Iphicrates. 'Tis a secret to me.

Timocles. 'Tis an impenetrable mystery to me.

Aristione. Perhaps modesty hinders her from explaining herself to you and me ; let's employ some other to discover the secret of her heart. Sostratus, take this commission from me, and do this service to the princes, to find out by artifice to which of the two my daughter's sentiments incline.

Sostratus. Madam, you have a hundred persons in your court on whom you may better bestow the honour of such an employment, and I find I am not fit to execute what you desire of me.

Aristione. Your merit, Sostratus, is not confined to the business of war alone, you have wit, conduct, address, and my daughter has an esteem for you.

Sostratus. Another better than I, madam —

Aristione. No, no, in vain you excuse yourself.

Sostratus. Since you will have it so, madam, you must be obey'd ; but I swear you could not have chosen any body in your court but what would have been in a much better condition to acquit himself of such a commission than I.

Aristione. You are too modest ; you always acquit yourself well of every thing that's intrusted you. Discover Eriphila's sentiments, and put her in mind that she's to be at Diana's wood betimes.

SCENE III.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SO-
STRATUS, CLITIDAS.

IPHICRATES to Sostratus.

YOU may assure yourself, that I rejoice in the esteem the princess shews for you.

Timocles to Sostratus.] You may assure yourself I'm overjoy'd with the choice she has made of you.

Iphicrates. You are now capable of serving your friends.

Timocles. You may now do good offices to whom you please.

Iphicrates. I don't recommend my interests to you.

Timocles. I don't desire you to speak for me.

Sostratus. My lords, it would be useless if you did, I

should be in the wrong to exceed my commission, and you'll excuse me if I speak for neither of you.

Iphicrates. I leave you to do as you will.

Timocles. You may use your pleasure.

SCENE IV.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

IPHICRATES whispering Clitidas.

CLITIDAS remembers he is one of my friends; I desire him always to take my part with his mistress against my rival.

Clitidas whispering Iphicrates.] Let me alone; there's a great deal of difference betwixt him and you; he's a fine prince indeed to dispute with you!

Iphicrates whispering Clitidas.] I shall acknowledge this service.

SCENE V.

TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

TIMOCLES.

MY rival makes his court to Clitidas, but Clitidas knows that he has promis'd to support the pretensions of my love against him.

Clitidas. Certainly, and he jests to think to carry it from you; he's a pretty snotty-nos'd prince indeed to you!

Timocles. There's nothing but what I do for Clitidas.

Clitidas alone.] Fair promises on all sides. Here comes the princess, we'll take our time to accost her.

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

'T WILL be thought strange, madam, that you should avoid every body thus.

Eriphila. Ah! how agreeable is a little solitude to us, who are always teized with multitudes! and how sweet it is to discourse with one's thoughts after a thousand impertinent conversations! Leave me to walk here alone.

Cleonice. Won't you see a little essay, madam, of the activity of those admirable people who are desirous to serve you? They are persons who, by their steps, gestures, and motions, express every thing; and this is called Pantomime. I tremble to speak that word, and there are some people in your court that would never forgive it me.

Eriphila. You have the appearance, Cleonice, of coming here to regale me with some silly diversion or other; for you never fail to introduce indifferently all that present themselves to you, and you have an affability that rejects nothing. Therefore to you alone all necessitous muses have recourse; you are the grand protectress of poor merit, and all the indigent virtue in the world comes to you.

Cleonice. If you have no mind to see them, madam, you may let it alone.

Eriphila. No, no, let's see them, bring them hither.

Cleonice. But perhaps, madam, they'll dance ill.

Eriphila. Ill or not, we must see them : 'twould be only delaying the thing with you, and I'd as good have it over.

Cleonice. This will be but an ordinary dance, madam. Another time —

Eriphila. No preamble, Cleonice, let them dance.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

E N T R Y.

Three Pantomimes dance before Eriphila.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

ERIPHILA.

THIS is admirable ! I believe 'tis impossible for any body to dance better than they dance ; I'm glad I have them.

Cleonice. And I am glad, madam, that you see I have no such ill taste as you imagined.

Eriphila. Don't triumph so much, you won't be long before you give me my revenge. Leave me here.

S C E N E II.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEONICE going up to Clitidas.

T H E princess would be alone, Clitidas.

Clitidas. Let me alone, I know my business.

SCENE III.

ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

CLITIDAS singing.

LA, la, la, la. [Pretending to be astonish'd at seeing Eriphila.] Ah!

Eriphila to Clitidas, who pretends to make off.] Clitidas.

Clitidas. I did not see you, madam.

Eriphila. Where did you come from?

Clitidas. I left the princess, your mother, who was going towards the temple of Apollo, accompany'd by a great many people.

Eriphila. Don't you think this one of the most charming places in the world?

Clitidas. Certainly. The princes, your lovers, were there too.

Eriphila. The river Peneus has here very agreeable windings.

Clitidas. Very agreeable. Sostratus was there too.

Eriphila. How comes it that he was not with us to-day?

Clitidas. He has something in his head that hinders him from taking any pleasure in all these fine treats. He had a mind to talk with me; but you had so expressly forbidden me interceding to you for any thing, that I would not lend ear to him, and I told him plainly that I was not at leisure to hear him.

Eriphila. You were in the wrong to tell him that; you should have heard him.

Clitidas. I at first told him I was not at leisure to hear him, but afterwards I gave him audience.

Eriphila. You did well.

Clitidas. Indeed 'tis a man I like, a man made as I'd have men made, not assuming any boistrous airs, or deafning tone; wise and sedate in every thing; never speaking unseasonably; not hasty in deciding; no troublesome exaggerator; and whatever fine verses our poets have repeated to him, I never heard him say, this is finer than any thing Homer ever did. In short, he's a man I've an inclination for, and were I a princess, he should not be unhappy.

Eriphila. He's certainly a man of great merit; but what did he talk to you of?

Clitidas. He ask'd me, if you seem'd mightily pleas'd at the magnificent treat that was given you; spoke to me of your person with the greatest raptures in the world; extoll'd you to the skies, and gave you all the commendation that could be given to the most accomplish'd princess in the world; mixing with this several sighs which discover'd more than he was willing they should. At length, after many shifts and enquiries into the cause of this profound melancholy, which all the court perceive, he was obliged to confess that he was in love.

Eriphila. How! in love! What rashness is this! I'll never see him again.

Clitidas. What are you angry at, madam?

Eriphila. To have the boldness to love me, and which is more to have the boldness to tell it!

Clitidas. 'Tis not you, madam, that he's in love with.

Eriphila. Not me?

Clitidas. No, madam, he has more respect for you than that comes to ; he's too wise to think of any such thing.

Eriphila. Who with then, Clitidas?

Clitidas. With one of your maids, the young Arsinoe.

Eriphila. Has she so many charms, that he could think none but her worthy of his love?

Clitidas. He loves her to distraction, and conjures you to honour his flame with your protection.

Eriphila. I?

Clitidas. No, no, madam, I see things don't please you. Your anger obliged me to use that shift, and to tell you the truth, 'tis you he loves to distraction.

Eriphila. You're an insolent fellow to come and surprise my sentiments thus. Be gone, you pretend to read peoples thoughts, and penetrate the secrets of a princess's heart ! Out of my sight, and let me never see you again. Clitidas.

Clitidas. Madam?

Eriphila. Come hither. I forgive you.

Clitidas. You are too good, madam.

Eriphila. But on condition, mind what I say, that you never open your mouth about it to any body, upon pain of death.

Clitidas. 'Tis enough.

Eriphila. Sostratus told you then that he loved me?

Clitidas. No, madam ; I must tell you the truth ; I got from him by surprize a secret he intended to have concealed from every body, and which he said, he meant should die with him. He was very sorry I had stoln it from him, and far from desiring me to discover it to you, he conjured me with all the earnest prayers he could think of, not to let you know any thing of

it ; and I have committed a piece of treachery against him by telling you what I have.

Eriphila. So much the better, 'tis by his respect alone that he can please me ; and if he were so bold as to declare his love to me, he'd for ever forfeit both my presence and esteem.

Clitidas. Don't fear, madam —

Eriphila. Here he is ; remember the prohibition I have given you, if you're wise.

Clitidas. 'Tis done, madam ; 'tis not good to be an indiscreet courtier.

SCENE IV.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS.

SOSTRATUS.

I HAVE an excuse, madam, for daring to interrupt your solitude ; and I have received from the princess your mother a commission, which authorizes the boldness I now take.

Eriphila. What commission, Sostratus ?

Sostratus. To try to learn of you, madam, which of the two princes your heart inclines most to.

Eriphila. The princess, my mother, shews a judicious mind in the choice she has made of you for such an employment. This commission, Sostratus, was certainly agreeable to you, and you accepted it with a great deal of joy.

Sostratus. I accepted it, madam, because my duty obliged me to obey ; but if the princess would have received my excuses she would have honour'd some other with this employment.

EXCISE

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EXCISE EXCISE EXCISE

Eriphila. What cause obliged you to refuse it, Sostratus?

Sostratus. The fear, madam, of acquitting myself ill of it.

Eriphila. Do you think I don't esteem you enough to open my heart to you, and give all the lights you could desire of me, about these two princes?

Sostratus. I desire nothing about that as from myself, madam, and I ask you no more than what you think you ought to grant to the orders that bring me hither.

Eriphila. Hitherto I have refused to explain myself, and the princess, my mother, has had the goodness to suffer me to put off declaring this choice; but I shall be very glad to shew every body that I'll do something for your sake, and if you press me to't, I'll give you this long expected sentence.

Sostratus. 'Tis a thing, madam, that you shall not be importuned to by me, and I can't resolve to press a princess who knows too well what she has to do.

Eriphila. But this is what the princess, my mother, expects of you.

Sostratus. Did I not tell her that I should acquit myself but ill of this commission?

Eriphila. Such as you, Sostratus, have always penetrating eyes, and I believe there are but few things that can escape yours. Have you not discover'd that which every body is so much in pain for; and have you had no glimpse of the inclination of my heart? You see the homage that is paid me, the officious ardor that's shewn me; which of these two princes do you think I should look upon with a favourable eyes?

Sostratus. The doubts that are form'd upon such things are generally regulated only by the interest one has in them.

Eriphila. Who are you for, Sostratus? Tell me which of them would you have me marry?

Sostratus. Ah! madam, your inclination, not my wishes, must decide it.

Eriphila. But what if I should be advis'd by you in this choice?

Sostratus. If you were to ask my advice, I should be very much perplex'd.

Eriphila. Can't you tell me which of them you think most worthy of preference?

Sostratus. If I were to be judge, no-body living were worthy that honour. All the princes in the world would be too mean to aspire to you, the gods alone can pretend to you, and you would have nothing from men but incense and sacrifice.

Eriphila. This is obliging, and I esteem you my friend: but I'll have you tell me which of the two you are most inclin'd to; which is he that you place first in the rank of your friends.

S C E N E V.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS, CHOREBUS.

CHOREBUS.

MADAM, the princess is coming hither to fetch you to Diana's wood.

Sostratus aside.] Ah! how seasonably you came in, my boy!

SCENE VI.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRA.
TES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS,
ANAXARCHUS, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

Y O U are ask'd for, daughter, and there are some
whom your absence makes very uneasy.

Eriphila. I believe, madam, I am ask'd for out of
compliment, and that they are not so uneasy as you say.

Aristione. Diversions made for your sake tread so up-
on one another's heels, that all our time is taken up,
and we have not a moment to lose if we would have the
pleasure of them all. Let us enter into the wood pre-
sently, and see what waits for us there; this is the finest
place in the world, let's take our seats quickly.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

The theatre represents a forest consecrated to Diana.

THE NYMPH OF TEMPE.

C O M E, great princess, with your charms,

Come view the innocent delights,

To which, with smiles and open arms,

Our peaceful wilderness invites.

Here seek no grandeur of a court,

Love's alone our harmless sport;

Love crowns the nights, love crowns the day,

And love's the burthen of the lay.

P A S T O R A L.

S C E N E I.

T H Y R S I S.

S W E E T nightingales, replete with love,
 Charm with their songs the list'ning grove ;
 And whilst their tender strains resound,
 Awaken'd echoes bear the sound.
 Alas ! sweet warblers, did my evils sting
 Your breasts, you would not so serenely sing.

S C E N E II.

L Y C A S T U S, M E N A N D E R, T H Y R S I S.

L Y C A S T U S.

W H A T, always with those downcast eyes ?

M E N A N D E R.

What ! always full of tears and sighs ?

T H Y R S I S.

Loving Calista's still my aim,
 Yet still unfortunate my flame.

L Y C A S T U S.

Conquer, shepherd, thy confusion ;

T H Y R S I S.

Ah ! which way ?

M E N A N D E R.

By resolution.

T H Y R S I S.

Ah ! which way, when 'tis too strong ?

L Y C A S T U S.

'Twill find a remedy ere long.

THYRSIS.

Nought but death can cure my pain.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Ah Thyrsis!

THYRSIS.

Ah shepherds!

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

O'er thyself the empire gain.

THYRSIS.

Nothing can relieve my care.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Too much by far, too much you yield.

THYRSIS.

O! 'tis too much, too much to bear.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

What weakness thus to quit the field?

THYRSIS.

O what cruel martyrdom!

LYCASTUS and MENANDER.

Take courage:

THYRSIS.

No, I'll meet my doom.

LYCASTUS.

No shepherds was ever so severe,
Or cold, but if a lover persevere,
Will to repeated vows vouchsafe an ear.

MENANDER.

In love's mysterious course you find
Certain moments, when, if press'd,
The haughty fair one will be kind,
The suff'ring lover will be blest'd.

THYRSIS.

But see, the cruel fair draws nigh !

Guard me, guard me from her sight ;

Th' ungrateful charmer let me fly,

My pain will else be her delight.

S C E N E III.

C A L I S T A.

A H ! how severe and cruel is the law,
 By which stern honour keeps our hearts in awe ?
 I nought but scorn for Thyrsis e'er reveal,
 Yet, conscious of his worth, his pain I feel :
 In secret languish, sigh and grieve,
 And wish his torment to relieve.
 Ye trees and woods, to you alone,
 Repeat it not, this truth I own.

Since heav'n for love has fram'd our hearts,
 What rigor with relentless hate
 Arms us against such pleasing darts,
 Or makes us fly so kind a fate ?
 Why can't we cherish without blame
 A constant amiable flame ?

Happy, ye harmless brutes, are you,
 Who, free from all controul,
 Fearless the impulse can pursue
 Of an enamour'd soul.

Happy, ye little birds, are you,
 Who, free from all controul,
 Fearless the impulse can pursue
 Of an enamour'd soul.

But slumber on my eye-lid steals,
 And ev'ry drowsy sense
 The soothing cool refreshment feels
 His poppies still dispence :
 No rigid law forbids the heart
 To taste the joys which they impart.
 [She sleeps upon a bank of flowers.

SCENE IV.

CALISTA asleep, THYRSIS, LYCASTUS, MENANDER.

THYRSIS.

SOFT advances let us make
 Towards my lovely enemy ;
 Let us, let us not awake
 Her sleeping cruelty.

ALL THREE.

Sleep on, and take that sweet repose,
 Ye bright victorious eyes,
 Which the hard law that you impose,
 To other hearts denies.

THYRSIS.

Silence, ye birds, ye Zephirs, peace ;
 Ye purling streams, your murmurs cease ;
 Let all a sacred silence keep,
 For 'tis Calista that's asleep.

ALL THREE.

Sleep on, and take that sweet repose,
 Ye bright victorious eyes,
 Which the hard law that you impose,
 To other hearts denies.

CALISTA awakening, to Thyrsis.
 O what cruelty you show,
 To follow me where e'er I go!

THYRSIS.

Whom would you have me, fair, pursue,
 But she, alas! I love —— but you?

CALISTA.

What is it, shepherd, that you mean?

THYRSIS.

Fair shepherdess, I mean to die,
 Die at your feet and end my pain,
 Since at your feet in vain I sigh.

CALISTA.

Hence, Thyrsis, hence, I fear that I shall prove
 Pity, within my breast, transform'd to love.

LYCASTUS and MENANDER together.

Or from pity, or from love

It is graceful to be tender;

Shepherdess, enough you've strove,

To his flame you must surrender.

Or from pity, or from love,

It is graceful to be tender.

CALISTA to Thyrsis.

Too long I've been, too long severe,

Your ardent vows have treated ill;

Here, take my heart, here, Thyrsis, here,

Of just revenge here take your fill.

THYRSIS.

O heavens! O shepherds! O Calista, why
 Transport me thus! If joy can kill, I die.

LYCASTUS.

This prize is worthy thy fidelity.

MENANDER.

Thus blest'd, who but must envy thee!

SCENE V.

TWO SATYRS, CALISTA, THYRSIS,
LYCASTUS, MENANDER.

1. SATYR to Calista.

D O you fly me, ingrate! do I see
This shepherd preferr'd before me?

2. SATYR.

Have my vows then no other return?
And for this languid fop dost thou burn?

CALISTA.

Since fate so ordains,
Nought but patience remains.

1. SATYR.

Let despairing lovers sigh,
And pour out tears from ev'ry eye,
But that's what we despise;
The bottle, with it's powerful charms,
Can quickly silence love's alarms,
And fill our breast with joys.

2. SATYR.

Our love indeed can't always boast
It's wish obtain'd, but oft is crost;
Yet we've a strong support,
For when they ridicule our flame,
Good wine will make us laugh at them,
And scorn their wanton sport.

ALL.

Ye Deities that haunt the launs,
Ye Driades, and ye nimble Fauns,

Quit, quit you calm retreat,
 To trace upon the verdant fields,
 The image which our music yields,
 Advance with sportive feet.

SCENE VI.

CALISTA, THYRSIS, LYCASTUS,
 MENANDER, FAUNS, DRIADES.

FIRST ENTRY.

A dance of Fauns and Driades.

SCENE VII.

CLIMENE, PHILINTAS, CALISTA, THYRSIS,
 LYCASTUS, MENANDER, FAUNS, DRIADES.

PHILINTAS.

WHILST I was lovely in thy eyes,
 There's nought on earth could match my joys;
 No monarch's lot could equal mine,
 Nor envy'd I the pow'rs divine.

CLIMENE.

And when to ev'ry other, you
 Vouchsaf'd my love the preference due,
 I look'd on sceptres with disdain,
 O'er thy fond heart content to reign.

PHILINTAS.

Another now has purg'd my heart
 Of fires it felt for thee.

CLIMENE.

Another has reveng'd the smart
 Of thy inconstancy.

PHILINTAS.

Cloris, the pride and boast of fame,
Now loves me with a faithful flame ;
And if her eyes my death decreed,
For Cloris I would gladly bleed.

CLIMENE.

Mirtillo, ev'ry nymph's desire,
More than the light does me admire ;
And I for him, to shew my love,
The pains of death would gladly prove.

PHILINTAS.

What if returning love once more
Should make me thy bright charms adore ?
Should Cloris from my bosom chase,
And reinstate thee in her place ?

CLIMENE.

Though fond Mirtillo, constant youth,
Lov'd me with tenderness and truth ;
Yet I must own, might that e'er be,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee.

BOTH TOGETHER.

With love redoubled let us meet,
And live and die in bonds so sweet.

ALL THE ACTORS OF THE PASTORAL.

Ye lovers, such quarrels as these
Serve only to whet your desire ;
Then wrangle as oft as you please,
To fan up the languishing fire.

S E C O N D E N T R Y.

The Fauns and Driades begin their dance again, whilst three little Driades and three little Fauns mimic at the farther part of the stage all that passes at the fore part of it. These dances are intermixed with songs from the shepherds.

CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

LET's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,
With which true love's fires crown our days and our nights.

Who'd plague himself with being great,

When all the honours of that state

Increase our cares, and not abate.

Let's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,

With which true love's fires crown our days and our nights.

When we love, in life each thing

Is pleasant : when two hearts unite,

That ardor follow'd by delight

Makes one eternal spring.

Let's enjoy, let's enjoy the gay harmless delights,

With which true love's fires crown our days and our nights.

End of the Third Interlude.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, ANAXARCHUS, ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

THE same words always must be spoken. We must always cry, This is admirable, nothing can be finer, this exceeds all that was ever beheld.

Timocles. The praise is too great for such trifles, madam.

Aristione. Such trifles may agreeably engage the thoughts of the most serious persons. Indeed, daughter, you are very much obliged to these princes; you can never repay all this.

Eriphila. I have all the acknowledgement for't that's possible, madam.

Aristione. Yet you make them languish a long time for what they expect of you. I have promised not to force you; but their love presses you to declare yourself, and not to defer the recompence of their services any longer. I order'd Sostratus to sound your heart, but I don't know whether he has begun to acquit himself of this commission.

Eriphila. Yes, madam, he has, but I think I can't defer this choice I am pressed to long enough, and that I can't make it without deserving some blame. I find myself equally oblig'd to the love, ardor, and services of these two princes; and I think 'twould be a great piece of injustice to be ungrateful to either of them, by the refusal I must make of one by preferring his rival.

Iphicrates. This, madam, is a very ingenious compliment, to refuse both of us.

Aristione. This scruple, daughter, ought not to disquiet you; and these princes have both long since agreed to submit to the preference your inclination may give.

Eriphila. Inclination, madam, is very subject to be deceiv'd, and disinterested eyes are much more capable of making a just choice.

Aristione. You know I have promised not to determine any thing in this affair; your inclination cannot be deceiv'd or make an ill choice here.

Eriphila. Neither to violate your promise, nor my scruple, madam, agree to a way I shall propose.

Aristione. What is it, daughter?

Eriphila. Let Sostratus decide this preference. You chose him to discover the secret of my heart, let me pitch on him to deliver me from the perplexity I am in.

Aristione. I have so great an esteem for Sostratus, that whether you mean to employ him to express your sentiments, or whether you absolutely give yourself up to his conduct, I have so great an esteem, I say, both of his virtue and judgment, that I consent with all my heart to this proposition.

Iphicrates. That is, madam, we must make our court to Sostratus?

Sostratus. No, my lord, you shall have no court to make to me; and, with all the respect I owe the princesses, I renounce the glory they offer to raise me to.

Aristione. Whence proceeds this, Sostratus?

Sostratus. I have reasons, madam, which do not suffer me to receive the honour you lay on me.

Iphicrates. Are you afraid of making yourself an enemy, Sostratus?

Sostratus.

Sostratus. I don't much fear the enemy I may make myself in obeying my sovereigns, my lord.

Timocles. Why do you refuse to accept the power that's given you, and to gain the friendship of a prince who would be obliged to you for all his happiness?

Sostratus. Because I am not in a condition to grant that prince what he'd desire of me.

Iphicrates. What can be the reason of that?

Sostratus. Why should you press me so much about it? Perhaps, my lord, I have some secret interest that opposes the pretensions of your love. Perhaps I have some friend who burns, without daring to speak, with a respectful flame for the divine charms you are captivated with. Perhaps that friend makes me daily the confident of his sufferings, complains to me daily of the rigors of his destiny, and looks upon the princess's marriage, as the dreadful sentence that's to send him to the grave; and if it be so, my lord, would it be reasonable that he should receive his death's wound from my hand?

Iphicrates. You yourself, Sostratus, are very likely to be that friend whose interests you espouse.

Sostratus. Pray don't endeavour to render me odious to the persons that hear you; I know myself, my lord, and such unhappy wretches as I are not ignorant what their fortune permits them to aspire to.

Aristione. Let's leave that point; we'll find some way to determine my daughter's irresolution.

Anaxarchus. Can there be any better way, madam, to terminate things to every body's satisfaction than the lights heaven may give about this marriage? I have already begun, as I told you, to cast some mysterious figures of our art for that purpose, and hope to shew you pre-

sently what futurity has in store for this wish'd-for union. After that, will there be any more room for hesitation? Will not the glory and prosperity which heaven shall promise to either choice be sufficient to determine it, and can he that's excluded be offended, when 'twill be heaven that will decide the preference?

Iphicrates. For my part I submit intirely to it, and I declare this way seems most reasonable to me.

Timocles. I am of the same opinion; and heaven can do nothing but what I'll subscribe to without reluctance.

Eriphila. But, Anaxarchus, can you read the destinies so plain as never to be deceiv'd? And pray who'll give us security for this prosperity and glory which you say heaven promises us?

Aristione. Daughter, you have a little incredulity that will never leave you.

Anaxarchus. The proofs, madam, which the whole world has seen of the infallibility of my predictions, are sufficient security for the promises I make. But when I shall have shewn what heaven guides you to, you may do as you please, and may take the fortune of which choice you will.

Eriphila. Will heaven, Anaxarchus, shew me the two fortunes that attend me?

Anaxarchus. Yes, madam, the felicity that will follow you, if you marry the one; and the misfortunes that will accompany you, if you marry the other.

Eriphila. But as it is impossible I should marry both, it must therefore be written in heaven, not only what is to happen, but likewise what is not to happen.

Clitidas aside.] Now is my astrologer at a non-plus.

Anaxarchus. 'Twould be necessary to make a longer

discussion of the principles of astrology to make you comprehend that.

Clitidas. Well answer'd. Madam, I say no harm of astrology; astrology is a fine thing, and signior Anaxarchus is a great man.

Iphicrates. The truth of astrology is an incontestable thing, no body can dispute the certainty of it's predictions.

Clitidas. No, to be sure.

Timocles. I'm pretty incredulous as to a great many things; but as for astrology, nothing is more certain or constant than the success of it's calculations.

Clitidas. O! they're the clearest things in the world.

Iphicrates. An hundred accidents that were foretold happen every day, which convince the most obstinate.

Clitidas. 'Tis true.

Timocles. Can the famous incidents which histories are full of, be contradicted in this?

Clitidas. Not by any body of common sense. How should any thing be contested that's in print!

Aristione. Sostratus, don't say a word. What is his opinion about it?

Sostratus. Madam, all minds are not born with the qualities that are necessary for the delicacy of these fine sciences which are call'd curious, and there are some of such gross understandings that they cannot in the least comprehend what others conceive mighty easily. Nothing's more agreeable, madam, than the great promises of these sublime knowleges. To transform every thing into gold, to cause to live for ever, to cure by words, to make one's self beloved by whom we please, to know all the secrets of futurity, to bring down from heaven at pleasure in meteors the impressions of good fortune, to command demons, to raise invincible armies and

invulnerable soldiers ! All this is certainly charming, and there are some who easily comprehend the possibility of it, 'tis the easiest thing in the world to them to conceive it ; but for my part, I must confess my gross mind can hardly conceive and believe it, and I always thought this too fine to be true. All these fair reasons of sympathy, magnetic form, and occult virtue, are so sublime and delicate, that they escape my material sense ; and without mentioning any thing else, it was never in my power to conceive how any body should find written in heaven even the least particulars of the fortune of the meanest man. What relation, what commerce, what correspondence can there be between us and globes so vastly distant from our earth, and how could mankind come by this fine science ? What god reveal'd it, and what experience could form it from the observation of that vast number of stars which have never yet been seen twice in the same disposition ?

Anaxarchus. It won't be hard to make you conceive it.

Sostratus. You must be more skilful than all the rest to do it.

Clitidas to Sostratus.] He'll make you a discussion of all this, when you will.

Iphicrates to Sostratus.] If you can't comprehend things, you may however believe them upon what is daily seen.

Sostratus. As my sense is so gross that I could never comprehend any thing on't, so my eyes are so unfortunate that they never saw any thing on't.

Iphicrates. For my part, I have seen, and things entirely convincing.

Timocles. So have I.

Sostratus. As you have seen, you do well to believe; your eyes are made different from mine, perhaps.

Iphicrates. But the princess believes in astrology, and I think one may fairly believe in't after her. Has she not wit and sense, Sostratus?

Sostratus. My lord, the question is a little unfair; the mind of the princess is no rule for mine, and her understanding may raise her to lights which my sense cannot reach.

Aristione. No, Sostratus, I shall say nothing to you about several things which I give no more credit to than you. But as for astrology, I have been told and shewn such positive things that I cannot doubt of it.

Sostratus. Madam, I have nothing to answer to that.

Aristione. Give over this discourse, and leave us a moment. Let us direct our walk, daughter, towards that fine grotto whither I have promised to go. Ha! galantries at every step.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The scene is a Grotto.

E N T R Y.

Eight Statues, each bearing two flambeaux in it's hands, form a dance diversify'd with several figures and several attitudes, in which they continue at intervals.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A R I S T I O N E, E R I P H I L A.

A R I S T I O N E.

BE this whose it will, nothing could be more galant or well-contriv'd. Daughter, I parted from every body to have a little talk with you, and I'd have you hide nothing of the truth from me. Have you no secret inclination in your soul which you are unwilling to discover to us?

Eriphila. I, madam?

Aristione. Speak the truth from your heart, daughter, what I've done for you deserves that you should be plain with me. To turn all my thoughts upon you, to prefer you to all things, and to shut my ears, in the condition I am in, to all the propositions which an hundred princesses in my stead might decently listen to; all this ought sufficiently to persuade you that I'm a good mother, and that I am not one that will receive with severity the overtures you may make me from your heart.

Eriphila. If I had so ill follow'd your example as to suffer myself to have any sentiments of inclination which I had reason to conceal, I should have power enough upon myself, madam, to impose silence on this passion, and to put myself in a condition of shewing nothing unworthy of your blood.

Aristione. No, no, daughter, you may open your sentiments to me without any scruple. I have not bounded your inclination in the choice of two princes; you may extend it whither you will, and merit has so con-

siderable a rank in my eye, that I equal it to every thing ; and if you make a frank confession to me, you shall see me subscribe to the choice you have made without repugnance.

Eriphila. You have so much goodness for me, madam, that I can never sufficiently rejoice at it, but I shall not put it to the proof in what you speak of ; all I desire of it is not to press a marriage which I am not yet well resolv'd upon.

Aristione. Hitherto I have made you mistress of every thing, and the impatience of the princes your lovers—But what noise do I hear ? Ah ! daughter, what spectacle is this ? Some deity descends ; 'tis the goddess Venus, who seems as if she'd speak with us.

SCENE II.

VENUS accompany'd by four Cupids in a machine,
ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

VENUS to Aristione.

PRINCESS, in you there shines a stedfast zeal,
Which the immortals mean to recompense ;
That you may have a son both great and happy,
Their hand will guide you in the choice you make.
They by my voice pronounce the glorious fortune
Your house by this illustrious choice shall gain.
Therefore conclude your doubts, and give your daughter
To him that shall your life from danger save.

S C E N E III.

A R I S T I O N E, E R I P H I L A.

A R I S T I O N E,

DAUGHTER, the gods impose silence on all our arguments. After this we have no more to do but to receive what they prepare to give us ; and you distinctly hear their pleasure. Let's go to the first temple to assure them of our obedience, and thank them for their favours.

S C E N E IV.

A N A X A R C H U S, C L E O N.

C L E O N.

THERE goes the princess ; won't you speak to her ?
 Anaxarchus. Let's stay till her daughter has left her ; I'm afraid of her ; she won't be led by the nose as her mother is. At length, son, as we see by this overture, our stratagem has succeeded ; our Venus did wonders, and that admirable engineer that made this artifice has so well disposed every thing, so cunningly cut the cieling of this grotto, so well hid his wires and all his springs, so well placed his lights and dressed his actors, that there's very few but what would have been deceived by it. And as the princess Aristione is very superstitious, there's no doubt but she fully believes this deceit. I have been long preparing this machine, son, and now I'm arrived at the end of my intentions.

Cleon. But for which of the two princes did you prepare this artifice?

Anaxarchus. Both courted my assistance, and I promised both of them the favour of my art; but the presents of the prince Iphicrates, and the promises he has made me, carry it much above all the other could do. Therefore he shall receive the favourable effects of all the engines I can play; and as his ambition will owe all it's happiness to me, our fortune's made, son. I'll go take my time to confirm the princess in her error, the better to prepossess her by the relation I'll make of Venus's words, with the predictions of the celestial figures which I tell her I have cast. Do you go put your hand to the rest of the work; prepare our six men to hide themselves well in their boat behind the rock, to wait till the time that the princess Aristione comes every evening to walk alone on the shore, to attack her at a proper time like pirates, and give the prince Iphicrates an opportunity of lending that aid, which, according to the words of heaven, is to put the princess Eriphila into his hand. That prince is forewarn'd by me, and upon the credit of my predictions is to be in that little wood which is just by the shore. But let's go out of this grotto. I'll tell all that's to be observed as we walk. Here comes the princess Eriphila, let's avoid meeting her.

SCENE V.

ERIPHILA alone.

ALAS! how hard is my destiny! What have I done that the gods should interest themselves in my affairs?

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

HERE he is, madam; he follow'd me the moment he heard your commands.

Eriphila. Let him come near, Cleonice, and leave us alone a moment.

SCENE VII.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS.

ERIPHILA.

SOSTRATUS, do you love me?

Sostratus. I, madam?

Eriphila. No more of that, Sostratus. I know it, I approve of it, and give you leave to tell it me. Your passion appear'd to my eyes with all the merit that could render it agreeable. Were it not for the rank heaven has plac'd me in, I may tell you this passion would not have been unhappy, and I have often wish'd for it, such a support of fortune as might put the secret sentiments of my heart upon it in full liberty. Not but that merit alone, Sostratus, finds in me the reward it ought to have, and that in my heart I prefer the virtues that are in you before all the magnificent titles the others are adorn'd with. Nay, the princess, my mother, left me sufficiently to the disposition of my own desires, and I confess it, I don't doubt but that my prayers might have

turn'd her consent on the side I'd have had it ; but there are some conditions, Sostratus, wherein 'tis not honourable to do all that one may do. There are disturbances that surmount every thing, and the impertinent noise of fame makes us pay too dearly for the contenting our inclination. This, Sostratus, I could never resolve upon, and I thought it was sufficient if I avoided the engagements I was solicited to. But, at length, the gods themselves will take the care of giving me an husband ; and all these long delays with which I deferr'd the marriage, and which the goodness of the princess my mother granted to my desires, these delays, I say, are now no longer in my power, and I must resolve to undergo this decree of heaven. Assure yourself, Sostratus, that 'tis with all the repugnance in the world that I abandon myself to this marriage ; and that, if I were mistress of myself, I'd either have been yours or no-body's. This, Sostratus, is what I had to say to you, this I thought due to your merit, and this is all the comfort I can give you.

Sostratus. Ah ! madam, 'tis too much for a miserable wretch ; I was not prepared to die with so much glory, and I from this moment give over complaining of my fate. If it caus'd me to be born in a rank much less noble than I could have desired, it has made me happy enough to attract some pity from the heart of a great princess ; and this glorious pity is worth sceptres and crowns, is worth the power of the greatest princes on earth. Yes, madam, when I presumed to love you, ('tis you, madam, who will have me use that rash word,) when I presum'd to love you, I say, I at first condemn'd the pride of my desires, and represented to myself the destiny I was to expect. My death's wound,

madam, would not have surprized me, since I was prepared for't; but your goodness heaps it with an honour my love never durst hope for, and I can now die the most contented and glorious of mankind. If I may yet hope for any thing, I on my knees beg two favours, madam; to suffer my presence till that happy marriage which is to put an end to my life; and amidst that great glory, and those long prosperities heaven promises your union, to remember sometimes the love-sick Sostratus. May I promise myself this favour, divine princess?

Eriphila. Go, Sostratus, leave me; 'tis a sign you don't love my repose, to desire me to remember you.

Sostratus. Ah! madam, if your repose ——

Eriphila. Go, I say, Sostratus, and don't expose me to more than I have resolved.

SCENE VIII.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

CLEONICE.

MADAM, I see you're quite melancholy; will you please to have your dancers, who so well express all the passions, now give you a proof of their skill?

Eriphila. Yes, Cleonice, let them do what they will, provided they leave me to my thoughts.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

ENTRY.

Four Pantomimes adjust their gestures and steps to the restlessness of the princess.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

E R I P H I L A, C L I T I D A S.

CLITIDAS pretending not to see Eriphila.

WHICH way shall I turn? Whither shall I go? Where can I now think to find the princess Eriphila? 'Tis no small advantage to be the first to carry news. Oh! there she is. Madam, I come to let you know that heaven has just now given you the husband it allotted you.

Eriphila. Leave me, Clitidas, to my gloomy melancholy.

Clitidas. Madam, I beg your pardon. I thought I did well to come and tell you that heaven has just now given you Sostratus for an husband; but since that incommodes you, I'll pocket up my news, and return just as I came.

Eriphila. Why Clitidas! Clitidas!

Clitidas. I leave you, madam, to your gloomy melancholy.

Eriphila. Stay, I tell you; come hither. What did you say?

Clitidas. Nothing, madam; one is sometimes hasty to tell the Great certain things which they don't value; so pray excuse me.

Eriphila. How cruel you are!

Clitidas. Another time I shall have the discretion not to come and interrupt you.

Eriphila. Keep me no longer in uneasiness. What did you come to tell me?

Clitidas. A trifle about Sostratus, madam, which I'll tell another time, when you are not busy.

Eriphila. Let me not languish any longer, I say ; but tell me this piece of news.

Clitidas. You'd fain know it then, madam, would you?

Eriphila. Yes, make haste. What have you to say to me about Sostratus?

Clitidas. A wonderful accident which no-body expected.

Eriphila. Tell me quickly what 'tis.

Clitidas. Won't it disturb your gloomy melancholy, madam?

Eriphila. Oh ! speak quickly.

Clitidas. I come to tell you then, madam, that as the princess your mother was walking almost alone in the forest, through those little paths which are so agreeable, a hideous boar, (those plaguy boars are always making a disorder there ; they ought to be banish'd out of civiliz'd forests) a hideous boar, I say, driven by huntsmen, I believe, cross'd the path we were in. Perhaps to adorn my recital, I ought to make you an extensive description of this boar ; but if you please we'll pass that over, and I'll content myself with telling you that 'twas a very villanous animal. He went his ways on, and it was best to say nothing to him for fear of some squabble or other ; but the princess had a mind to try her skill, and with her dart, which by her leave she lanced a little unseasonably, gave him a very slight wound on the ear. The ill-manner'd boar presently turn'd impertinently upon us : there were but two or three pitiful wretches of us who turn'd pale with fear, each of us gain'd this tree, and the princess, defenceless, remain'd

expos'd to the fury of the beast, when Sostratus appear'd, as if the gods had sent him.

Eriphila. And so, Clitidas?

Clitidas. If my story disturbs you, madam, I'll defer the rest till another time.

Eriphila. End quickly.

Clitidas. Faith I shall so, for a spice of cowardice hindred me from seeing the particulars of the combat; and all I can tell you is, that returning to the spot we saw the boar dead, welt'ring in his blood, and the princess full of joy, naming Sostratus her deliverer, and the worthy and fortunate husband which the gods had pointed out for you. At these words, I thought I had heard enough, and so made hast to be the first to bring you the news.

Eriphila. Ah! Clitidas, could you have told me any thing more agreeable?

Clitidas. O! here they come to see you.

SCENE II.

ARISTIONE, SOSTRATUS, ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

I SEE, daughter, you already know all we can tell you. You see the gods have explain'd themselves much sooner than we could have imagin'd; my danger did not at all delay to shew you their will, and 'tis plain they themselves made this choice, since merit alone shines in this preference. Shall you be at all dissatisfy'd to recompense with your heart him who saved my life, and will you refuse Sostratus for an husband?

Eriphila. I can receive nothing, madam, from the hands of the gods and you, but what would be very agreeable to me.

Sostratus. Heavens! Is not this some glorious dream with which the gods flatter me, and will not some unhappy waking plunge me again into the meanness of my fortune?

SCENE III.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, SOSTRATUS, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

CLEONICE.

MADAM, I come to tell you that Anaxarchus has hitherto abused both princes by the hopes of this choice which they have so long pursued; and that at the report which ran of your adventure, they both shew'd their resentments against him so far, that from words they came to blows, and he has received some wounds by them which none can yet tell the consequence of. But here they are.

SCENE THE LAST.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATUS, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

ARISTIONE.

PRINCES, you both of you act with very great violence, and if Anaxarchus had offended you, I myself could have done you justice upon him.

Iphicrates. And what justice, madam, could you have

done us upon him, if you do so little to our rank in the choice you embrace?

Aristione. Did you not both submit to what either the commands of heaven, or my daughter's inclination, should decide?

Timocles. Yes, madam, we both submitted to what they should decide between prince Iphicrates and me, but not to be both refus'd.

Aristione. And if each of you could resolve to endure a preference, why are you not prepar'd for it when it happens to you both? Why need either of you concern yourselves about the interests of your rival?

Iphicrates. Yes, madam, we need. 'Tis some comfort to us to see one who is our equal preferr'd to us; your blindness is very great.

Aristione. Prince, I won't fall out with a man who has done me so many favours, as even to make love to me; but I desire you, with all the sincerity possible, to give your chagrin a more reasonable foundation; to remember that Sostratus is adorn'd with a merit that is sufficiently known throughout all Greece, and that the rank heaven now raises him to, will fill up the space there was between you and him.

Iphicrates. Yes, yes, madam, we shall remember it; but perhaps too you shall remember that two abused princes are not two inconsiderable enemies.

Timocles. Perhaps, madam, the joy of the contempt that we're had in won't long be tasted in peace.

Aristione. I pardon all these menaces, and impute them to a love which imagines itself offended, and we shall see the games of the young Pythians, with ne'er the less tranquillity. Let's go immediately thither, and by that pompous spectacle crown this wonderful day.

End of the Fifth Act.

SIXTH INTERLUDE.

The GAMES of the young PYTHIANS.

The scene is a great hall like an amphitheatre, with a large arch at the further end, above which is a gallery, enclosed with a curtain; and at a distance appears an altar for the sacrifice. Six men, dress'd as though they were almost naked, each with an axe on his shoulder, as ministers of the sacrifice, enter through the portico to the sound of violins, and are follow'd by two sacrificers and a priestess.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The PRIESTESS, SACRIFICERS, MINISTERS of the SACRIFICE, CHORUS of the PEOPLE.

PRIESTESS.

SING, in a thousand lands, ye people sing,
The wonders of the day's refulgent king;
Range heaven and earth, no theme so fit appears
T'employ the voice, or to delight the ears.

1. SACRIFICER.

Nothing, nothing can withstand
That powerful lovely God's command.

2. SACRIFICER.

There's nothing here below on earth
But to his influence owes it's birth.

The PRIESTESS.

When bright Phoebus disappears,
The world a fable liv'ry wears.

CHORUS.

Let such loud concerts all around
To his immortal name resound,
That from his glorious car of day
He may attend the grateful lay.

FIRST ENTRY.

The six ministers of the sacrifice with axes dance a
dance, adorn'd with all the postures that can be ex-
press'd ; after which they retire to the sides of the
stage.

SCENE II.

II. ENTRY.

Six vaulters shew their skill to music, upon wooden
horses, which are brought by slaves.

SCENE III.

III. ENTRY.

Four conductors of slaves bring in, to music, eight slaves,
who dance to shew their joy for having recover'd
their liberty.

S C E N E IV.

IV. E N T R Y.

Four men and four women arm'd in the Greek manner
with drums and timbrels, form a sort of military
sport.

S C E N E V.

The gallery opens. An herald, six trumpets, a kettle-
drum, joining with all the instruments, proclaim the
arrival of Apollo.

C H O R U S.

L E T us with open eyes behold
The splendors which these scenes unfold.

S C E N E VI.

Apollo at the sound of trumpets and violins, enters by
the portico, preceded by six young men, who bear
laurel wreathed round a stick, and a golden sun at
top, with the royal device in manner of a trophy.

C H O R U S.

W H A T noble port, what grace extreme!
What other god can equal him?

V. ENTRY.

Apollo's followers give their trophies to the six ministers of the sacrifice, who bear the axes, and with Apollo begin an heroic dance.

VI. and last ENTRY.

The six ministers of the sacrifice bearing the axes and trophies, the four men and four women arm'd in the Greek manner, join in the dance of Apollo and his followers, in several manners, whilst the priestesses, the sacrificers, and the chorus of the people intermix their voices, at several reprises, to the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets.

Verses for the KING, representing Apollo.

I A M the source of brilliant light,
And not the proudest star
That circles round my car,
Without my bounteous rays is bright.

Seated on my resplendent throne,
Nature entire I see
Big with desire of me,
Due to my light it's blessings own.

Happy, thrice happy ev'ry place,
That with my genial beams I bless:
Those climes the noblest riches grace,
Who my warm influence possess.

For Mr. LE GRAND, attendant of Apollo.

Although in presence of the sun,
All other lights are dim ;
Yet still we joy our race to run,
Attendant close by him.

For the marquis DE VILLEROI, attendant of Apollo.

From my unrival'd master, me
You still inseparable see ;
Whilst the zeal which my breast, for his service, inspires,
Will follow his fortune through waters and fires.

For the marquis DE RASSENT, attendant of Apollo.

And I without vanity all men defy,
To follow his steps with more ardor than I.

T H E E N D.

PSYCHE,

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

A C T O R S.

JUPITER.

VENUS.

CUPID.

ZEPHIR.

ÆGIALE, } Graces,
PHAENE, }

THE KING, Father to Psyche.

PSYCHE.

AGLAURA, } Sisters to Psyche,
CYDIPPE, }

CLEOMENES, } Two princes in love with Psyche.
AGENOR, }

LYCAS, captain of the guards.

TWO CUPIDS.

A RIVER GOD.

Attendants to the King.

P S Y C H E.

P R O L O G U E.

The fore part of the stage represents a champain country, and the back part the sea.

S C E N E I.

FLORA, VERTUMNUS, PALEMÓN,
 NYMPHS attending on Flora, DRYADES,
 SYLVANS, RIVER-GODS, NAIADES.

Clouds are seen hanging in the air, which, in descending, move and open, and, spreading themselves over the whole stage, discover Venus and Cupid attended by six Loves, with Aegiale and Phaene near them.

FLORA.

WAR is no more, the first of kings doth cease
 From his exploits to give the world a peace.
 Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
 Descend from heaven, and give us blissful days.

CHORUS of Sylvans and River-Gods.

A peace profound and sweet we know,
 The softest joys are here below ;
 This charming leisure owes it's birth
 To the most glorious king on earth.
 Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
 Descend from heaven, and give us blissful days.

VOL. IV.

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F I R S T E N T R Y.

The Dryades, Sylvans, River-Gods, and Naiades, join
and form a dance in honour of Venus.

VERTUMNUS.

YIELD, yield yourselves, ye cruel fair,
And sigh for sigh return.

PALEMON.

The queen of beauties hastens here,
To make you gently burn.

VERTUMNUS.

A charming object still severe,
Can ne'er true love inspire.

PALEMON.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But sweetness fans the fire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But sweetness fans the fire.

VERTUMNUS.

Let's all submit to Cupid's dart ;
Let's languish, since we must.

PALEMON.

To have no softness in the heart,
Is of all crimes the worst.

VERTUMNUS.

A charming object still severe,
Can ne'er true love inspire.

PALEMON.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But sweetness fans the fire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Beauty indeed begins t'endear,
But sweetness fans the fire.

FLORA.

Is one sage,
In blooming age,
Is one sage
To banish love?
Without ceasing;
Let's be pressing,
All the joys below to prove.
Youth's chief wisdom lies in this,
The knowing to enjoy it's bliss.

S E C O N D E N T R Y.

The Sylvans and River-Gods intermix their dances
with Flora's singing.

FLORA.

LOVE charms
Whom he disarms;
Love charms,
Receive his yoke.
All our pain
Will be in vain,
Striving to resist his stroke;
Whatever chain we lovers wear,
Has softer charms than liberty by far.

CHORUS of Sylvans and River-Gods.

A peace profound and sweet we know,
The softest joys are here below;
This charming leisure owes it's birth
To the most glorious king on earth.
Parent of love, whom all the world obeys,
Descend from heaven, and give us blissful days.

T H I R D E N T R Y.

The Dryades, Sylvans, River-Gods and Naiades, seeing Venus approach, continue to express, by their dancing, the joy her presence inspires them with.

V E N U S in her machine.

C E A S E, cease all your joyful songs for me, such extraordinary honours don't belong to me; the homage your bounty addresses to me here ought to be reserv'd for softer charms. 'Tis too antiquated a custom to make court to me. All things have their turn, and Venus is now no longer in vogue; there are other new attractions to which every one offers their incense. Psyche, the beauteous Psyche, now fills my place; already all the universe crouds to adore her, and 'tis too much that, in my disgrace, I shall still find any one who vouchsafes to do me honour. The world is no longer in suspense between our merits, every one is bold to quit my party; and of the numerous croud of favourite Graces, whose cares and friendship every where attended me, I have only two of the meanest left me, who accompany me out of pity. Let these dark abodes lend their solitudes to my afflicted heart, and leave me to hide my shame and grief amongst their shades.

Flora and the other deities retire, and Venus with her retinue comes out of the machine.

S C E N E II.

VENUS, CUPID, ÆGIALE, PHAENE,
THE LOVES.

ÆGIALE.

GODDESS, we know not what to do, in the affliction we see you labour under. Our respect would keep silence, our zeal would have us speak.

Venus. Speak : but if your cares aspire to please me, defer all your counsels till another season, and speak not of my rage, but to allow that I have reason for it ; this, this was the most sensible affront that my divinity could ever receive ; but I'll be reveng'd of it, if the gods have any power.

Phaene. You have greater lights, and wisdom to judge what is worthy of you, than we have ; but, for my part, I should have thought that a great goddess ought not to have put herself in such a passion.

Venus. That's the very reason of the extreme rage I am in. The more resplendent my rank is, the more outrageous is the affront ; and if I was not placed in this supreme degree, the indignation of my heart would be less violent. I, the daughter of the god who hurls the thunder ; I, mother of the god who inspires love ; I, the dearest wish of heaven and earth, whose very coming into light was on purpose to charm ; I who have, from all that breathe, seen so many vows perfume my altars, and who by immortal right have always held the sovereign empire of beauty ; I, whose eyes reduc'd two high goddesses to the extremity of yielding me the prize of beauty, shall I behold my victory and my rights dis-

puted by a pitiful mortal? Shall the ridiculous excess of a foolish infatuation oppose a trifling girl to me? Shall I, with patience, endure the rash judgment pass'd on her charms and mine; and shall I, from the high heavens where I shine, hear prejudic'd mortals cry, "She is fairer than Venus?"

Ægiale. That's their way; 'tis the stile of mankind, who are impertinent with their comparisons.

Phacne. They know not how to praise, in the present age, without offering outrage to the highest names.

Venus. How well, alas! does the insolent rigour of those words revenge Juno and Pallas, and comfort their hearts for the bright glory which the famous apple added to my charms! I see them applaud themselves on account of my uneasiness, constantly affect a malicious laugh, and with fix'd regard, studiously search for my confusion in my eyes. Their triumphant joy, at the force of this outrage, seems to say, insulting my wrath: "Boast, Venus, boast the charms of your face; by the judgment of one only you prevail'd over us, but by the judgment of all a simple mortal has the advantage over you." Alas! this stroke puts an end to me, it pierces my very heart, and I can no longer bear these unequall'd rigours; and the pleasure of my rivals is too great a surplus to my lively grief. O son! if ever I had any credit with thee, and if ever I was dear to thee, if thou wearest a heart sensible to the indignation which afflicts the heart of a mother who so tenderly loves thee, employ, now employ thy utmost power to support my interest, and make *Psyche*, by thy darts, feel my vengeance. To make her heart wretched, take such of thy darts as would please me best, the most empoisoned of those which thou art us'd to hurl in thy an-

ger. Cause her to be inflam'd with love, even to madness, with the lowest, vilest, and most frightful of mortals; and make her undergo the cruel punishment, to love, and not to be lov'd.

Cupid. We hear nothing in the world but complaints of Cupid; people every where impute a thousand faults to me; and you can't conceive the ill, and the foolish things which they say of me every day. If to assist your rage —

Venus. Be gone, no longer resist thy mother's wishes; apply thy thoughts to nothing but to endeavour momentarily to sacrifice a victim to my injur'd honour. Be gone, to answer my desires, and see me not again till I am reveng'd. [Cupid flies off.

End of the Prologue.

A C T T H E F I R S T.

The stage represents the king's palace.

S C E N E I.

A G L A U R A, C Y D I P P E.

A G L A U R A.

TH E R E are some ills, sister, which silence sharpens; let us, then, let us speak out our mutual grief; and let us each breathe out the killing anguish of our hearts. We see ourselves sisters in misfortune; and yours has so great a similitude with mine, that we may blend them both in one, and in our just transport, murmur, in joint complaints, at the cruelty of our lot.

What secret fatality, sister, subjects all the universe to the charms of our younger sister, and, of so many various princes which fortune has brought hither, has not given one of them to our chains? What! to see hearts hastning from all parts, to surrender themselves to her, and pass by our charms without regarding them. What fate have our eyes allotted them, and what have they done to the gods, that they are not to enjoy any homage amidst all these tributes of glorious sighs, which other eyes triumph in? Can there be a more foul disgrace to us, sister, than to see all hearts despise our charms, and the happy Psyche boldly enjoy a troop of lovers attach'd to her motions?

Cydippe. Ah! sister, 'tis an accident which makes me mad, all the ills in nature are nothing in comparison with it.

Aglaura. For my part, I am often ready to shed tears at it; all pleasure, all repose, are by this wrested from me; my constancy is unarm'd against such a misfortune; my mind, still fix'd on this affliction, sets before my eyes the disgrace of our charms, and Psyche's triumph. At night, an eternal idea of it still passes before me, which prevails above every thing; nothing can rid me of this cruel phantom, and when soft slumber comes to deliver me from it, some dream immediately recalls it to my mind, which awakens me in astonishment.

Cydippe. This, sister, is what I suffer. In your discourse I see myself; and you have just now describ'd all that passes in my breast.

Aglaura. But yet, let us reason a little on this affair. What charms so very powerful are dispers'd in her? And whence, tell me, have her slightest looks acquir'd the honour of the grand secret of pleasing?

What do people see in her person to inspire such ardors? What law of beauty gives her the empire over all hearts? She has some attractions, some lustre of youth, that we agree too, I don't deny it; but must one yield so much to her for being a little older, and be quite without charms? Do we make a figure to be laugh'd at? Have not we some charms, some graces, some complexion, some eyes, some air and some shape capable of captivating some lovers? — Do me the favour, sister, to speak frankly to me. Am I of an air, in your opinion, that my merit ought to give place to hers? And in what accomplishment do you think that she eclipses me?

Cydippe. Who? you, sister? in none. I observ'd you yesterday at the chase near her a long while; and, without flattering you, you appear'd to me the handsomer. But tell me, sister, without flattering me, are they visionary notions I take in my head, when I think myself so form'd as to merit some conquest?

Aglaura. You, sister? You have, without any disguise, all that can create an amorous flame. Your least actions shine with an agreeableness that touches me to the soul; and were I not a woman, I should be your lover.

Cydippe. Whence comes it then that we see her bear it from us both; that all hearts surrender at first sight of her; and that they don't do honour to our charms by any tribute of sighs and vows?

Aglaura. All of our sex, with one voice, declare her charms but trifling; and I have discover'd, sister, the cause of the number of lovers that submit to her laws.

Cydippe. For my part, I guess at it; and we may presume that there is some mystery conceal'd under it. This secret of inflaming every one is not an ordinary effect of

nature; the Thessalian art is concern'd in this affair; and some skilful hand has undoubtedly form'd a charm for her to make herself be lov'd.

Aglaura. My belief is founded on much stronger grounds; the charm she has to attract hearts is an air that is at all times free from any rigor, caressing looks seconded by her speech, a smile full of sweetness, which invites every one, and promises nothing but favours. Our glory is now no longer preserv'd; and the times of those noble spirits are no more, who, by a worthy trial of illustrious cruelties, would see the constancy of a lover prov'd. We are far fallen, in the age we are in, from that noble pride which so well became us; and we are now reduc'd to lay aside all hopes, unless we make advances to the men.

Cydippe. 'Tis so; there's the secret of the affair, and I see that you guess'd it better than I. 'Tis because we are too strictly attach'd to decency, that no lover, sister, will come near us. And we endeavour too much, to maintain the honour of our sex and birth. The men now love what smiles upon them; hope, more than love, is what attracts them; and 'tis by that, that Psyche ravishes from us all those lovers we see under her dominion. Let us follow, let us follow the example; let's adjust ourselves to the times; let us condescend, sister, to make advances; and let us have no more to do with gloomy decorums, which rob us of the fruit of our most lovely years.

Aglaura. I approve the thought, and we have an opportunity to make the first proof of it upon the two princes who are the last arriv'd. They are charming, sister, and their entire persons are to me — Have you observ'd them?

Cydippe. Ah! sister, they are both made in such a manner, that my soul — They are two accomplish'd princes.

Aglaura. I think we may endeavour after their tender affections, without any dishonour to ourselves.

Cydippe. I think that a beauteous princess may, without any shame, give them her heart.

Aglaura. Here they are both; how I admire their air and attire!

Cydippe. They don't in the least belye what we just now said of them.

S C E N E II.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

A G L A U R A.

WHENCE comes it, princes, whence comes it that you fly thus? Do you take fright at seeing us appear?

Cleomenes. They made us believe, madam, that the princess Psyche might be here.

Aglaura. Have these places nothing agreeable to you, unless they are adorn'd with her presence?

Agenor. These places may have charms sufficiently delightful; but we in our impatience are seeking Psyche.

Cydippe. Some very urgent business, no doubt, spurs you both on in search of her.

Cleomenes. The motive is urgent enough, since, in short, our fortune wholly depends on't.

Aglaura. It would be too great a favour for us, to be inform'd of the secret which those words contain.

Cleomenes. We don't pretend to make a mystery of it, since, in spite of us, it would come to light; a secret seldom lasts long, madam, when love's in the case.

Cydippe. That's to say, without going further, princes, that you are both in love with Psyche.

Agenor. Both, subject to her empire, are now going, in concert, to discover our flames to her.

Aglaura. Two rivals so well united, is certainly a surprizing novelty.

Cleomenes. 'Tis true, the thing is uncommon, but not impossible to two perfect friends.

Cydippe. Is it because in this place there's none fair but she, and d'ye find no one here to divide your vows?

Aglaura. Amidst illustrious blood, have not you seen one that merits your flames?

Cleomenes. Do we reason when we are inflam'd? Do we chuse whom to love? And do we regard what right they have to charm us?

Agenor. One follows, in such an ardor, any thing that attracts us, without having the power to chuse; and when love touches the heart, we have nothing to do with reason.

Aglaura. Truly, I pity the troublesome perplexity your hearts are entangled in. You love an object whose smiling charms will mingle anguish with the hopes they give you; and her heart won't perform for you all that her eyes promise you.

Cydippe. The hope that numbers you amongst her lovers, will find a mistake in the soft airs she sets out to view; and you will endure very tormenting moments from the sudden turns of her unequal soul.

Aglaura. A clear discernment of your merit makes us lament the fate this love guides you to; and you may both find, if you will, a heart more solid, with as many charms.

Cydippe. By a far better choice, you may preserve

your friendship in love ; and we see, in both of you, a merit so rare, that we would prevent, out of pity, by a gentle advice, what your heart is preparing for itself.

Cleomenes. This generous advice discovers a goodness for us which touches our souls ; but heaven has reduc'd us, madam, to the misfortune of not being able to profit by it.

Agenor. In vain would your illustrious pity divert us from a passion, the effect of which we both dread ; what our friendship has not been able to bring about, madam, there is nothing can do.

Cydippe. The power of Psyche must — She's here.

S C E N E III.

PSYCHE, CYDIPPE, AGLAURA,
CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

CYDIPPE.

COME and enjoy, sister, what here awaits you.

Aglaura. Prepare your charms to receive the new triumph of an illustrious conquest.

Cydippe. These princes have both so sensibly felt your charms, that they are already dispos'd to discover it to you.

Psyche. I did not think myself the cause of their pensive behaviour amongst us, and should have imagined quite otherwise from finding them talking to you.

Aglaura. Having neither beauty nor birth to excite their love, they only favour us with the honour of their confidence.

Cleomenes to Psyche.] The confession we must make to your divine charms is, doubtless, madam, a very rash

one ; but so many hearts ready to expire, are forc'd to displease you by such confessions, that you are reduc'd not to punish them with the thunder of your wrath. In us you see two friends whom a happy agreement of tempers has united from our youth, and these gentle bonds have been confirm'd by a hundred combats of esteem and gratitude. The rigorous assaults of adverse destiny, the contempt of death and aspect of tortures, have signaliz'd the lovely ties of our friendship, by illustrious instances of mutual offices. But whatever trials it has met with, it's greatest triumph is this day, and nothing so manifests it's constancy approv'd, as the preserving of it in love. Yes, notwithstanding so many charms, it's illustrious constancy has subjected all our vows to the law it enjoins us ; it comes, with full and gentle deference, to submit to your choice the success of our flames, and to give a weight to our concurrence, that, for reasons of state, the balance may turn to the choice of one of us, this same friendship offers, without reluctance, to unite our two realms to the lot of him that is successful.

Agenor. Yes, madam, these two realms which we offer to unite, upon your happy choice, we will add as a succour to our love to obtain you. This is what our amorous hearts make no difficulty of, we being ready to make a sacrifice of ourselves in presence of the king your father, to secure this happiness. And 'tis making a necessary gift to the fortunate person of a power which the unfortunate one, madam, will have no longer need of.

Psyche. The choice you offer me, princes, sets before me what is sufficient to suffice the wishes of the proudest spirit ; and you both embellish it in such a manner, that nothing more precious can be offer'd. Your love, your friendship and supreme virtue, all heighten

the offer of your passion, and I see in it a merit which opposes itself to what you desire of me. I must not permit my own heart to enter into such alliances ; my hand attends a father's order to bestow itself, and my sisters have rights which go before mine. But were I made absolute mistress of my vows, you might both have too great a share in them at once ; and my esteem, suspended between you, could not let my choice fix on either. I would repay the ardour of your addresses with my tenderest vows ; but where there is so much merit, two hearts are too much for me, and one heart too little for you. I should have the tenderest wishes of my soul restrain'd, and behold one of you receive a destiny which would give me too much concern. Yes, princes, I should with ardour prefer you both to all whose love follows yours, but I should never be able to prefer one of you to the other. My tenderness would make too great a sacrifice to him I should chuse ; and I should look upon the wrong I should do the other by it as a barbarous injustice. Yes, too much grandeur of mind shines forth in you both, that either of you should be made unhappy ; and you should seek the means of being both fortunate in your love. If you have so much regard for me, as to permit me to dispose of you, I have two sisters capable of pleasing, who have it in their power to make your destiny happy ; and friendship makes their persons dear enough to me to wish you were their husbands.

Cleomenes. Can a heart, alas ! that loves to extremity, well consent to be given away by what it loves ? We give, madam, to your divine charms, an absolute power over both our hearts, dispose of them even to death ; but pray have this compassion, not to dispose of them to any other than yourself.

Agenor. We should offer too great an affront to the princesses, madam ; the refuse of another passion would be a lot too mean for their attractions. It must be the faithful purity of a first flame that can aspire to the honour your goodness proposes to us ; and each merits a heart that had sigh'd for none but herself.

Aglaura. I think, princes, without the least passion, that before you had declin'd it, you should have given us leave to have explain'd ourselves concerning you. Do you think we have hearts so very flexible and tender ? And when they talk here of giving you to us, do you know if we would take you ?

Cydippe. I fancy that we have spirits high enough to refuse hearts that want soliciting ; and that we would owe the conquest of our lovers to nothing but our own merit.

Psyche. I thought it a glory sufficiently great for you, sisters, if the possession of so high merit —

S C E N E IV.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, CLE-
OMENES, AGENOR, LYCAS.

LYCAS to Psyche.

A H ! madam.

Psyche. What's the matter ?

Lycas. The king —

Psyche. What ?

Lycas. Wants you.

Psyche. What must I expect from this great concern ?

Lycas. You'll know it too soon.

Psyche. Alas ! What fear you give me for the king !

Lycas. Fear only for yourself ; 'tis you that are to be lamented.

Psyche. Heaven be prais'd ; and I am out of all fear, now I know that I have nothing to dread but for myself. But tell me, Lycas, what 'tis that touches thee thus ?

Lycas. Permit me, madam, to obey him that sent me here, and to leave you to learn from his mouth what it is that afflicts me thus.

Psyche. Let us go and know with regard to what they fear my weakness so much.

SCENE V.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, LYCAS.

AGLAURA.

I F your order don't extend to us, tell us what great misfortune your grief conceals from us.

Lycas. Mark, princess, how great a misfortune is spread through the court by the answer of the oracle which the fates have render'd to the king. These are the very words which grief, madam, has engrav'd in the bottom of my heart.

O think not of concluding Psyche's nuptials ;

But lead her speedily in fun'ral pomp

Unto a mountain's top, where, left by all,

There constantly attends to be her spouse

A pois'nous dragon, which its venom spreads

In ev'ry place, infecting heaven and earth.

After so terrible a decree, I leave you yourselves to judge if the gods could have discover'd their wrath to us by a more cruel and severe stroke.

S C E N E VI.

A G L A U R A, C Y D I P P E.

C Y D I P P E.

W H A T think you, sister, of this sudden misfortune in which we see Psyche plung'd by the fates?

Aglaura. But what think you of it, sister?

Cydippe. To say the truth, I find I am not much griev'd at heart for it.

Aglaura. For my part, I find something at mine that is pretty much like joy. Come, fate has sent us an ill that we may look on as a good.

End of the First Act.

F I R S T I N T E R L U D E.

The Scene changes to hideous rocks, and discovers, at a distance, a dismal desert.

In this desert Psyche is to be expos'd, in obedience to the oracle. A company of afflicted persons come hither to deplore her misfortune.

Disconsolate Women, and afflicted Men, singing and dancing.

W O M E N.

D E H, piangete al pianto mio,

Sassi duri, antiche selve,

Lagrimate fonti, e belue,

D'un bel volto il fato rio.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte,

BOTH MEN.

Che condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

WOMAN.

Rispondete a miei lamenti,

Antri cavi, ascosse rupi,

Deh ridite, fondi cupi,

Del mio duolo i mesti accenti.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte.

BOTH MEN.

Che condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

2. MAN.

Com'esser puo fra voi, o Numi eterni,

Chi voglia estinta una belta innocente?

Ahi! Che tanto rigor, Cielo inclemente,

Vince di crudelta gli stessi inferni.

P S Y C H E.

1. MAN.

Nume fiero!

2. MAN.

Dio severo!

BOTH MEN.

Perche tanto rigor

Contro innocente cor?

Ahi, sentenza inudita,

Dar morte a la belta, ch'altrui da vita!

E N T R Y.

Six afflicted men, and six disconsolate women, express
their sorrow by their gestures in dancing.

W O M A N.

A H I ch'indarno si tarda,

Non resiste a gli Dei mortale affetto,

Alto impero ne sforza,

Ove comanda il Ciel, l'Uvom cede a sforza.

1. MAN.

Ahi dolore!

2. MAN.

Ahi martire!

1. MAN.

Cruda morte,

WOMAN and 2. MAN.

Empia sorte,

BOTH MEN.

Che condanni a morir tanta belta.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Cieli, stelle! Ahi crudelta!

End of the First Interlude.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

THE KING, PSYCHE, AGLAURA,
CYDIPPE, LYCAS, and Attendants.

PSYCHE.

THE source of your tears, my lord, is highly dear to me ; but 'tis too much that you should suffer, out of goodness to me, the tenderness of a father to reign in the eyes of a great prince. What we now see you give to nature, is too great an injury done to the rank you hold, my lord ; and I ought to refuse the moving favour. Let your grief take less the empire over your wisdom, and cease to honour my destiny with tears, which betray a weakness in the heart of a king.

The King. Ah ! daughter, leave my eyes open to these tears, my grief is rational, although it be extreme ; and when one loses for ever what I lose, believe me, wisdom itself might weep. In vain the diadem's pride would have one insensible to these cruel reverses of fortune ; in vain are the succours of reason offer'd, to make us see, with a tearless eye, the death of what we love ; the attempt to do it would be a barbarity in the eyes of the world ; and 'tis more a brutality than a supreme virtue. I will not, in this adversity, dress out my heart with insensibility, and conceal the anguish that touches me. I renounce the vanity of that ferocity, call'd firmness, and whatever name they give to the lively grief I feel, I'll display it, daughter, to all the world, and shew the heart of a man in the heart of a king.

Psyche. I don't merit this great concern. Oppose,

oppose a little resistance to the laws it imposes on a heart whose prowess a thousand occasions have distinguish'd. What, my lord, should you, for me, renounce that royal constancy of which you have given a famous experience under the assaults of misfortune?

The King. Constancy is easy on a thousand occasions. All the revolutions that inhuman fortune can expose us to, the loss of grandeur, persecutions, the poison of envy, and the insults of hatred, have nothing in them but what the resolutions of a mind where reason has the least rule, can easily defy. But that which brings rigours with it that make the heart sink under the weight of bitter sorrows, are the rude strokes of those severe fatalities which rob us for ever of the persons that are dear to us. Reason offers no arms for succour against such assaults; this is the most dreadful thunder that the gods in their wrath can lance against us.

Psyche. My lord, here is a consolation offer'd you. The gods have crown'd your marriage with more than one blessing; and, by a manifest favour, in taking me from your sight, take away nothing but what they have taken care to repair the loss of; there still remains what may assuage your sorrows; and this law of heaven, which you call cruel, leaves in the two princesses, my sisters, a subject for paternal love to place all it's tenderness on.

The King. Ah! frivolous consolation for my ills! Nothing, nothing offers itself to me that can comfort me for thee. My eyes are only open to my anguish; and, in so dismal a destiny, I look upon what I lose, and don't regard what is left me.

Psyche. You know far better than I, my lord, that our wills are to be regulated by that of the gods; and I can say nothing to you upon this melancholy parting,

but what you can much better say to others. The gods are sovereign masters of the gifts they deign us, and they only leave them in our hands for what time they please; when they recall them, we have no right to murmur at the loss of those favours which they'll no longer continue to us. I, my lord, am a gift which they granted to your wishes; and now that by this decree they are going to resume me, they take nothing from you but what you hold of them, and you ought to restore me without murmuring.

The King. Ah! seek a better foundation for the consolations thy heart offers me; and add not a load to that piercing grief whose torment I now suffer, by the falsity of this reasoning. Do you think, by this; to give me a powerful argument not to lament at this decree of heaven? Is not a killing rigour very visible in this procedure of the gods you would have me submit to contentedly? Consider the age in which these gods force me to render thee up, and that wherein my unfortunate heart receiv'd thee; you'll thus know that they take much more from me, than they gave me. I receiv'd of them in you, daughter, a present my heart requested not of them; I then found very few charms in it, and saw, without any joy, my family increase by it. My heart, as well as eyes, have acquir'd an endearing habitude of that present; I have expended fifteen years of cares, watchings, and study, to make it precious to me; I have adorn'd it with the amiable riches of a thousand brilliant virtues; I have, with the utmost assiduity, inclos'd in it all the lovely treasures which wisdom can furnish; I have fix'd the tenderness of my soul upon it; I have made it the charm and delight of my heart, the comfort of my declining senses, the soothing hope of

my old age. All this these gods take from me, and will you have it that I have no grounds of complaint for this dreadful decree, whose cruel stroke I suffer? Alas! their power too severely sports with our fond hearts. Need they have staid to resume their gift, till I had made it my whole happiness? Or rather, if they intended to take it again, hadn't they better not have given me any thing?

Psyche. Dread, my lord, the wrath of these gods against whom you dare exclaim.

The King. After this blow what can they do to me? They have reduc'd me to a condition of being afraid of nothing.

Psyche. Oh! my lord, I tremble at the crimes I make you commit, and ought to hate myself.

The King. Alas! Let them at least suffer my just complaints. 'Tis struggle enough for me to obey them. It ought to be enough for them that my heart abandons thee to the barbarous respect which we must shew them, without pretending to restrain the grief which the dreadful decree of so rigorous a lot gives me. My just despair can't restrain itself; I will, I will keep my sorrow for ever; I will always feel the loss I suffer. I will always complain of the rigor of heaven, and will, to death, incessantly deplore what the world can't repair.

Psyche. O! good my lord, spare my weakness; I have need of constancy in the state I am in; don't strengthen the excess of my troubles with your tender tears. They are sufficiently strong alone; my own destiny, and your grief together, is too much for my heart to bear.

The King. Right, I ought to spare thee my incon-soleable anguish. Behold the fatal instant that must tear thee

thee from me ; but how shall I pronounce that dreadful word ? Yet it must be, heaven has impos'd that law on me ; an inevitable rigor obliges me to leave thee in this fatal place, Farewel, I go —— Farewel.

S C E N E II.

P S Y C H E, A G L A U R A, C Y D I P P E.

P S Y C H E.

FOLLOW the King, sisters, you'll dry his tears, you'll sweeten his afflictions ; and you'll augment his alarms if you expose yourselves longer to my misfortunes. The dragon I wait for may be fatal to you, involve you in my lot, and give me in you a second death. Heaven has condemned me alone to it's poisonous breath, nothing can help me ; I have no need of an example to die.

Aglaura. Don't envy us the melancholy advantage of blending our tears with your sorrows, and mingling our sighs with your last sighs ; suffer this last pledge of a tender affection.

Psyche. That would be losing you in vain.

Cydippe. 'Tis in hopes of a miracle in your favour, that we accompany you to the grave.

Psyche. What can one promise one's self after such an answer from the oracle ?

Aglaura. An oracle is never free from obscurity. We understand them the less, the better we think we understand them ; and perhaps, after all, you ought only to expect glory and felicity from it ; suffer us, sister, to see this mortal terror happily deceiv'd by a fortunate

issue, or at least to die with you, if heaven does not shew itself more propitious to our wishes?

Psyche. Sister, listen better to nature's voice, which calls you to the king. You love me too much, 'tis contrary to duty; you know it's indispensable law, a father ought to be still more dear to you than I am. Render yourselves a support of his old age; you owe him each a son-in-law and grandsons; a thousand kings, with emulation, keep their affections for you; a thousand kings, with emulation, will offer you their vows. The oracle requir'd me alone; and I alone will die, and if I can, without shewing any weakness too; at least I'll not have you for witnesses of what nature, in spite of me, leaves of it upon me.

Aglaura. Is it molesting you, to share your sorrows?

Cydicpe. I dare say a little more, sister: does it displease you?

Psyche. No. But in short, 'tis putting a constraint upon me; and perhaps redoubling the wrath of heaven.

Aglaura. You will have it so, we therefore part. May that same heaven prove more just and less severe, and vouchsafe to send you the fortune which we wish you, and which our sincere friendship hopes for you, in spite both of the oracle and yourself.

Psyche. Farewel. That is a hope and wish, sister, which the gods will ne'er fulfil.

S C E N E III.

P S Y C H E alone.

A T length alone, and left intirely to myself, I may contemplate this frightful change, which, from the

highest extremity of glory, precipitates me to the grave. That glory was without compare ; the splendour of it spread itself to the two distant poles ; all the kings in the world seem'd created to love me, their subjects all taking me for a goddess, began to accustom me to the incense which they incessantly offer'd me ; their sighs pursued me, without costing me any ; my soul remain'd free while it captivated so many others ; and amidst so many flames, I was queen of all hearts, and mistress of my own. Oh heaven ! have you imputed this insensibility to me as a crime ? Do you display such severity towards me for having only return'd esteem to their vows ? If you impose this law upon me, that I must make a choice to avoid your displeasure, since I could not do it, why did you not do it for me ? Why did you not inspire into my breast, that which is inspired into so many others, by merit, love, and — But what do I behold here ?

SCENE IV.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, PSYCHE.

CLEOMENES.

TWO friends, two rivals, whose only thought is to expose their lives to preserve yours.

Psyche. Can I listen to you, when I have forc'd away two sisters ? Do you think, princes, to be able to defend me against heaven ? To give yourselves up to the dragon, which I must here attend, is a despair which ill becomes great hearts ; and to die when I die, is to overwhelm a tender heart which has but too many sorrows of it's own.

Agenor. A dragon is not invincible ; Cadmus, who was not in love, defied that of Mars. We are in love, and love makes every thing possible to a heart that follows it's banners, and to a hand whose darts itself directs.

Pfyché. Would you have it serve you in favour of an ungrateful creature, whom all it's arrows have not been able to touch, and lay down it's vengeance in the very moment it glares forth, and aid you to deliver me from it ? Nay, if when even you shall have serv'd me, when you shall have given me life, what fruit of it do you hope for from one who can't love ?

Cleomenes. 'Tis not by the hope of so charming a reward that we find ourselves animated ; we only seek to discharge the duties of a passion which dares not ever presume, do what it can, to be capable of pleasing you, or worthy of inflaming you. Live, fair princess, and live for another ; we shall behold it with a jealous eye, we shall expire at it, but of a sweeter death than if we were to see yours ; and if we lose not our lives in saving yours, whenever you visibly prefer any lover to us, we shall soon die with grief and love.

Pfyché. Live, princes, live ; nor think any more of breaking, or sharing my destiny ; I thought I had told you heaven requires none but me ; heaven has condemn'd me alone. Methinks I hear already the deadly hissing of it's approaching minister ; my fear paints him out to me, and sets him before me every moment ; and, mistress as it is of all my thoughts, it figures him out to me on the top of this rock. I sink under it through weakness ; and a remnant of virtue, with pain, scarce supports my vanquish'd heart. Farewel, princes, fly, that it poison not you.

Agenor. Nothing yet presents itself which astonishes us ; and if your strength abandons you when you paint out to yourself so near a death, we have hearts and hands which are not abandon'd by hope. Perhaps a rival has dictated this oracle, or gold has made it speak that which it hath pronounced ; it would not be a miracle for a man to have answer'd for a dumb god ; and we have but too many examples in all countries, that there are knaves in temples as well as other places.

Cleomenes. Leave us to oppose to the base ravisher to whom sacrilege unjustly gives you up, a passion which heaven has chose for the defence of the only beauty for whom we desire to live. If we dare not pretend to the possession of it, permit us at least, in it's danger, to follow the ardor and duties of our passion.

Psyche. Bear them to my other-selves, bear, princes, to my sisters, these extreme ardors with which your hearts are fill'd for me ; live for them when I am dead ; bewail the direful rigors of my destiny, without giving them in you new matter of sorrow ; this is my last will, and the orders of the dying have always been receiv'd as sovereign laws.

Cleomenes. Princesses —

Psyche. Once more, princes, live for them ; you ought to obey me, as much as you love me ; don't reduce me to hate you, and to regard you as rebels instead of faithful servants to me. Go, leave me to expire here alone, where I have no more voice left than to bid you farewell ; I find myself lifted aloft, and the air opens a passage to me, from whence you'll no more hear this dying voice. Farewel, princes, for the last time farewell. See if you can be any longer in doubt of my fate.

[Psyche is carry'd up into the air by two Zephirs.

Agenor. We lose sight of her. Let us both go, prince, and seek on the top of this rock the means to follow her.

Cleomenes. Let us go there, and seek the means of not surviving her.

S C E N E V.

C U P I D in the Air.

G O to death, you rivals of a jealous god, whose wrath you merit for having hearts sensible to the same charms ; and do you, Vulcan, forge a thousand brilliant ornaments to embellish a palace, where Cupid may dry up Psyche's tears, and surrender himself to her.

End of the Second Act.

S E C O N D I N T E R L U D E.

The Scene changes to a magnificent court, adorn'd with columns of Lapis Lazuli, enrich'd with golden figures, which form a pompous and splendid palace design'd by Cupid for Psyche.

V U L C A N, C Y C L O P S, F A I R I E S.

V U L C A N.

M A K E haste, prepare these places to receive
The gentlest, and most amiable god ;
Let each with interested cares obey him.
When love requires, we ne'er can do enough.

Cupid will not admit the least delay,
 Toil, hasten, strike, redouble still your blows;
 And let your ardor to obey and please him
 Make all your labours easy and delightful.

E N T R Y.

The Cyclops finish, to music, great vases of gold,
 which are brought them by the Fairies.

V U L C A N.

SERVE such a lovely deity with vigour,
 He takes delight in ardent diligence;
 Let each with interested cares obey him.
 When love requires, we ne'er can do enough.

Cupid will not admit the least delay,
 Toil, hasten, strike, redouble still your blows;
 And let your ardor to obey and please him
 Make all your labours easy and delightful.

S E C O N D E N T R Y.

THE Cyclops and Fairies fix in their places, to music, the vases of gold intended for new ornaments to Cupid's palace.

End of the Second Interlude.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

C U P I D, Z E P H I R.

Z E P H I R.

WELL, I have gallantly acquitted myself of the commission you gave me. I carry'd away this beauty from the rock, and brought her into this enchanted palace, where you may dispose of her as you please; but I'm surpriz'd at the alteration I see in your person. That stature, mien, and habit disguise you entirely; I defy the cunningest man in the universe to know you for Cupid now.

Cupid. Neither do I mean to be known. I will discover nothing to Psyche but my heart, and the transports of that lively ardor which her beauty has imprinted upon me. And therefore to express the great love which I bear her, and to conceal what I am from those eyes that impose laws on me, I have put on the form you see.

Zephir. You are a great artist in every thing; and now I think you so more than ever. The gods, when they have been in love, have often transform'd themselves into several forms, to cure their amorous passion; but truly you outdo them all by far. This is the right figure to gain you good success with the amiable sex you adore. The assistance of such a form is very powerful; and, not to mention either rank or wit, he that can find means of being so well made, will scarce sigh in vain.

Cupid. I have resolv'd, my dear Zephir, to continue thus for ever. The eldest of the Loves can't be found

fault with for this. In short, 'tis high time to emerge from that long state of infancy which tires my patience ; 'tis more than time that I shew'd myself a man.

Zephir. Very well. You could not do better ; for you are entring into a mystery that's too deep for a boy to penetrate.

Cupid. This alteration will, no doubt, exasperate my mother.

Zephir. I foresee some small anger upon that score. For though disputes about age ought not to reign among the immortals, yet Venus, like other beauties, don't much care to be thought the mother of so well grown a youth. But the thing that most offends her, is the method of your proceeding ; 'tis revenging her cause in a strange manner, to adore the beauty she wants to punish. This hatred, which she expects the power of her son, whom the gods themselves fear should answer her wishes in —

Cupid. Let's break off this discourse, Zephir, and tell me your opinion of Psyche's beauty. Is there any thing on earth, or any thing in the heavens, which can deprive her of the glorious title of a matchless beauty ? But I see her, my dear Zephir, wondering at the glories of the place.

Zephir. You may shew yourself to her to put an end to her sufferings, and discover her glorious destiny to her ; talk together whatever two lovers can say with their sighs, mouth, and eyes. As a discreet confident, I know what I must do not to interrupt your amorous privacies.

S C E N E II.

P S Y C H E alone.

WHERE am I? And what skilful hand has built this palace, which art and nature adorn with every thing that can delight the eye, in a place that I thought barbarous? Every thing smiles, every thing shines, and every thing glitters in these gardens and apartments, whose pompous furniture have nothing in them but what enchants and flatters one; and where-ever my fears turn, I see nothing under my feet but gold or flowers. Has heaven made this wonderful place for the abode of a dragon? And when, by this sight, it amuses and suspends the unequall'd rigors of my jealous destiny, would it shew that it repents of it? No, no, this is the blackest, the most barbarous stroke of it's cruel hatred, which by a new and unequall'd rigor, displays this choice it has made of every thing the most beautiful in the world, that I may quit it with more regret. How ridiculous is my hope, if it thinks, by this means, to assuage my sorrows! Every hour that my death is retarded, has so many moments of new misfortunes; it lingers the more, and I die but so much the oftener. Thou monster, which art to devour me, let me languish no longer, but come and seize on thy victim. Wouldst thou have me seek for thee? And must I animate thy fury to devour me? If heaven intends my death, if my life is a crime, seize on the little that remains of it. I am tir'd of murmuring against a lawful chastisement, I am tir'd of sighing; come, that I may make an end of expiring.

S C E N E III.

C U P I D, P S Y C H E, Z E P H I R.

C U P I D.

BEHOLD the dragon, the merciless monster which the astonishing oracle has prepar'd for you, and which is not frightful to that degree that you had figur'd it out to yourself.

Psyche. You, my lord, are you the monster with which the oracle threaten'd me ; you, who rather seem to be a deity, that miraculously deigns to come to my succour ?

Cupid. What need of succour in the midst of an empire, where every thing that breathes attends to take their law for your looks, and where you have no other monster but me to fear ?

Psyche. A monster, like you, gives very little fear ; and if it has any poison, a soul would have very little reason to make the least complaint against a sweet infection, which every heart would dread the cure of ; scarce do I see you, but my ceasing fears suffer the image of death to vanish, and I feel an unknown fire run through my frozen veins. I have felt esteem and complaisance, friendship and gratitude, and the innocent feelings of compassion have made me experience the power of it ; but I never yet felt what I now feel ; I know not what it is, but I know that it charms me, and that it gives me not the least alarm. The more I cast my eyes upon you, the more I am charmed ; all that I ever felt never mov'd me in this manner ; and I would tell you

that I lov'd you, my lord, if I knew what it was to love. Turn not away those tender eyes that poison me; those piercing, but amorous eyes, which seem to share the anguish they give me. Alas! the more dangerous they are, the more I'm pleas'd to be wedded to them. By what incomprehensible decree of heaven do I thus say to you more than I ought; I, whose modesty ought at least to wait till you explain to me the disorder I perceive you in? You sigh, my lord, as I sigh; your senses, like mine, appear in amazement; 'tis my part to be silent, and yours to tell me this; and yet 'tis I who tell it you.

Cupid. You have had, Psyche, always so hard a heart, that you must not be astonished if, to repair the injury, love now pays itself with usury of that which ought to have been given it. The moment is come in which you must breathe those sighs you have so long retain'd, and in which you must lay aside your cruelty, and be at once sensibly touch'd with numberless, sweet, and unknown transports, which ought to have touch'd you during so many lovely days which this insensible soul has profan'd the course of.

Psyche. Is it a great crime then not to love?

Cupid. Do you suffer a cruel chastisement for it?

Psyche. The punishment is very gentle.

Cupid. Love may chuse it's lawful punishment, and, in this glorious day, do itself justice for the failure of love, by an excess of love.

Psyche. Why hadn't I been punish'd sooner! The happiness of my life is plac'd in it; I ought to blush at it, or at least to whisper it; but the punishment has too many charms in it for that. Permit me to say it, and repeat it aloud; I'll say it a thousand times, and

never blush at it ; it isn't I that speak ; the surprizing power, the amiable violence of your presence, takes possession of my voice, whenever I would speak. 'Tis in vain that my modesty is secretly offended at it, that the decency of my sex would impose other laws upon me ; your eyes themselves determine what I shall answer ; and my mouth, subject to their almighty power, no longer consults me about what I ought to say.

Cupid. Believe, fair Psyche, believe what these eyes say to you, which only burn with a desire that yours should instruct me of all that passes within you. Believe in this sighing heart, which, as often as yours will answer it, will inform you more by a sigh than a thousand looks can tell you. This is a language the most sweet, the most powerful, and the most sure of all.

Psyche. The intelligence of it was due to our hearts, to make them equally content. I have sigh'd, and you have heard me ; you sigh, and I hear you. But leave me no longer in doubt, my lord, and tell me, if by the same way, Zephir brought you here after me to tell me what I hear ? When I arrived in this place, was you expected ? and when you speak to him are you understood ?

Cupid. I have a sovereign empire in this sweet climate, as you have an empire over my heart ; Cupid is favourable to me ; and 'tis to oblige him that Æolus, at my request, summon'd Zephir. 'Twas Cupid who, to reward my passion, himself dictated the answer of the oracle, by which you are deliver'd from a troop of lovers that you were threatened with, and which has freed me from the eternal obstacle of so many ardent sighs which were not worthy of being address'd to you. Don't ask me what this province is, nor the name of it's prince ;

you shall know it at a proper time. I would gain you, but 'tis by my faithful services, assiduous cares, and constant vows; by an amorous sacrifice of all I am, and all I can do, without trusting to the splendor of my rank to solicit for me, or without making any merit of my power; although I am sovereign in this happy abode, I would owe Psyche to nothing but my love. Come, princess, and admire with me the marvels of this place, and prepare your eyes and ears to feast upon it's enchantments. Here you shall see the groves and meadows contest their beauties with gold and gems; you shall hear nothing but delightful concerts; a thousand beauties shall here serve you and adore you without envy, and every moment with rapture and submission solicit the honour of your commands.

Psyche. My will attends upon yours, I no longer have any of my own; but the answer of your oracle has separated me from the king my father, and two sisters, who are now lamenting my imagin'd death. Suffer, therefore, my sisters to be witnesses of my glory and your cares for me, to dissipate the error which loads their breasts with mortal anguish; lend them as you did me, the wings of Zephir, which may facilitate their access to your empire as they did mine; permit them to see where I now live, and let them admire the success of my loss.

Cupid. Alas! Psyche, you have not given me up all your soul. This tender remembrance of a father and sisters robs me of part of those sweets which I would have my passion enjoy the whole of. Have no eyes for any but me, as I have not for any but you; think of nothing but to love me, think of nothing but to please me; and when such thoughts dare intrude to divert that—

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Psyche. Can any one be jealous of the tenderesses of natural affection?

Cupid. I am so, my dear Psyche, of all nature. The rays of the sun too often salute you; too often do your lovely locks suffer the caresses of the wind; while it blows them, I can't but repine at it; the air itself which you breathe, passes with too much pleasure through your lips; your very habit touches you too near; and as soon as you sigh, something, I know not what, startles me, fearing lest amongst those sighs there should be any wandring ones. But you desire to see your sisters; go, Zephir, be gone, Psyche will have it so, and I cannot forbid it. [Zephir flies off.

S C E N E IV.

C U P I D, P S Y C H E.

C U P I D.

W H E N you shall let them see this happy abode, bestow on them a thousand of it's charming treasures, and lavish caresses upon caresses on them; and exhaust, if possible, all the tenderesses of natural affection, that you may give up yourself intircly to Cupid. I will have nothing to do with your meeting; but hold not too long a conversation with them; you can have no complaisance for them that you don't rob me of.

Psyche. Your love does me favours which I will never abuse.

Cupid. However let us go and see these gardens and palaces, where you'll find nothing but what your beauty effaces. And you, ye little Loves and youthful Ze-

phirs, who are animated by tender sighs alone, display to all, with emulation, the joy you felt at the sight of my princefs.

End of the Third Act.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

C U P I D, P S Y C H E.

A ZEPHIR, who sings; two CUPIDS, who sing; a company of CUPIDS and ZEPHIRS, who dance.

E N T R Y.

The Loves and Zephirs, in obedience to Cupid, shew, by their dances, the joy they have in seeing Psyche.

Z E P H I R.

Y E youth, let tenderness your bosoms move;
Join to your happy days the sweets of love,
'Tis only to deceive you, they advise
To shun love's pleasures, and avoid it's sighs;
Then give yourselves up wholly to its joys.

THE TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's sweet transports must know;
And the more charms they have, they to Cupid more owe.

I. CUPID.

A heart that's young and tender
Ought always to surrender;
And never have in view
Cross windings to pursue.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's sweet transports must know;
And the more charms they have, they to Cupid more owe.

2. CUPID.

For what reason still resist?
 To what purpose still persist?
 Once a day is lost, 'tis vain
 To hope it will return again.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

All, all in their turn, love's sweet transports must know;
 And the more charms they have, they to Cupid more owe.

S E C O N D E N T R Y.

The two companies of Cupids and Zephirs begin
 their dances again.

Z E P H I R.

CUPID has always store of charms,
 To him lets render up our arms;
 His very cares and tears must please,
 And, following him, your heart's at ease.
 Indeed to taste his rapt'rous pleasure
 We must languish beyond measure;
 But yet, no mortal truly lives,
 Who not to love just homage gives.

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should cares, pains, and anguish a lover invade,
 By one happy moment he fully is paid.

1. CUPID.

We've hopes, and fears, and mysteries;
 But who a happiness ere sees
 Obtain'd without some miseries?

THE TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should cares, pains, and anguish a lover invade,
 By one happy moment he fully is paid.

2. CUPID.

What can a mortal better do
 Than love, and please his fair one too?
 O! how full of charming joy
 Is the lover's blest'd employ!

TWO CUPIDS TOGETHER.

Should care, pains, and anguish a lover invade,
 By one happy moment he fully is paid.

End of the Third Interlude.

A C T T H E F O U R T H.

The Stage represents a grand and delightful garden, with verdant arbours adorn'd with gold, and decorated with vases of orange-trees, and other trees loaded with all sorts of fruits. The middle of the Stage is fill'd with the most beautiful and uncommon flowers. At the farther end several grottos are discover'd, adorn'd with shells, fountains, and statues, and the whole view terminated by a magnificent palace.

S C E N E I.

A G L A U R A, C Y D I P P E.

A G L A U R A.

I C A N bear it no longer, sister; I have seen too many wonders; future ages will, with pain, conceive them; the sun, that sees all things and discovers all things to us, ne'er beheld the like; it disturbs my mind. This brilliant palace, this pompous equipage, make an

odious shew, which loads me with shame as well as displeasure. How unworthily does fortune treat us ! And how does her indiscreet bounty blindly waste, lavish, exhaust and unite it's efforts, to make so many treasures the lot of a younger sister !

Cydippe. I enter into your sentiments ; I have the same afflictions ; and what displeases you in these charming places, wounds me likewise ; whatever you take as a deadly affront, overwhelms me as well, and leaves bitterness in my soul, and a blush on my face.

Aglaura. No, sister, there is not a queen that talks so much like a sovereign in her own realms, as Psyche does here, where we see her obey'd with the utmost exactness ; and her will is, by an amorous studiousness, watch'd for in her very eyes. A thousand beauties croud around her, and seem to say, upon perceiving our jealous looks, how great soever our charms are, she's still more beautiful, and we who serve her are more so than you. She speaks, and they execute her commands without the least refusal or denial. Flora herself who attends her steps, throws her most precious stores, with liberal hands, around her person ; Zephir is in readiness to fly at her order, and his mistress and he quit their own loves to serve her.

Cydippe. She has gods already at her service, she'll have altars soon ; whilst we only have command over wretched mortals, whose caprice and audaciousness hourly, in secret perfidy, oppose our pleasure either by murmuring or artifice.

Aglaura. 'Twas a small matter, that in our court so many hearts, with emulation, prefer'd her to us ; 'twas not enough that day and night, she was there adored by crowds of lovers ; but, when we comforted ourselves with

the hopes of seeing her in her grave, by the unexpected order of the oracle, she must display the miracle of her new fortune in our presence, and chuse our eyes to be witnesses of what, at the bottom of our heart, we should the least have wish'd for.

Cydippe. That which gives me the greatest vexation, is this perfect lover, so capable of pleasing, whom she has made a captive of; might we chuse out of all monarchs, is there a king in the universe who bears so noble a stamp? To see one's desires of wealth satisfy'd is often a success which makes us miserable; there's no pompous equipage or stately palaces but opens some door to incurable ills; but to have a lover of perfect merit, and to find one's self dearly lov'd by him, is a happiness so high, so sublime, that the greatness of it is inexpressible.

Aglaura. Let us talk no more of it, sister; we shall die with envy at it; let us rather think of vengeance, and find means of breaking this good intelligence between them. Here she comes. I have a net ready for her, that she'll scarce be able to avoid.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

PSYCHE.

I AM come to bid you adieu, my lover sends you back again; for he can't bear that you should deprive him of one moment of the joy he takes in being alone contemplating me. A single look, the least word that I part with, even to my sisters, he looks on as a tenderness which I rob him of in favour of natural affection.

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Aglaura. Jealousy is very nice; and these delicate sentiments give good reason to think that he who has such an ardent love for you is above the rank of common lovers. I speak thus to you of him without knowing him; you are ignorant of his name, and of those he sprang from, we are therefore alarm'd at it. I take him for a great prince, and of a power supreme, even beyond that of a diadem; the treasures which he has, with profusion, sown beneath your feet might make even Plenty's self ashamed; you love him as much as he loves you; he charms you, and you charm him; your felicity, sister, would be extreme if you knew but whom you lov'd.

Psyche. What matters it to me? I am belov'd by him. The more he sees me, the more I please him. There are no pleasures which can charm the soul but what prevent my wishes; and I can't see what you are alarm'd at, when all in this palace wait to serve me.

Aglaura. What does it signify that all here wait to serve you, if this lover will always conceal from you what he is? We are only alarm'd for your interest. In vain do all smile here, in vain do all please you; true love knows no reserve, and he that is obstinate in concealing himself, is conscious of something in himself that's obnoxious to reproach. If this lover should become inconstant now, for change in love has its charms; and, between us, I'll be bold to say, that however great the lustre of your face may be, there still may be others perhaps as handsome as you; if, I say, another object should engage him; if in the condition we now see you, alone in his hands, and without any defence, he should commit any violence, on whom shall the king revenge himself either for the change, or the insolence?

Psyche. Sister, you make me tremble. Heavens !
Can I be so unfortunate as —

Cydippe. Who knows but already Hymen's knots—

Psyche. O ! no more, this would overwhelm me.

Aglaura. I have but one word more to say to you.
This prince who loves you, and who commands the
winds, who gives us Zephir's wings for a chariot, and
loads you with new pleasures every moment, when he
thus visibly breaks the order of nature, may perhaps mix
a little imposture with so much love. Perhaps this pa-
lace is but an enchantment, and these golden roofs,
these heaps of treasures with which he now purchases
your affection, may, as soon as he is surfeited with your
caresses, vanish in a moment. You know as well as we
what magic charms can do.

Psyche. What cruel alarms do I now feel in my turn !

Aglaura. Our friendship aims at nothing but your good.

Psyche. Adieu, sisters, let us break off our discourse ;
I love, and fear lest he should grow impatient. Depart ;
and to-morrow, if possible, you shall see me either more
content, or in the depth of mortal anguish.

Aglaura. We'll go and acquaint the king what new
glory, what excess of happiness heaven has pour'd up-
on you.

Cydippe. We'll give him the surprizing and marvel-
lous history of so sweet a change.

Psyche. Don't disturb him with your suspicions, sister ;
and when you paint to him this charming empire —

Aglaura. We both know what to speak or what to
forbear ; and need no lessons on that point.

[A cloud descends and envelopes Psyche's sisters ; and
Zephir carries them up into the air.]

S C E N E III.

C U P I D, P S Y C H E.

C U P I D.

A T length you are alone, and I can again repeat to you, without having your sisters for witnesses, what an empire those lovely eyes have over me, and how excessive the joys are which a sincere ardor inspires when two hearts are once united. I can unfold to you the amorous ardency of my transported soul; and swear to you that the only object of those transports is to serve you, to see this ardor attended with an equal ardor, and to conceive no other wish than to regulate my wishes by your desires. But whence comes it, that a gloomy cloud seems to obscure the lustre of those lovely eyes? Is any thing wanting to you here? Or do you disdain the homage of those vows that are here tender'd you?

Psyche. No, my lord.

Cupid. What's the matter then? And whence this misfortune to me? I hear more sighs of grief than of love; the fading roses on your cheeks discover some secret anxiety; your sisters are scarce parted from you but you sigh with regret. Ah! Psyche, when the ardor of two hearts is the same, have they different sighs? And when one truly loves, and has the sight of what one loves, can one think of relations?

Psyche. 'Tis not that which afflicts me.

Cupid. Is it the absence of a rival, and of a beloved rival, which makes me neglected?

Psyche. How ill do you penetrate the secrets of a heart that's intirely yours! I love you, my lord, and

love is provok'd by the unworthy suspicion you have form'd. You don't know your own merit, if you are afraid of not being belov'd. I love you, though ere now I have shewn myself proud enough to disdain the vows of more kings than one; and, if I must open my heart to you intirely, I never found any one but you who was worthy of me. However I have a concern which I would in vain conceal from you; a black chagrin is mingled with all my tender passion, which I cannot free it from. Don't ask me the cause of it, for perhaps if you knew it, you would punish me for it; and if I dare yet aspire at any thing, I am sure I should not obtain it.

Cupid. And are you not afraid that I should be in my turn provok'd that you should so little know your own merit, or pretend so little to know how absolute a power you have over me? Alas! if you doubt it, be deceiv'd, speak.

Psyche, I should take it as an affront to see myself repuls'd.

Cupid. Conceive more favourable sentiments of me, 'tis easy making the experiment; speak, we all await your commands. If you require oaths to make me be believ'd, I swear it by those victorious eyes which are rulers of my heart, those divine authors of my flame; and if it is not sufficient to swear it by those eyes, I swear it, like the gods, by Styx.

Psyche. After this assurance, I am less afraid. My lord, I see here all pomp and abundance; I adore you, and you love me; my heart is transported, and my senses are charm'd at it; but amidst this supreme happiness I have the misfortune not to know whom I love. Dispel this darkness, and inform me who this perfect lover is.

Cupid.

Cupid. Psyche, what's that you said?

Psyche. That this is the blessing I aspire after, and if you don't grant it me ——

Cupid. I have sworn it, and am no longer master of it; but you don't know what you ask. Leave me my secret. If I discover myself I lose you, and you me. The only remedy is to refuse it to you.

Psyche. Is this my sovereign empire over you?

Cupid. You can do any thing, and I am intirely yours. But if you think our mutual flames are sweet, lay no obstacle in the way of their charming progress; don't force me to fly; that's the least evil which can happen to us from this desire you are seduc'd by.

Psyche. My lord, you will try me; but I know what I ought to think of it. Pray let me know the whole excess of my glory; and no longer conceal from me for what illustrious choice I have rejected the vows of so many monarchs.

Cupid. And will you have it so?

Psyche. Permit me to conjure it of you.

Cupid. If you knew, Psyche, the cruel accident you draw down on yourself by it ——

Psyche. My lord, you give me despair.

Cupid. Think well of it, I can yet be silent.

Psyche. Do you make vows that you won't fulfil?

Cupid. Well, I am a god then, the most powerful of all the gods, absolute both on the earth and in the heavens; my power is supreme in the ocean and the air; in a word, I am Cupid himself, who by my own darts was wounded for you; and were it not, alas! for the violence you offer me, which has chang'd my love into anger, you would have had me for a husband. Your desires are satisfy'd, you know who it is that loves you,

you know the lover that charms you ; and now see, Psyche, in what condition you are. You yourself force me to leave you ; you yourself force me to deprive you of all the fruits of your victory. Perhaps those fair eyes may never see me again. This palace and these gardens, which must disappear with me, will cause your growing glory all to vanish ; you was not willing to believe me in the thing ; and the fruit of this scruple being clear'd up is, that Destiny, at which the heavens themselves tremble, more powerful than my love and than all the gods together, will shew it's hatred to you, and drive me from hence.

[Cupid flies off, and the garden vanishes.]

S C E N E IV.

The Stage represents a desert, and wild banks of a river.

P S Y C H E, and the R I V E R - G O D sitting on a heap of flags, and leaning upon an urn.

P S Y C H E.

C R U E L destiny ! deadly inquietude ! fatal curiosity ! What ! have you made dreadful solitude of all my felicity ? I lov'd a god, and was ador'd by him, my happiness redoubled every moment ; and now I find myself alone, dissolv'd in tears, in the midst of a desert, where, to overwhelm me quite, I find, to my confusion and despair, my love increas'd when I have lost my lover. The remembrance of it both charms and empoisons me, and tyrannizes over an unfortunate heart which my flame has condemn'd to the sharpest anguish. O heavens ! When Cupid abandon'd me, why did he leave me

the love he inspir'd me with ? Thou source of all pure and inexhaustible treasures, ruler of men and gods, thou dear author of the torments I endure, art thou vanish'd from my sight for ever ? I myself have indeed banish'd thee from me ; in the height of love, and the extremity of happiness, my heart was alarm'd with a mean suspicion ; ungrateful heart, how dull was thy sight ? when we love we should not entertain a wish but what's agreeable to the object belov'd. Let me die, that's the only part that's now left me, after the loss I have occasion'd. For whom, ye gods, would I desire to live, or for whom form a single wish ? Thou river, whose waters wash these sands, let my crime be buried in thy waves ; and, to put an end to my deplorable ills, let me secure my repose in thy bed.

River-God. Your death, Psyche, would pollute my streams, heaven forbids it to thee ; perhaps after these profound sorrows, another fate attends thee. Fly rather from the implacable anger of Venus. I see her coming to seek you, and to inflict a punishment on you ; the love of the son has occasion'd the hate of the mother ; fly, I can retain her.

Psyche. I attend her revenging fury ; what can they have in store for me but what is too gentle for me ? One that seeks death fears no gods or goddesses, but can defy all their rage.

S C E N E V.

VENUS, PSYCHE, the RIVER-GOD.

VENUS.

INSOLENT Psyche, dare you then attend my

presence, after you have bore off from me the honours done me upon earth, after your seducing charms have receiv'd that incense which ought to be render'd to mine alone. I have seen my temples forsaken; I have seen all mankind, seduc'd by your charms, idolize you as the supreme beauty, and pay you homage till then unknown, without so much as considering whether there was any other Venus or no; and I still see you so audacious as not to stand in fear of being severely punish'd, and to look me as confidently in the face as if my resentments were not to be dreaded.

Psyche. If I have been adored by any part of mankind, is it any crime in me to be possess'd of charms? Or that their unthinking minds should yield to my attractions, when they had never been so happy as to have seen you. I am no more than what heaven has made me, nor have I other beauties than what are derived from thence. If the vows that have been paid me have prov'd disagreeable to you, you needed only to have shewn yourself, to have had them brought back to you. As soon as you ceased to conceal yourself, all would know their duty, since you need only be seen to be ador'd.

Venus. You stand in need of a much better defence. This adoration, this incense ought to be refus'd you; and the better to disabuse mankind, it is necessary that you should pay them to me, even in their sight. You have been in love with a crime which you ought to have abhorr'd; nay, you have gone still further; your haughty temper, after having rejected a thousand kings, has carry'd the extravagant ambition of it's choice even to the heavens.

Psyche. Did I, goddess, carry my ambition to the heavens?

Venus. Your insolence is without example ; to disdain all earthly monarchs, is not this to aspire at the gods themselves ?

Psyche. If Cupid had made me insensible to their addresses with a design to reserve me for himself, can it be my fault ? And is it therefore necessary that I should pay so dearly for his agreeable passion as to be for ever subject to your eternal resentment ?

Venus. Psyche, you ought to have known yourself, as well as the dignity of this god.

Psyche. Has he left me any time for this, he who in an instant became master of my whole heart ?

Venus. You have suffer'd your heart to be charm'd by him, and began to love him as soon as he said, *I love*.

Psyche. Could I avoid loving the god who inspires with love, and who address'd me for himself ? 'Tis your son, you know his power, and know his merit.

Venus. Yes, he's my son ; but a son that provokes me, a son who renders me not what he is sensible he owes me, a son who causes every one to abandon me, and who, since he has been in love with you, the better to flatter his own unworthy amours, wounds not a single mortal to come to my altars and implore my succour. You have made him a rebel to me, for which I shall see myself reveng'd on you, and that highly too ; and shall let you know if a mortal ought to suffer a god to sigh at her feet. Follow me ; you shall find, by experience, to what a height of folly you carry this ambition. Come, and furnish yourself with as much patience, as we perceive you have presumption.

End of the Fourth Act.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

THE Scene represents hell. A sea of fire appears, whose waves are in perpetual agitation. This dreadful sea is border'd with ruins of burnt buildings; and, in the midst of it's rolling waves, across it's frightful gulph, appears the infernal palace of Pluto.

FIRST ENTRY.

The Furies rejoice at the rage they have kindled in the breast of the fairest of the Deities.

SECOND ENTRY.

The Imps, performing some dangerous feats of activity, mingle with the Furies, and endeavour to frighten Psyche; but the charms of her beauty cause the Furies and Imps to retire.

End of the Fourth Interlude.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Psyche appears passing in a boat, with the box which Venus had demanded of Proserpine.

SCENE I.

PSYCHE.

YE hideous windings of infernal lakes, ye gloomy palaces, where Megera and her sisters hold their court, eternal enemies of Day, amongst your Ixion's,

and amongst your Tantalus's, and amongst your various un-remitting torments, is there in all your dire abodes a pain equal to the labours to which Venus condemns my love? Nothing can satisfy her rage; and since I find myself subjected to her laws, since she gives me over to resentments, I am compell'd, in these cruel moments, to have more than one life or one soul to fulfil her commands. I should suffer every thing with joy, amidst the rigours her hatred displays, if I could but for one moment review that dear, that adorable lover. I dare not name him; my guilty lips, by having demanded too much of him, are render'd unworthy to mention him; and in this cruel affliction, the most mortal anguish I hourly suffer, is that of not seeing him. If his anger still continues, no misfortune can ever come up to mine; but if he would have compassion on a heart that adores him, whatever I must undergo would be no suffering at all to me. Yes, ye fates, if his just indignation was but appeas'd, all my misfortunes would be at an end; I want nothing but a kind look from the son to make me insensible to the mother's fury. I'll no longer doubt of it; he certainly shares my sorrows, he sees what I suffer, and suffers with me; all the torment that I endure an amorous law imposes on him. In spite of Venus, and in spite of my crime, 'tis he who supports and reanimates me in the midst of the perils I am made to undergo; he preserves the tenderness his flame inspir'd him with, and takes care to restore life to me as often as I find myself at the point of dying. But what would these two ghosts have of me, that I perceive advancing towards me across the glimmerings of these gloomy abodes?

S C E N E II.

P S Y C H E, C L E O M E N E S, A G E N O R.

P S Y C H E.

I S it you, Cleomenes and Agenor that I see? Who has depriv'd you of life?

Cleomenes. The justest grief that ever could furnish matter of despair; that funeral pomp, where you waited the cruellest rigour of a dismal fate, and the most supreme injustice.

Agenor. On that very rock where heaven in wrath had promis'd you, instead of a husband, a dragon that should suddenly devour you, we stood prepared to repel his rage, or die with you. You know it, princess; and as soon as you disappear'd, by being carried up into the air, transported both by grief and love, we threw ourselves headlong from the rock to follow your charms, or rather to taste the amorous joy of offering the first prey to the monster for you.

Cleomenes. Happily deceiv'd in the meaning of the oracle, we have found out the miracle, and discover'd that the devouring dragon was the god of love; and who, though a god, adoring you himself, brook'd not that any mortal, like us, should dare to adore you.

Agenor. In recompence for having follow'd you, we here enjoy a very pleasant death. What business have we in life, if we can't be yours? We here review your charms which neither of us could ever have seen again above. Happy, if you honour the misfortunes you have occasion'd us with the slightest tear.

Psyche. Is it possible I should have any tears remaining, after my own misfortunes have been carried to the highest pitch? Let us join our sighs in this dire calamity, for sighs are never exhausted. But you, princes, sigh for an ungrateful creature. You would not survive my misfortunes; but I, whatever troubles assault me, did not die for you.

Cleomenes. Did we merit that from you, we whose flame has only tir'd you with the recital of our misfortunes?

Psyche. You might have merited my intire affection, princes, had not you been rivals. Those incomparable qualities which attended both your addresses render'd you both too amiable for either of you to be rejected.

Agenor. You might justly, and without any cruelty, refuse us a heart which was reserv'd for a god. But revisit Venus; we are call'd by destiny, and oblig'd to bid you farewell.

Psyche. Won't it afford you so much time as to tell me what your abode is here?

Cleomenes. In ever verdant groves, where nothing but love is breath'd. Where, as soon as we die for love, we there again through love revive; there through love we sigh under the gentlest laws of it's happy empire; whence eternal night dare not chase the day which that love, which inspires us fantomes, sheds round us, and for which it erects a court even in the infernal shades.

Agenor. Your envious sisters, after us descended, seeking to destroy you, are destroy'd themselves, and each, in their turns, in reward for the counsel which cost them their lives, suffer by the sides of Ixion and Tityus sometimes the rack, and sometimes the vulture. Cupid, by the Zephirs, took swift vengeance for their envenom'd

and jealous malice ; those wing'd ministers of his just wrath, under pretence of conveying them once more to you, plung'd them both together down a precipice, where the dismal spectacle of their torn bodies displays only the least and first punishment for those counsels whose artifice brought on the ills you suffer.

Psyche. I lament them !

Cleomenes. You only are to be lamented. But we stay too long discoursing with you ; farewel, and may we live in your remembrance ! May Cupid soon exalt you to the heavens, and rank you with the gods, and rekindling a love never to be extinguish'd, rescue for ever the lustre of your lovely eyes to augment the light of those abodes !

S C E N E III.

P S Y C H E alone.

UNHAPPY lovers ! Their passion still continues ; and though dead, they still both adore me, I, whose obduracy gave so ill a reception to their vows. It is not so with thee, thou who alone hast enchanted me, thou whom I still love a thousand times more than life itself, and who hast broken those charming ties. Fly me no longer, but give me hopes that thou wilt one day again condescend to cast an eye on me ; that by my sufferings I shall be able to appease thee, and recover thy plighted faith. But I am too much disfigured by what I have undergone, to entertain any such hope. An eye dejected, sad, despairing, languid, and discolour'd ; what have I that can possibly prevail for me, unless by some unforeseen miracle, my beauties, which once pleas'd

thee, should be repair'd. This treasure of divine beauty which Proserpine has put into my hands for Venus, contains charms by which mine may be repaired; and the lustre of them must certainly be extreme, since Venus, Beauty's self, requires them to adorn her. Where would be the crime, if I was to rob her of a few? Is not every thing lawful that can render me pleasing in the eyes of a god, who of himself became my lover; and that can regain his heart, and put an end to my torment? Let me open it. What vapours oppress my clouded brain? What is it that proceeds from this box I have open'd? O Cupid! unless thy pity opposes my destruction, I must descend to the grave, never to revive again. [Psyche swoons.

S C E N E IV.

C U P I D, P S Y C H E in a Swoon.

C U P I D.

THY danger, Psyche, dispels my wrath, or rather the ardor of my passion has not ceas'd; and though you have displeas'd me in the highest degree, I am only interested against my mother's anger. I have seen all thy labours, I have follow'd all thy misfortunes, my sighs have every where accompany'd thy tears; turn thy eyes towards me, I am still the same. I say it, and repeat it aloud, that I love thee, but you don't tell me, Psyche, that you love me? Are those lovely eyes then clos'd for ever? Is their brightness for ever ravish'd from them? O cruel death, oughtest thou to have taken so criminal a dart? And, without any regard to my eternal being, made an attempt upon my own life? How

often, ungrateful deity, have I enlarg'd thy gloomy empire by the contempt or cruelty of a proud and insolent beauty? How many faithful lovers, if I may so say, have I sacrific'd to thee by excess of transport? Go, I'll wound no more souls, I'll pierce no more breasts but with darts dipt in the divine liquors which nourish the immortal flames of heaven, and will never hurt them again but to present before thy eyes as many gods as lovers. And you, relentless mother, who forc'd it to snatch away from me all I held the most dear, dread, in your turn, the effect of my wrath. Will you make laws for me? You, who so often receive them from me? You who have a heart as sensible as another, do you envy mine the delight that your own enjoys? But I will pierce that heart with such a stroke as shall be follow'd by jealous anxieties alone; I'll load you with shameful surprizes, and every where look out for your tenderest wishes, Adonis's and Anchises', who will only hate you.

S C E N E V.

VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE in a Swoon.

VENUS.

THIS menace is very respectful, truly; and the presumptuous anger of a revolted boy —

Cupid. I am no longer a boy, I have been too long so; and my anger is as just as it is impetuous.

Venus. It's impetuosity should be restrain'd; and you may remember, that to me you owe your birth.

Cupid. And you should not forget that you have a heart and charms which are heighten'd by my power;

that my bow is the only support of yours; that without my arrows it is of no value; and that if the bravest hearts have suffer'd themselves to be led in triumph by you, yet you have made none your slaves but whom I pleas'd to subject to your charms. Boast then no more these laws of birth which tyrannize over my desires; and if you would not lose a thousand sighs, think of gratitude when you see me; you, whose glory and pleasure both depend upon my power.

Venus. How have you maintain'd this glory you speak of? How have you render'd it to me? And when you have seen my altars forsaken, my temples violated, my honours diminish'd, if you have taken part in such ignominy, how has Psyche, who robb'd me of them, been punish'd for it? I commanded you to cause her to be charm'd with the basest of all mankind, who should not deign to answer her inflamed heart with any thing but eternal repulses, and the most cruel contempt; and you yourself have fallen in love with her! you have seduc'd the immortal beings to be against me; it was for you that the Zephirs conceal'd her from me; that Apollo himself being suborn'd, so effectually bore her away from me by a crafty oracle, that, if her own blind curiosity had not surrender'd her to my vengeance, she would have escap'd my enrag'd heart. See the condition which your love puts your Psyche in; see, her soul's departed, and if yours is still inflam'd with love of her, receive her last sigh. Menace and brave me in the mean time that she expires, such insolence becomes you well; and I ought to bear every thing you are pleas'd to say, I, who can do nothing without your arrows.

Cupid. You can only do too much, relentless god-

deaths, the fates abandon her to your wrath; but be not so inexorable to the prayers and tears of your kneeling son. This must be a pleasing sight to you enough, to see with one eye Psyche expiring, and your son with the other, with suppliant voice, desiring to hold all his happiness from you. Give me back my Psyche, give her back all her charms again, give her back, goddess, to my flowing tears; give back to my love, give back to my grief the charm of my eyes, and the choice of my heart.

Venus. How much soever you are enamour'd with Psyche, expect not the end of her misfortunes from me; if destiny abandons her to me, I abandon her to her destiny. Importune me no more, and let her, in this adversity, triumph or perish, without the interposition of Venus.

Cupid. Alas! If I am too importunate, I would not be so if I could but die.

Venus. This grief is not common, that forces a deity to wish for death.

Cupid. You may perceive, by the excess of my passion, how strong it is. Will you not be favourable to it at all?

Venus. I own your passion touches my heart, it disarms, it abates my rigour. Your Psyche shall return to life again.

Cupid. How will I make you every where ador'd!

Venus. Yes, you shall behold her in her native beauty; but I require the entire deference of your grateful vows. And that an unfeigned respect suffer my friendship to chase you another half.

Cupid. I desire no greater favour, and now I reassume my former boldness, and desire Psyche, I desire her faith, I desire that she may revive, and revive for me;

I think it an indifferent thing, that your hatred being ended, ceases in favour of another. Jupiter, who appears, will judge between us, both of my passionate behaviour and your anger.

[After several flashes of lightning, and claps of thunder, Jupiter appears in the air upon an eagle, and descends upon the earth.

SCENE THE LAST.

JUPITER, VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE in a Swoon,

C U P I D.

Y O U, to whom every thing is possible, father of the gods, and king of men, abate the rigour of an inflexible mother, who, without me, would have no altars. I have wept, I have pray'd, figh'd and threaten'd, and all in vain. She will not admit that on my displeasure depends the happy or melancholy aspect of the whole world ; and that if Psyche ceases to live, and if she lives not for me, I shall be no longer the god of love. Yes, I will destroy my bow, and break in pieces my arrows ; I will even quench my torch, and let nature languish in her tomb ; or, if I condescend to pierce any hearts with these golden shafts that command obedience, I will wound you all above for mortals, and will let no arrows fly at them but such as are blunted, and force them to hatred ; and which will produce nothing but rebels, ingrates, and savages. By what tyrannic law shall I be oblig'd to keep my arms always in readiness to serve you, and make conquests after conquests upon all for you, if you forbid me to make one for myself ?

Jupiter to Venus.] Daughter, be less severe to him; you have the destiny of Psyche in your hands, the fatal sisters, at the least word, will pursue your anger; speak, and suffer thyself to be overcome with the tenderness of a mother, or dread an anger which I stand in awe of myself. Will you deliver up the world a prey to hatred, to disorder, to confusion; and of a god of concord, of softness and pleasure, make him a god of bitterness and division? Let us consider who we are, and if we ought to be slaves to passion. The more grateful revenge is to men, the more it becomes the gods to pardon.

Venus. I pardon my rebellious son; but would you have me submit to the reproach that a wretched mortal, the object of my anger, the haughty Psyche, because she is somewhat handsome, should, by a marriage which I blush at, sully my alliance, and my son's bed?

Jupiter. Well, I make her immortal, that there may be no inequality.

Venus. Then I have no longer a contempt nor hatred for her; I admit her the honour of this conjugal tie. Psyche, return to life, never more to die. Jupiter has made your peace; and I lay aside the haughty disposition which oppos'd your wishes.

Psyche recovering from her Swoon.] Is it then you, great goddess, which restores life to this innocent heart?

Venus. Jupiter has procured you favour, and my anger ceases. Live, Venus commands it; love, for she permits it.

Psyche to Cupid.] Do I behold you again at last, dear object of my flame?

Cupid to Psyche.] Do I possess you at length, delight of my soul?

Jupiter. Come, lovers, come, ascend to heaven, to consummate such grand and worthy nuptials. Come, beautiful Psyche, to change your destiny, and take your place among the gods.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

THE Stage represents heaven. The palace of Jupiter descends, and the other palaces of the greatest of the celestial gods are discover'd at a distance. A cloud descends, on which Cupid and Psyche place themselves, and are carry'd up in the air by a second cloud, which had, in descending, join'd itself to the first. Jupiter and Venus cross one another in the air, in their machines, and range themselves near Cupid and Psyche.

The deities who had been divided between Venus and her son, unite again upon their agreement; and all together, by concerts, songs, and dances, celebrate the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche.

JUPITER, VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE,
a chorus of celestial deities.

APOLLO, the MUSES, the ARTS disguis'd
like shepherds.

BACCHUS, SILENE, SATYRS, MOMUS,
PUNCHINELLOS, PANTOMIMES,
MARS, a troop of warriors.

APOLLO.

IMMORTAL band, let discord cease;
Cupid enjoys his love in peace,

Venus her native smiles puts on
 In favour of her charming son ;
 New crosses he no more shall dread,
 But joys eternal shall succeed.

A chorus of CELESTIAL DEITIES.

LET us grace this joyful day
 With songs of mirth, and jocund play ;
 Songs that shall bear the news around,
 And make these blest abodes resound.
 Let each in tuneful strains declare
 How powerful Love's attractions are,
 That none so rough or savage prove
 But soon or late submit to love.

BACCHUS.

IF sometimes our rules
 Make madmen or fools,
 And reason is lost in good wine,
 In the space of a day
 All the fumes will away
 That did the bright regent confine :
 But when love's soft smart
 Bewitches the heart,
 Perhaps all our life-time we pine.

MOMUS.

'TIS mine, sharp raillery to throw
 At gods above and men below ;
 In sportive mood my darts I fling,
 Nor spare ev'n heaven's imperial king ;
 On all but Love my satyrs fall,
 But he spares none, his arrows fly at all.

MARS.

MY fiercest foes o'ercome, or struck with dread,
 Have always yielded, or inglorious fled ;

None but love can boast that he
Has proudly triumph'd over me.

Chorus of DEITIES.

LET our joyous songs declare
The raptures of the happy pair ;
In haste is each Olympian power
To hail their soft, their blissful hour.
Let us celebrate the day
With various mirth and wanton play ;
And while the hours too fleeting move
Let our strains be all of love.

F I R S T E N T R Y.

A T T E N D A N T S on A P O L L O.

A dance of the ARTS disguis'd like Shepherds.

A P O L L O.

THE god to whom we make our court
Forbids us to be overwise ;
Diverting play, and am'rous sport,
We in their turn should learn to prize.
At night, at least, we all should prove
The soft delights of sports and love.

'Tis pity in this sweet sojourn
Any a savage heart should bear ;
Pleasures should have their soft return,
And end the day's distracting care.
At night, at least, we all should prove
The soft delights of sports and love.

TWO MUSES.

BEWARE, ye charmers all, beware,
Love is full of anxious care ;

Guard with diligence your heart,
 Lest it feel an am'rous smart.
 The passion you with ease may gain ;
 But to reveal
 The pain you feel,
 Is by far the greatest pain.

Torments still on love await,
 It's chains are oft too hard to bear ;
 Alarms incessant are the fate
 Of ev'ry yielding, sighing fair.
 The passion you with ease may gain ;
 But to reveal
 The pain you feel,
 Is by far the greatest pain.

S E C O N D E N T R Y.

B A C C H U S ' s T R A I N.

A dance of Pantomimes.

B A C C H U S.

O F wine let our praises ne'er cease,
 It's charms, how engaging they are !
 'Tis useful in times of soft peace,
 And always does wonders in war ;
 But when we to love are inclin'd,
 It's greatest assistance we find.

S I L E N U S mounted upon an ass.

O F Bacchus, 'tis the chief design
 That we should oft carrouse with wine ;
 His reign is delightful, we can't but confess,
 For we laugh all the day, and at night sleep in peace.

This god, propitious to our vows,
Whate'er our heart can wish allows.

Of the charms of his court may our praises ne'er cease.
For we drink all the day, and at night sleep in peace.

SILENUS and TWO SATYRS together.
Would you have sweets without allay,
Full bumpers will your wish repay.

1. SATYR.

Greatness we pursue in vain,
It always brings a secret pain.

2. SATYR.

And rest will fly if love should reign.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Would you have sweets without delay?
Full bumpers will your wish repay.

1. SATYR.

Hence laughter, sport, and each gay song,

SATYR.

And merry jokes to wine belong.

ALL THREE TOGETHER.

Would you have sweets without allay?
Full bumpers will your wish repay.

THIRD ENTRY.

Two other Satyrs take Silenus from his ass, which
serves them to vault upon, and perform several agreeable and surprizing feats.

F O U R T H E N T R Y.

M O M U S ' s T R A I N.

A dance of Punchinello's and Mimics.

M O M U S.

LET mirth and satire now prevail,
 Let none the poignant joke refuse;
 Because 'tis always good to rail,
 However mild the sport we use.
 Whenever the pleasure of railing we slight,
 'Gainst sadness there is no defence,
 For in laughing we find the supremest delight,
 If we laugh at another's expence.

With the faults of a neighbour be sure let us play,
 'Tis modish an error to blaze;
 There is nothing so tiresome at this time o' day,
 As to clog one's discourse with dull praise.

Whenever the pleasure of railing we slight,
 'Gainst sadness there is no defence;
 For in laughing we find the supremest delight,
 If we laugh at another's expence.

F I F T H E N T R Y.

A T T E N D A N T S on M A R S.

M A R S.

LET's leave the world without alarms;
 And seek amusement's gentler charms;

Amidst the pleasure of the courts,
Let's add war's image to the sport.

Four warriors bearing maces and bucklers, four others
arm'd with pikes, and four more with colours, per-
form a kind of exercise in dancing.

S I X T H and last E N T R Y.

The four several companies that attend Apollo, Bacchus,
Momus, and Mars, unite and mix with one another.

Chorus of CELESTIAL DEITIES.

L E T our joyous songs declare
The raptures of the happy pair ;
Trumpets, timbals, tender lutes,
Rattling drums, and warbling flutes,
All in joyful concert move,
Whilst our pleasing strain is Love,

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T H E

CIT TURN'D GENTLEMAN.

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T O R S.

Mr. JORDAN, the Cit.

Mrs. JORDAN.

LUCILIA, daughter to Mr. Jordan.

CLEONTES, in love with Lucilia.

DORIMENE, a marchioness.

DORANTES, a count, Dorimene's lover.

NICOLA, a maid-servant to Mr. Jordan.

COVIEL, servant to Cleontes.

MUSIC-MASTER.

MUSIC-MASTER'S SCHOLAR.

DANCING-MASTER.

FENCING-MASTER.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER.

MASTER-TAILOR.

JOURNEY-MAN-TAILOR.

TWO LACQUIES.

T H E
CIT TURN'D GENTLEMAN.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

MUSIC-MASTER, A SCHOLAR to the music-master, composing at a table in the middle of the Stage, A WOMAN SINGER, AND TWO MEN SINGERS, A DANCING MASTER, AND DANCERS.

MUSIC-MASTER to the musicians.

H E R E, step into this hall, and sit there till he comes.

Dancing-master to the dancers.] And you too, on this side.

Music-master to his scholar.] Is it done?

Scholar. Yes.

Music-master. Let's see — 'Tis mighty well.

Dancing-master. Is it any thing new?

Music-master. Yes, 'tis an air for a serenade, which I set him to compose here, while we wait till our gentleman's awake.

Dancing-master. May one see what it is?

Music-master. You will hear it, with the dialogue, when he comes. He won't be long.

Dancing-master. We have no want of business, either of us, at present.

Music-master. 'Tis true. We have found a man here,

just such an one as we both of us want. This same Mr. Jordan is a sweet income, with his visions of nobility and galantry, which he has got into his noddle; and it would be well for your capers and my crotchets, were all the world like him.

Dancing-master. Not altogether so well; I wish, for his sake, that he were better skill'd than he is in the things we gave him.

Music-master. It is true he understands them ill, but he pays for them well: and that's what our art has more need of at present than of any thing else.

Dancing-master. For my part, I own it to you, I regale a little upon glory. I am sensible of applause, and think it a very grievous punishment in the liberal arts, to display one's self to fools, and to expose our compositions to the barbarous judgment of the stupid. Talk no more of it, there is a pleasure in working for persons, who are capable of relishing the delicacies of an art; who know how to give a kind reception to the beauties of a work, and, by titillating approbation, regale you for your labour. Yes, the most agreeable recompense one can receive for the things one does, is to see them understood; to see them carefs'd with an applause that does you honour. There's nothing, in my opinion, which pays us better than this, for all our fatigues. And the praises of Connoisseurs give an exquisite delight.

Music-master. I grant it, and I relish them as well as you. There is nothing certainly that tickles more than the applauses you speak of; but one cannot live upon this incense. Sheer praises won't make a man easy. There must be something solid mix'd withal, and the best method of praising is to praise with the open hand. This

indeed is one whose understanding is very shallow, who speaks of every thing awry, and cross o' the grain, and never applauds but in contradiction to sense. But his money sets his judgment right. He has discernment in his purse. His praises are current coin; and this ignorant Cit is more worth to us, as you see, than that grand witty lord who introduc'd us here.

Dancing-master. There's something of truth in what you say; but I find you lean a little too much towards the pelf: and mere interest is something so base, that an honest man should never discover an attachment to it.

Music-master. For all that, you decently receive the money our spark gives you.

Dancing-master. Certainly; but I don't place all my happiness in that: and I wish that, with his fortune, he had also some good taste of things.

Music-master. I wish the same; 'tis what we both labour at as much as we can. But however he gives us the opportunity of making ourselves known in the world; and he'll pay for others, what others praise for him.

Dancing-master. Here he comes.

SCENE II.

Mr. JORDAN in a night-gown and cap, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, SCHOLAR to the MUSIC-MASTER, VIOLINS, MUSICIANS, DANCERS, two LACQUIES.

Mr. JORDAN.

WELL, gentleman? What have you there? will you let me see your little drollery?

Dancing-master. How? what little drollery?

Mr. Jordan. Why the—how do you call that thing? your prologue, or dialogue of songs and dancing.

Dancing-master. Ha, ha.

Music-master. You see we are ready.

Mr. Jordan. I have made you wait a little; but 'tis because I am to be dress'd out to day like your people of quality; and my hosier has sent me a pair of silk-stockings, which I thought I should never have got on.

Music-master. We are here only to wait your leisure.

Mr. Jordan. I desire you'll both stay till they have brought me my clothes, that you may see me.

Dancing-master. As you please.

Mr. Jordan. You shall see me most exactly equip'd from head to foot.

Music-master. We don't doubt it.

Mr. Jordan. I have had this Indian thing made up for me.

Dancing-master. 'Tis very handsome.

Mr. Jordan. My tailor tells me that people of quality go thus in a morning.

Music-master. It fits you to a miracle.

Mr. Jordan. Why, hoh! Fellow there! both my fellows!

1. Lacquey. Your pleasure, Sir?

Mr. Jordan. Nothing: 'tis only to try whether you hear me readily. [To the two masters.] What say you of my liveries?

Dancing-master. They are magnificent.

Mr. Jordan half-opens his gown and discovers a strait pair of breeches of scarlet velvet, and a green velvet jacket which he has on.] Here again is a kind of dish-
abille to perform my exercises in a morning.

Music-master. 'Tis gallant.

Mr. Jordan. Lacquey !

1. Lacquey. Sir ?

Mr. Jordan. T'other Lacquey !

2. Lacquey. Sir ?

Mr. Jordan taking off his gown.] Hold my gown.
[to the music and dancing-masters.] Do you like me so ?

Dancing-master. Mighty well ; nothing can be better.

Mr. Jordan. Now for your affair a little.

Music-master. I should be glad first to let you hear an air [pointing to his scholar] he has just compos'd for the serenade, which you gave me orders about. He is one of my scholars, who has an admirable talent for these sort of things.

Mr. Jordan. Yes ; but that should not have been put to a scholar to do ; you were not too good for that business yourself.

Music-master. You must not let the name of scholar impose upon you, Sir. These sort of scholars know as much as the greatest masters, and the air is as good as can be made. Hear it only.

Mr. Jordan to his servant.] Give me my gown that I may hear the better.— Stay, I believe I shall be better without the gown.— No, give it me again, it will do better.

MUSICIAN.

*I languish night and day, nor sleeps my pain,
Since those fair eyes impos'd the rigorous chain ;
But tell me, Iris, what dire fate attends
Your enemies, if thus you treat your friends ?*

Mr. Jordan. This song seems to me a little upon the dismal ; it inclines one to sleep ; I should be glad you could enliven it a little here and there.

Music-master. 'Tis necessary, Sir, that the air should be suited to the words.

Mr. Jordan. I was taught one perfectly pretty some time ago. Stay — Um — How is it?

Dancing-master. In good troth, I don't know.

Mr. Jordan. There's lamb in it.

Dancing-master. Lamb?

Mr. Jordan. Yes. — Hoh! [He sings.

I thought my dear Namby

As gentle as fair-o:

I thought my dear Namby

As mild as a lamb-y.

Oh dear! oh dear! o dear-o!

For now the sad scold, is a thousand times told,

More fierce than a tiger or bear-o.

Is n't it pretty?

Music-master. The prettiest in the world.

Dancing-master. And you sing it well.

Mr. Jordan. Yet I never learn'd music.

Music-master. You ought to learn it, Sir, as you do dancing. They are two arts which have a strict connexion one with the other.

Dancing-master. And which open the human mind to see the beauty of things.

Mr. Jordan. What! do people of quality learn music too?

Music-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. I'll learn it then. But I don't know how I shall find time: for, besides the fencing-master who teaches me, I have also got me a philosophy-master, who is to begin this morning.

Music-master. Philosophy is something; but music, Sir, music —

Dancing-master. Music and dancing — Music and dancing, that is all that's necessary.

Music-master. There's nothing so profitable in a state, as music.

Dancing-master. There's nothing so necessary for men, as dancing.

Music-master. A state cannot subsist without music.

Dancing-master. Without dancing, a man can do nothing.

Music-master. All the disorders, all the wars one sees in the world, happen only for not learning music.

Dancing-master. All the disasters of mankind, all the fatal misfortunes that histories are replete with, the blunders of politicians, the miscarriages of great commanders, all this comes from want of skill in dancing.

Mr. Jordan. How so?

Music-master. Does not war proceed from want of concord amongst men?

Mr. Jordan. That's true.

Music-master. And if all men learn'd music, would not that be a means of keeping them better in tune, and of seeing universal peace in the world?

Mr. Jordan. You're in the right.

Dancing-master. When a man has been guilty of a defect in his conduct, be it in the affairs of his family, or in the government of the state, or in the command of an army; don't we always say, such a one has made a false step in such an affair?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, we say so.

Dancing-master. And can making a false step proceed from any thing but not knowing how to dance.

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis true, and you are both, in the right.

Dancing-Master. This is to let you see the excellence and advantage of dancing and music.

Mr. Jordan. I now comprehend it.

Music-master. Will you see each of our compositions?

Mr. Jordan. Yes.

Music-master. I have told you already, that this is a slight essay which I formerly made upon the different passions that may be express'd by music.

Mr. Jordan. Very well.

Music-master to the musicians.] Here, come forward. [to Mr. Jordan.] You are to imagine with yourself that they are dress'd like shepherds.

Mr. Jordan. Why always shepherds? One sees nothing but such stuff every where.

Music-master. When we are to introduce persons, as speaking in music, 'tis necessary to probability that we give into the pastoral way. Singing has always been appropriated to shepherds; and it is by no means natural in dialogue, that princes or citizens should sing their passions.

Mr. Jordan. Be it so, be it so. Let's see.

D I A L O G U E in M U S I C between
one Woman and two Men.

W O M A N.

*THE heart that must tyrannic love obey,
A thousand fears and cares oppress.*

Sweet are those sighs and languishments, they say;

Say what they will for me,

Nought is so sweet as liberty.

1. Man. *Nothing so sweet as love's soft fire,*

Which can two glowing hearts inspire,

With the same life, the same desire.

The loveless swain no happiness can prove.

From life take soothing love,

All pleasure you remove.

2. Man. *Sweet were the wanton archer's sway,*

Would all with constancy obey :

But, cruel fate !

No nymph is true :

The faithless sex more worthy of our hate,

To love should bid eternally adieu.

1. Man. *Pleasing hate !*

Woman. *Freedom blest !*

2. Man. *Fair deceit !*

1. Man. *O how I love thee !*

Woman. *How I approve thee !*

2. Man. *I detest !*

1. Man. *Against love's ardor quit this mortal hate.*

Woman. *Shepherd myself I bind here,*

To show a faithful mate.

2. Man. *Alas ! but where to find her ?*

Woman. *Our glory to retrieve,*

My heart I here bestow.

2. Man. *But, nymph, can I believe*

That heart no change will know ?

Woman. *Let experience decide,*

Who loves best of the two ?

2. Man. *And the perjured side*

May vengeance pursue.

All Three. *Then let us kindle soft desire,*

Let us fan the amorous fire.

Ah ! How sweet it is to love,

When hearts united constant prove !

Mr. Jordan. *Is this all ?*

Music-master. *Yes.*

Mr. Jordan. I find 'tis very concise, and there are some little sayings in it pretty enough.

Dancing-master. You have here, for my composition, a little essay of the finest movements, and the most beautiful attitudes with which a dance can possibly be vary'd.

Mr. Jordan. Are they shepherds too?

Dancing-master. They're what you please. [to the dancers.] Hola!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mr. JORDAN, MUSIC-MASTER,
DANCING-MASTER.

Mr. JORDAN.

THIS is none of your stupid things, and these same fellows flutter it away bravely.

Music-master. When the dance is mix'd with the music, it will have a greater effect still, and you will see something galant in the little entertainment we have prepar'd for you.

Mr. Jordan. That's however for by and by; and the person for whom I have order'd all this, is to do me the honour of dining with me here.

Dancing-master. Every thing's ready.

Music-master. But in short, Sir, this is not enough, 'tis necessary such a person as you, who live great, and have an inclination to things that are handsome, should have a concert of music at your house every Wednesday, or every Thursday.

Mr. Jordan. Why so? have people of quality?

Music-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. I'll have one then. Will it be fine?

Music-master. Certainly. You must have three voices, a treble, a counter-tenor, and bass, which must be accompanied with a bass-viol, a theorbo-lute, and a harpsicord for the thorough-bass, with two violins to play the symphonies.

Mr. Jordan. You must add also a trumpet-marine. The trumpet-marine is an instrument that pleases me, and is very harmonious.

Music-master. Leave us to manage matters.

Mr. Jordan. However don't forget by and by to send the musicians to sing at table.

Music-master. You shall have every thing you should have.

Mr. Jordan. But above all, let the entertainment be fine.

Music-master. You will be pleas'd with it, and amongst other things, with certain minuets, you will find in it.

Mr. Jordan. Ay, the minuets are my dance; and I have a mind you should see me dance them. Come, master.

Dancing-master. Your hat, Sir, if you please. [Mr. Jordan takes off his foot-boy's hat, and puts it on over his own night-cap; upon which his master takes him by the hand, and makes him dance to a minuet-air which he sings.] Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol, lol; tol, lol, lol, twice; tol, lol, lol; tol, lol. In time, if you please, Tol, lol, the right leg. Tol, lol, lol. Don't shake your shoulders so much. Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol. Why, your arms are out of joint. Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol. Hold up your head. Turn out your toes. Tol, lol, lol. Your body erect.

Mr. Jordan. Heh?

Music-master. Admirably well perform'd.

Mr. Jordan. Now I think on't, teach me how I must bow to salute a marchioness; I shall have occasion for it by and by.

Dancing-master. How you must bow to salute a marchioness?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, a marchioness whose name is Dorimene.

Dancing-master. Give me your hand.

Mr. Jordan. No. You need only to do it, I shall remember it easily.

Dancing-master. If you would salute her with a great deal of respect, you must first of all make a bow and fall back, then advancing towards her, bow thrice, and at the last bow down to her very knees.

Mr. Jordan. Do it a little. [After the dancing-master has made three bows.] Right.

S C E N E II.

Mr. JORDAN, MUSIC-MASTER,
DANCING-MASTER, ONE LACQUY.

I. LACQUY,

SIR, your fencing-master is here.

Mr. Jordan. Bid him come in that he may give me a lesson. [To the music and dancing-masters.] I'd have you stay and see me perform.

SCENE III.

MR. JORDAN, A FENCING-MASTER,
MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MA-
STER, one LACQUY holding two foils.

FENCING-MASTER taking the two foils out of the
Lacquy's hand, and giving one to Mr. Jordan.

COME, Sir, your salute. Your body straight. A
little bearing upon the left thigh. Your legs not so much
a straddle. Your feet both on a line. Your wrist op-
posite to your hip. The point of your sword over-
against your shoulder. Your arm not quite so much ex-
tended. Your left hand on a level with your eye. Your
left shoulder more square. Hold up your head. Your
look bold. Advance. Your body steady. Beat carte,
and push carte. One, two. Recover. Again with it,
your foot firm. One, two. Leap back. When you
make a pass, Sir, 'tis necessary your sword should dis-
engage first, and your body make as small a mark as
possible. One, two. Come, beat tierce, and push the
same. Advance. Your body firm. Advance. Quit
after that manner. One, two. Recover. Repeat the
same. One, two. Leap back. Parry, Sir, parry.

[The Fencing-master gives him two or three home-
thrusts, crying, Parry.

Mr. Jordan. Ugh!

Music-master. You do wonders.

Fencing-master. I have told you already; the whole
secret of arms consists but in two things, in giving and
not receiving: and as I shew'd you t'other day by de-

monstrative reason, it is impossible you should receive, if you know how to turn your adversary's sword from the line of your body; which depends only upon a small motion of your wrist, either inward, or outward.

Mr. Jordan. At that rate, therefore, a man without any courage, is sure to kill his man, and not to be kill'd.

Fencing-master. Certainly. Don't you see the demonstration of it?

Mr. Jordan. Yes.

Fencing-master. By this one may see of what consideration such persons as we should be esteem'd in a state, and how highly the science of arms excels all the other usefess sciences, such as dancing, music, and —

Dancing-master. Soft and fair, Mr. Sa, fa. Don't speak of dancing but with respect.

Music-master. Pray learn to treat the excellence of music in a handsomer manner.

Fencing-master. You're merry fellows, to pretend to compare your sciences with mine.

Music-master. Do but see the importance of the creature!

Dancing-master. The droll animal there, with his leathern stomacher!

Fencing-master. My little master skipper, I shall make you skip as you should do. And you my little master scraper, I shall make you sing to some tune.

Dancing-master. Mr. Tick-tack, I shall teach you your trade.

Mr. Jordan to the Dancing-master.] Are you bewitch'd to quarrel with him, who understands tierce and carte, who knows how to kill a man by demonstrative reason?

Dancing-master. I laugh at his demonstrative reason, and his tierce and his carte.

Mr. Jordan to the Dancing-master.] Softly, I say.
Fencing-master to the Dancing-master.] How? Master impertinence!

Mr. Jordan. Nay, my dear Fencing-master!
Dancing-master to the Fencing-master.] How? You great dray-horse!

Mr. Jordan. Nay, my Dancing-master.

Fencing-master. If I lay my ——

Mr. Jordan to the Fencing-master.] Gently.

Dancing-master. If I lay my clutches on you ——

Mr. Jordan. Easily.

Fencing-master. I shall curry you with such an air——

Mr. Jordan to the Fencing-master.] For goodness sake.

Dancing-master. I shall drub you after such a manner——

Mr. Jordan to the Dancing-master.] I beseech you.

Music-master. Let us teach him a little how to speak.

Mr. Jordan to the Music-master.] Lack-a-day! be quiet.

SCENE IV.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER, Mr. JORDAN,
MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER,
FENCING-MASTER, ONE LACQUY.

Mr. JORDAN.

HOLA, Mr. Philosopher, you are come in the nick of time with your philosophy. Come, and make peace a little amongst these people here.

Philosophy-master. What's to do? What's the matter, gentlemen?

Mr. Jordan. They have put themselves into such a

passion about the preference of their professions, as to call names, and would come to blows.

Philosophy-master. O fy, gentlemen ! what need was there of all this fury ? Have you not read the learned treatise upon Anger, compos'd by Seneca ? Is there any thing more base and shameful than this passion, which makes a savage beast of a man ? And should not reason be master of all our commotions ?

Dancing-master. How, Sir ? Why he has just now been abusing us both, in despising dancing which is my employment, and music which is his profession.

Philosophy-master. A wise man is above all foul language that can be given him ; and the grand answer one should make to all affronts, is moderation and patience.

Fencing-master. They had both the assurance to compare their professions to mine.

Philosophy-master. Should this disturb you ? Men should not dispute about vain-glory and rank ; that which perfectly distinguishes one from another, is wisdom and virtue.

Dancing-master. I maintain'd to him that dancing was a science, to which one cannot do sufficient honour.

Music-master. And I, that music is one of those that all ages have rever'd.

Fencing-master. And I maintain'd against them both, that the science of defence is the finest and most necessary of all sciences.

Philosophy-master. And what becomes of philosophy then ? You are all three very impertinent fellows, methinks, to speak with this arrogance before me ; and impudently to give the name of science to things that one ought not to honour even with the name of art, that

can't be compriz'd but under the name of a pitiful trade of gladiator, ballad-singer, and morrice-dancer.

Fencing-master. Out, ye dog of a philosopher.

Music-master. Hence, ye scoundrel of a pedant.

Dancing-master. Begone, ye arrant pedagogue.

Philosophy-master. How? Varlets as you are —

[The philosopher falls upon them, they all three lay him on.

Mr. Jordan. Mr. Philosopher!

Philosophy-master. Infamous dogs! rogues! insolent curs!

Mr. Jordan. Mr. Philosopher!

Fencing-master. Plague on the animal!

Mr. Jordan. Gentlemen!

Philosophy-master. Impudent villains!

Mr. Jordan. Mr. Philosopher!

Dancing-master. Duce take the pack-saddled afs.

Mr. Jordan. Gentlemen!

Philosophy-master. Profligate vermin!

Mr. Jordan. Mr. Philosopher!

Music-master. De'el take the impertinent puppy!

Mr. Jordan. Gentlemen!

Philosophy-master. Knaves! ragga-muffins! traitors! impostors!

Mr. Jordan. Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher!

[They beat each other out.

SCENE V.

Mr. JORDAN, ONE LACQUY.

NAY, beat your hearts out if you will, I shall neither meddle nor make with you, I shan't spoil my gown

to part you. I should be a great fool to thrust myself among them, and receive some blow that might do me a mischief.

SCENE VI.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER, Mr. JORDAN, LACQUIES.

PHILOSOPHY-MASTER setting his band right.

NOW to our lesson.

Mr. Jordan. Ah! Sir, I'm sorry for the blows they have given you.

Philosophy-master. 'Tis nothing at all. A philosopher knows how to receive things in a proper manner; and I'll compose a satire against them, in the manner of Juvenal, that shall cut them most gloriously. Let that pass. What have you a mind to learn?

Mr. Jordan. Every thing I can, for I have all the desire in the world to be a scholar, and it vexes me that my father and mother had not made me study all the sciences, when I was young.

Philosophy-master. 'Tis a very reasonable sentiment. *Nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and are acquainted with Latin, without doubt?

Mr. Jordan. Yes; but act as if I were not acquainted with it. Explain me the meaning of that.

Philosophy-master. The meaning of it is, that "without learning, life is as it were an image of death."

Mr. Jordan. That same Latin's in the right.

Philosophy-master. Have you not some principles, some rudiments of science?

Mr. Jordan. Oh ! Yes, I can read and write.

Philosophy-master. Where would you please to have us begin ? Would you have me teach you Logic ?

Mr. Jordan. What may that same Logic be ?

Philosophy-master. 'Tis that which teaches us the three operations of the mind.

Mr. Jordan. What are those three operations of the mind ?

Philosophy-master. The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive well, by means of universals. The second, to judge well, by means of categories. The third, to draw the conclusion right, by means of figures : *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Banalippton*, etc.

Mr. Jordan. These words are too crabbed. This Logic does not suit me by any means. Let's learn something else that's prettier.

Philosophy-master. Will you learn morality ?

Mr. Jordan. Morality ?

Philosophy-master. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. What means morality ?

Philosophy-master. It treats of happiness ; teaches men to moderate their passions, and ——

Mr. Jordan. No, no more of that. I'm as choleric as the devil, and there's no morality holds me ; I will have my belly full of passion, whenever I have a mind to't.

Philosophy-master. Would you learn physics ?

Mr. Jordan. What is it that physics treat of ?

Philosophy-master. Physics are what explain the principles of things natural, and the properties of bodies ; which discourse of the nature of elements, of metals, of minerals, of stones, of plants, and animals, and teach us the cause

of all the meteors; the rainbow, *ignes fatui*, comets, lightnings, thunder, thunder-bolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirl-winds.

Mr. Jordan. There's too much hurly-burly in this; too much confusion.

Philosophy-master. What would you have me teach you then?

Mr. Jordan. Teach me orthography.

Philosophy-master. With all my heart.

Mr. Jordan. Afterwards you may teach me the almanac, to know when there's a moon, and when not.

Philosophy-master. Be it so. To pursue this thought of yours right, and treat this matter like a philosopher, we must begin, according to the order of things, with an exact knowlege of the nature of letters, and the different manner of pronouncing them. And on this head I am to tell you, that letters are divided into vowels, call'd vowels because they express the voice: and into consonants, so call'd because they sound with the vowels, and only mark the different articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or voices, A, E, I, O, U.

Mr. Jordan. I understand all that.

Philosophy-master. The vowel A, is form'd by opening the mouth very wide, A.

Mr. Jordan. A, A. Yes.

Philosophy-master. The vowel E is form'd by drawing the under-jaw a little nearer to the upper, A, E.

Mr. Jordan. A, E. A, E. In troth it is. How pretty that is!

Philosophy-master. And the vowel I, by bringing the jaws still nearer one to the other, and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears, A, E, I.

Mr. Jordan. A, E, I, I, I, I. 'Tis true. Long live learning!

Philosophy-master. The vowel O, is form'd by re-opening the jaws, and drawing the lips near at the two corners, the upper and the under, O.

Mr. Jordan. O, O. There's nothing more just, A, E, I, O, I, O. 'Tis admirable! I, O, I, O.

Philosophy-master. The opening of the mouth makes exactly a little ring, which resembles an O.

Mr. Jordan. O, O, O. You're right, O. How fine a thing it is but to know something!

Philosophy-master. The vowel U, is form'd by bringing the teeth near together without intirely joining them, and pouting out both your lips, bringing them also near together without absolute joining them, U.

Mr. Jordan. U, U. There's nothing more true, U.

Philosophy-master. Your two lips pout out, as if you were making faces. Whence it comes that if you would do that to any body, and make a jest of him, you need say nothing to him but U.

Mr. Jordan. U, U. 'Tis true. Ah! why did not I study sooner, that I might have known all this!

Philosophy-master. To-morrow we shall take a view of the other letters, which are the consonants.

Mr. Jordan. Is there any thing as curious in them, as in these?

Philosophy-master. Doubtless. The consonant D, for example, is pronounc'd by clapping the tip of your tongue above the upper teeth, D E.

Mr. Jordan. D E, D E. 'Tis so. Oh! charming things! charming things!

Philosophy-master. The F, in leaning the upper teeth upon the lower lip, EF.

Mr. Jordan. EF, EF. 'Tis truth. Ah! father and mother o' mine, how do I owe you a grudge!

Philosophy-master. And the R, in carrying the tip of the tongue up to the roof of your mouth ; so that being graz'd upon by the air which bursts out with a force, it yields to it, and returns always to the same part, making a kind of tril, R, ra.

Mr. Jordan. R, r, ra. R, r, r, r, r, ra. That's true. What a clever man are you ! And how have I lost time ! R, r, r, ra.

Philosophy-master. I will explain to you all these curiosities to the bottom.

Mr. Jordan. Pray do : but now I must commit a secret to you. I'm in love with a person of great quality, and I should be glad you would help me to write something to her in a short Billet-doux, which I'll drop at her feet.

Philosophy-master. Very well.

Mr. Jordan. That will be very galant, won't it ?

Philosophy-master. Without doubt. Is it verse that you would write to her ?

Mr. Jordan. No, no, none of your verse.

Philosophy-master. You would only have prose ?

Mr. Jordan. No, I would neither have verse nor prose.

Philosophy-master. It must be one or t'other.

Mr. Jordan. Why so ?

Philosophy-master. Because, Sir, there's nothing to express one's self by, but prose, or verse.

Mr. Jordan. Is there nothing then but prose, or verse ?

Philosophy-master. No, Sir, whatever is not prose, is verse ; and whatever is not verse, is prose.

Mr. Jordan. And when one talks, what may that be then ?

Philosophy-master. Prose.

Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan. How? When I say, Nicola, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap, is that prose?

Philosophy-master. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. O' my conscience, I have spoke prose above these forty years, without knowing any thing of the matter; and I have all the obligations in the world to you, for informing me of this. I would therefore put into a letter to her; *Beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes make me die with love*; but I would have this plac'd in a galant manner; and have a genteel turn.

Philosophy-master. Why, add that the fire of her eyes has reduc'd your heart to ashes: that you suffer for her night and day all the torments ——

Mr. Jordan. No, no, no, I won't have all that — I'll have nothing but what I told you: *Beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes make me die with love*.

Philosophy-master. You must by all means lengthen the thing out a little.

Mr. Jordan. No, I tell you, I'll have none but those very words in the letter: but turn'd in a modish way, rang'd handsomely as they should be. I desire you'd show me a little, that I may see the different manners, in which one may place them.

Philosophy-master. One may place them first of all as you said: *Beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes make me die for love*: Or suppose; *For love die me make, beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes*. Or perhaps: *Your eyes fair, for love me make, beautiful marchioness, die*. Or suppose: *Die your fair eyes, beautiful marchioness, for love me make*. Or however, *Me make your eyes fair die, beautiful marchioness, for love*.

Mr. Jordan. But of all these ways, which is the best?

Philosophy-master. That which you said: *Beautiful marchioness, your fair eyes make me die for love.*

Mr. Jordan. Yet at the same time, I never study'd it, and I made the whole of it at the first touch. I thank you with all my heart, and desire you would come in good time to-morrow.

Philosophy-master. I shall not fail.

SCENE VII.

Mr. JORDAN, ONE LACQUY.

Mr. JORDAN to his Lacquy.

WHAT! Are my clothes not come yet?

Lacquy. No, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. This cursed tailor makes me wait unreasonably, considering 'tis a day I have so much business in. I shall go mad! A quartan ague wring this villain of a tailor! D—I take the tailor! A plague choke the tailor! If I had him but here now, this detestable tailor, this dog of a tailor, this traitor of a tailor: I —

SCENE VIII.

Mr. JORDAN, MASTER-TAILOR, JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR, bringing a suit of clothes for Mr. Jordan, LACQUY.

Mr. JORDAN.

OH! You're there. I was going to be in a passion with you.

Master-tailor. I could not possibly come sooner ; and I set twenty fellows to work at your clothes.

Mr. Jordan. You have sent me a pair of silk-hose so strait, that I had all the difficulty in the world to get them on, and there are two stitches broke in them.

Master-tailor. They'll grow rather too large.

Mr. Jordan. Yes, if I break every day a loop or two. You have made me a pair of shoes too, that pinch me execrably.

Master-tailor. Not at all, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. How, not at all?

Master-tailor. No, they don't pinch you at all.

Mr. Jordan. I tell you they do hurt me.

Master-tailor. You fancy so.

Mr. Jordan. I fancy so, because I feel it. There's a fine reason indeed !

Master-tailor. Hold, stay, here's one of the handsomest suits at court, and the best-match'd. 'Tis a masterly work to invent a grave suit of clothes, that should not be black ; and I'll give the cleverest tailor in town six trials to equal it.

Mr. Jordan. What a duce have we here ? You have put the flowers downwards.

Master-tailor. Why, you did not tell me you would have them upwards.

Mr. Jordan. Was there any need to tell you of that ?

Master-tailor. Yes certainly. All the people of quality wear them in that way.

Mr. Jordan. Do people of quality wear the flowers downwards ?

Master-tailor. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. Oh ! 'tis very well then.

Master-tailor. If you please I'll put them upwards.

Mr. Jordan. No, no.

Master-tailor. You need only say the word.

Mr. Jordan. No, I tell you, you have done right. Do you think my clothes will fit me?

Master-tailor. A pretty question! I defy a painter with his pencil to draw you any thing that shall fit more exact. I have a fellow at home, who, for mounting a Ringrave, is the greatest genius in the world; another, who, for the cut of a doublet, is the hero of the age.

Mr. Jordan. Are the peruque and feather as they should be?

Master-tailor. Every thing's well.

Mr. Jordan looking earnestly at the tailor's clothes.] Ah, hah! Mr. Tailor, here's my stuff of the last suit you made for me. I know it very well.

Master-tailor. The stuff appear'd to me so handsome, that I had a mind to cut a coat out of it for myself.

Mr. Jordan. Yes, but you should not have cabbag'd it out of mine.

Master-tailor. Will you put on your clothes?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, give them me.

Master-tailor. Stay; the matter must not go so, I have brought men along with me, to dress you to music; these sort of suits is put on with ceremony. So hoh! come in there, you.

SCENE IX.

Mr. JORDAN, MASTER-TAILOR, JOURNEYMAN-TAILOR, JOURNEYMEN-TAILORS dancing, a LACQUY.

MASTER-TAILOR to his Journeymen.

PUT on this suit of the gentleman's, in the manner you do to people of quality. [Enter four Journeymen-tailors, two of which pull off his strait breeches made for his exercises, and two others his waistcoat; then they put him on his new suit to music; and Mr. Jordan walks amongst them to show them his clothes to see whether they fit or no.]

Journeyman-tailor. My dear gentleman, please to give the tailor's men something to drink.

Mr. Jordan. How do you call me?

Journeyman-tailor. My dear gentleman.

Mr. Jordan. My dear gentleman! See what it is to dress like people of quality. You may go clothed like a cit all your days, and they'll never call you, my dear gentleman. [Gives them something.] Stay, there's for my dear gentleman.

Journeyman-tailor. My lord, we are infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mr. Jordan. My lord! Oh, hoh! My lord! Stay, friend; my lord deserves something, *my lord* is none o' your petty words. Hold, there my lord gives you that.

Journeyman-tailor. My lord, we shall go drink your grace's health.

Mr. Jordan. Your grace! oh, oh, oh! Stay, don't

go. Your grace, to me! [aside.] I'faith if he goes as far as highness, he'll empty my purse. [aloud.] Hold, there's for my grace.

Journeyman-tailor. My lord, we most humbly thank your grace for your liberality.

Mr. Jordan. He did very well, I was going to give him all.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Mr. J O R D A N, and his two L A C Q U I E S.

Mr. J O R D A N.

FOLLOW me, that I may go and show my clothes a little through the town; and especially take care, both of you, to walk immediately at my heels, that people may plainly see you belong to me.

Lacquies. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Jordan. Call me Nicola, that I may give her some directions. You need not go, here she comes.

S C E N E II.

Mr. J O R D A N, N I C O L A, Two L A C Q U I E S.

Mr. J O R D A N.

N I C O L A.

Nicola. Your pleasure, Sir?

Mr. Jordan. Hark'ye.

Nicola laughing.] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. Who do you laugh at?

Nicola. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. What does this slut mean?

Nicola. Ha, ha, ha. How you are bedizon'd! Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. How's that?

Nicola. Oh! oh! my stars! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. What a jade is here! What, do ye make a jest of me?

Nicola. No, no, Sir, I shall be very sorry to do so. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. I shall give ye a slap o' the chops, if you laugh any more.

Nicola. Sir, I cannot help it. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. Won't ye ha' done?

Nicola. Sir, I ask your pardon; but you are so comical, that I cannot hold from laughing. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. Do but see the insolence!

Nicola. You are so thoroughly droll there! Ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. I shall ——

Nicola. I beg you would excuse me. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. Hold, if you laugh again the least in the world, I protest and swear, I'll give ye such a box o' the ear, as ye never had in your life.

Nicola. Well, Sir, I have done; I won't laugh any more.

Mr. Jordan. Take care you don't. You must clean out against by and by ——

Nicola. Ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. You must clean out as it should be ——

Nicola. Ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. I say, you must go clean out the hall, and ——

Nicola. Ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. Again?

Nicola tumbles down with laughing.] Hold, Sir, beat

me rather, and let me laugh my belly-full, that will do me more good. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. I shall run mad!

Nicola. For goodness sake, Sir, I beseech you let me laugh. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. If I take you in hand —

Nicola. Si--ir, I shall bu--urst, if I do--on't laugh. Ha, ha, ha.

Mr. Jordan. But did ever any body see such a quean as that, who insolently laughs in my face, instead of receiving my orders!

Nicola. What would you have me do, Sir?

Mr. Jordan. Why, take care to get ready my house, for the company that's to come by and by.

Nicola getting up.] Ah! I fa'kins, I've no more inclination to laugh; all your company makes such a litter here, that the very word's enough to put one in an ill humour.

Mr. Jordan. What! I ought to shut my doors against all the world for your sake?

Nicola. You ought at least to shut it against certain people.

S C E N E III.

Mrs. JORDAN, Mr. JORDAN, NICOLA,
Two LACQUIES.

Mrs. JORDAN.

A H, hah! Here's some new story. What means this, husband, this same equipage? D'ye despise the world, that you harness yourself out in this manner? Have you a mind to make yourself a laughing-stock wherever ye go?

Mr. Jordan. None but fools, wife, will laugh at me.

Mrs. Jordan. In troth, people have not stay'd thus long to laugh, 'tis a good while ago that your ways have furnish'd all the world with a laugh.

Mr. Jordan. Who is that all the world, pray?

Mrs. Jordan. That all the world, is a world perfectly in the right, and much wiser than yourself. For my part, I am shock'd at the life you lead. I don't know what to call our house. One would swear 'twere carnival here all the year round; and from break o' day, for fear there should be any respite, there's nothing to be heard here, but an uprore of fiddles and songsters, which disturb the whole neighbourhood.

Nicola. Madam says right. I shall never see my things set to rights again for that gang o' folks that you bring to the house. They ransack every quarter of the town with their feet for dirt to bring here; and poor Frances is e'en almost flay'd off her legs with scrubbing of the floors, which your pretty masters come to daub as regularly as the day comes.

Mr. Jordan. Hey-day! our maid Nicola! you have a pretty nimble tongue of your own, for a country-wench.

Mrs. Jordan. Nicola's in the right, and she has more sense than you have. I should be glad to know what you think to do with a dancing-master at your age?

Nicola. And with a lubberly fencing-master, that comes here with his stamping to shake the whole house, and tear up all the pavement of the hall.

Mr. Jordan. Peace, our maid, and our wife.

Mrs. Jordan. What! will you learn to dance against the time you have no legs?

Nicola. What! have you a mind to murder somebody?

Mr. Jordan. Hold your prate, I tell you you are ignorant creatures, both of you, and don't know the advantage of all this.

Mrs. Jordan. You ought much rather to think of marrying your daughter, who is of age to be provided for.

Mr. Jordan. I shall think of marrying my daughter when a suitable match presents itself; but I shall think too of learning the Belles Sciences.

Nicola. I've heard say farther, madam, that to pin the basket, he has got him a philosophy-master to-day.

Mr. Jordan. Very well. I've a mind to have wit, and to know how to reason upon things with your genteel people.

Mrs. Jordan. Won't you go to school one of these days, and be whipt at your age?

Mr. Jordan. Why not? Would I were whipt this very instant before all the world, so I did but know what they learn at school!

Nicola. Yes, forsooth, that would be a mighty advantage t'ye.

Mr. Jordan. Without doubt.

Mrs. Jordan. This is all very necessary to the management of your house.

Mr. Jordan. Certainly. You talk, both of you, like asses, and I'm ashamed of your ignorance. [to Mrs. Jordan.] For example, do you know, you, what it is you now speak?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, I know that what I speak is very right, and that you ought to think of living in another manner.

Mr. Jordan. I don't talk of that. I ask you what the words are that you now speak?

Mrs. Jordan. They are words that have a good deal of sense in them, and your conduct is by no means such.

Mr. Jordan. I don't talk of that, I tell you : I ask you, what is that I now speak to you, which I say this very moment ?

Mrs. Jordan. Mere stuff.

Mr. Jordan. Pshaw, no, 'tis not that. That which we both of us say, the language we speak this instant ?

Mrs. Jordan. Well ?

Mr. Jordan. How is it call'd ?

Mrs. Jordan. 'Tis call'd just what you please to call it.

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis prose, you ignorant creature.

Mrs. Jordan. Prose ?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, prose. Whatever is prose, is not verse ; and whatever is not verse, is prose. Now, see what it is to study. And you, [to Nicola.] do you know very well how you must do to say U ?

Nicola. How ?

Mr. Jordan. Yes. What is it you do when you say U ?

Nicola. What ?

Mr. Jordan. Say U a little, to try.

Nicola. Well, U.

Mr. Jordan. What is't you do ?

Nicola. I say U.

Mr. Jordan. Yes, but when you say U, what is it you do ?

Nicola. I do as you bid me.

Mr. Jordan. O ! what a strange thing it is to have to do with brutes ! You pout out your lips, and bring your under jaw to your upper, U, d'ye see ? I make a mouth, U.

Nicola. Yes, that's fine.

Mrs. Jordan. 'Tis admirable !

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis quite another thing, had but you seen O, and DEE, DEE, and EF, EF.

Mrs. Jordan. What is all this ridiculous stuff?

Nicola. What are we the better for all this?

Mr. Jordan. It makes one mad, to see these ignorant women.

Mrs. Jordan. Go, go, you should send all these folks a packing with their silly stuff.

Nicola. And especially that great lubberly fencing-master, who fills all my house with dust.

Mr. Jordan. Hey-day! This fencing-master sticks strangely in thy stomach. I'll let thee see thy impertinence presently. [He orders the foils to be brought, and gives one to Nicola.] Stay, reason demonstrative, the line of the body: when they push in carte one need only do so; and when they push in tierce one need only do so. This is the way never to be kill'd; and is not that clever to be upon sure grounds, when one has a rencounter with any body? There, push at me a little, to try.

Nicola. Well, how? [Nicola gives him several thrusts.]

Mr. Jordan. Gently! Hold! Oh! Softly; duce take the huffy.

Nicola. You bid me push.

Mr. Jordan. Yes, but you push me in tierce, before you push in carte; and you have not patience while I parry.

Mrs. Jordan. You are a fool, husband, with all these whims, and this is come to you since you have taken upon you to keep company with quality.

Mr. Jordan. When I keep company with quality, I show my judgment; and that's much better than herding with your cits.

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, truly there's a great deal to be got by frequenting your nobility ; and you have made fine work with that count you are so bewitch'd with.

Mr. Jordan. Peace, take care what you say : do you well know, wife, that you don't know whom you speak of, when you speak of him ? He's a man of more importance than you think of ; a nobleman of consideration at court, who speaks to the king just for all the world as I speak to you. Is it not a thing that does me great honour, that you see a person of that quality come so often to my house, who calls me his dear friend, and treats me as if I were his equal ? He has more kindness for me than one would ever imagine ; and he caresses me in such a manner before all the world, that I myself am perfectly confounded at it.

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, he has a great kindness for you, and caresses you ; but he borrows your money of you.

Mr. Jordan. Well, and is it not a great honour to me to lend money to a man of that condition ? And can I do less for a lord who calls me his dear friend ?

Mrs. Jordan. And what is it this lord does for you ?

Mr. Jordan. Things that would astonish you, if you did but know them.

Mrs. Jordan. And what may they be ?

Mr. Jordan. Peace, I cannot explain myself. 'Tis sufficient that if I have lent him money, he'll pay it me honestly, and that before 'tis long.

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, stay you for that.

Mr. Jordan. Certainly : did he not tell me so ?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, yes, and he won't fail to disappoint you.

Mr. Jordan. He swore to me on the faith of a gentleman.

Mrs. Jordan. A mere song.

Mr. Jordan. Hey! You are mighty obstinate, wife of mine; I tell you he will keep his word with me, I am sure of it.

Mrs. Jordan. And I am sure that he will not; and all the court he makes to you, is only to cajole you.

Mr. Jordan. Hold your tongue. Here he comes.

Mrs. Jordan. That's all we shall have of him: he comes perhaps to borrow something more of you; the very sight of him gives me my dinner.

Mr. Jordan. Hold your tongue, I say.

SCENE IV.

DORANTES, Mr. JORDAN, Mrs. JORDAN, NICOLA.

DORANTES.

MY dear friend, Mr. Jordan, how do you do?

Mr. Jordan. Very well, Sir, to do you what little service I can.

Dorantes. And madam Jordan there, how does she do?

Mrs. Jordan. Madam Jordan does as well as she can.

Dorantes. Hah! Mr. Jordan, you're dress'd the most genteelly in the world!

Mr. Jordan. As you see.

Dorantes. You have a very fine air with that dress, and we have ne'er a young fellow at court, that's better made than you.

Mr. Jordan. He, He.

Mrs. Jordan aside.] He scratches him where it itches.

Dorantes. Turn about. 'Tis most gallant.

Mrs. Jordan aside.] Yes, as much of the fool behind as before.

Dorantes. 'Faith, Mr. Jordan, I was strangely impatient to see you. You're the man in the world I most esteem, and I was talking of you again this morning at the king's Levee.

Mr. Jordan. You do me a great deal of honour, Sir. [to Mrs. Jordan.] At the king's Levee!

Dorantes. Come, be cover'd.

Mr. Jordan. Sir, I know the respect I owe you.

Dorantes. Lack-a-day! be cover'd; no ceremony pray between us two.

Mr. Jordan. Sir —

Dorantes. Put on your hat, I tell you, Mr. Jordan, you are my friend.

Mr. Jordan. Sir, I am your humble servant.

Dorantes. I won't be cover'd, if you won't.

Mr. Jordan puts on his hat.] I choose rather to be unmannerly than troublesome.

Dorantes. I am your debtor, you know.

Mrs. Jordan aside.] Yes, we know it but too well.

Dorantes. You have generously lent me money upon several occasions; and have oblig'd me, most certainly, with the best grace in the world.

Mr. Jordan. You jest, Sir.

Dorantes. But I know how to repay what is lent me, and to be grateful for the favours done me.

Mr. Jordan. I don't doubt it, Sir.

Dorantes. I'm willing to get out of your books, and came hither to make up our accounts together.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Well, you see your impertinence, wife.

Dorantes. I'm one who love to be out of debt as soon as I can.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] I told you so.

Dorantes. Let's see a little what 'tis I owe you.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] You there, with your ridiculous suspicions.

Dorantes. Do you remember right all the money you have lent me?

Mr. Jordan. I believe so. I made a little memorandum of it. Here it is. Let you have at one time two hundred louis d'ors.

Dorantes. 'Tis true.

Mr. Jordan. Another time, six-score.

Dorantes. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. And another time a hundred and forty.

Dorantes. You are right.

Mr. Jordan. These three articles make four hundred and sixty louis d'ors, which come to five thousand and sixty livres.

Dorantes. The account is very right. Five thousand and sixty livres.

Mr. Jordan. One thousand eight hundred and thirty two livres to your plume-maker.

Dorantes. Just.

Mr. Jordan. Two thousand seven hundred and four-score livres to your tailor.

Dorantes. 'Tis true.

Mr. Jordan. Four thousand three hundred and seventy nine livres, twelve sols and eight deniers to your tradesman.

Dorantes. Very well. Twelve sols, eight deniers. The account is just.

Mr. Jordan. And a thousand seven hundred and forty eight livres seven sols four deniers to your saddler.

Dorantes. 'Tis all true. What does that come to?

Mr. Jordan. Sum total, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

Dorantes. The sum total, and just. Fifteen thousand and eight hundred livres. To which add two hundred pistoles, which you are going to lend me, that will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I shall pay you the first opportunity.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] Well, did I not guess how 'twould be!

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Peace.

Dorantes. Will it incommode you to lend me what I tell you?

Mr. Jordan. Oh! no.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] This man makes a mere milch cow of you.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Hold your tongue.

Dorantes. If this will incommode you, I'll seek it elsewhere.

Mr. Jordan. No, Sir.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] He'll ne'er be satisfy'd till he has ruin'd you.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Dorantes. You need only tell me if this puts you to any straits.

Mr. Jordan. Not at all, Sir.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] 'Tis a true wheedler.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Hold your tongue then.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] He'll drain you to the last farthing.

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Will you hold your tongue?

Dorantes. I've a good many people would be glad to lend it me, but as you are my very good friend, I thought I should wrong you if I ask'd it of any body else.

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis too much honour, Sir, you do me. I'll go fetch what you want.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] What! going to lend him still more?

Mr. Jordan aside to Mrs. Jordan.] What can I do? Would you have me refuse a man of that rank, who spoke of me this morning at the king's Levee.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Mr. Jordan.] Go, you're a downright dupe.

SCENE V.

DORANTES, Mrs. JORDAN, NICOLA.

DORANTES.

YOU seem to me very melancholy. What ails you, Mrs. Jordan?

Mrs. Jordan. My head's bigger than my fist, and if it is not swell'd.

Dorantes. Where is miss your daughter that I don't see her?

Mrs. Jordan. Miss my daughter is pretty well where she is.

Dorantes. How does she go on?

Mrs. Jordan. She goes on her two legs.

Dorantes. Won't you come with her, one of these days, and see the ball, and the play that's acted at court?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes truly, we've a great inclination to laugh, a great inclination to laugh have we.

Dorantes. I fancy, madam Jordan, you had a great

many sparks in your younger years, being so handsome and good-humour'd as you were.

Mrs. Jordan. Beldam, Sir, what is madam Jordan grown decrepit? and does her head totter already with a palsy?

Dorantes. Ods'o! madam Jordan, I ask your pardon. I was not thinking that you are young. I'm very often absent. Pray excuse my impertinence.

SCENE VI.

Mr. JORDAN, Mrs. JORDAN, DORANTES, NICOLA.

Mr. JORDAN to Dorantes.

HERE's two hundred pieces for you, hard money.

Dorantes. I do assure you, Mr. Jordan, I am absolutely yours; and I long to do you service at court.

Mr. Jordan. I'm infinitely oblig'd to you.

Dorantes. If madam Jordan inclines to see the royal diversion, I'll get her the best places in the ball-room.

Mrs. Jordan. Madam Jordan kisses your hand.

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordan. Our pretty marchioness, as I inform'd you in my letter, will be here by and by to partake of your ball and collation; I brought her, at last, to consent to the entertainment you design to give her.

Mr. Jordan. Let us draw to a distance a little, for a certain reason.

Dorantes. 'Tis eight days since I saw you, and I gave you no tidings of the diamond you put into my hands to make her a present of, as from you; but the reason

was, I had all the difficulty in the world to conquer her scruples, and 'twas no longer ago than to-day, that she resolv'd to accept of it.

Mr. Jordan. How did she like it?

Dorantes. Marvellously; and I am much deceiv'd if the beauty of this diamond has not an admirable effect upon her.

Mr. Jordan. Grant it, kind heaven!

Mrs. Jordan to Nicola.] When he's once with him, he can never get rid of him.

Dorantes. I made her sensible in a proper manner, of the richness of the present, and the strength of your passion.

Mr. Jordan. These kindnesses perfectly overwhelm me; I am in the greatest confusion in the world to see a person of your quality demean himself on my account as you do.

Dorantes. You jest sure. Does one ever stop at such sort o' scruples among friends? And would not you do the same thing for me, if occasion offer'd?

Mr. Jordan. Oh! certainly, and with all my soul.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Nicola.] How the sight of him torments me!

Dorantes. For my part, I never mind any thing when a friend is to be serv'd; and when you imparted to me the ardent passion you had entertain'd for the agreeable marchioness, with whom I was acquainted, you see that I made an immediate offer of my service.

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis true, these favours are what confound me.

Mrs. Jordan to Nicola.] What! will he never be gone?

Nicola. They are mighty great together.

Dorantes. You've took the right way to smite her. Women, above all things, love the expence we are at on their account ; and your frequent serenades, your continual entertainments ; that sumptuous fire-work she saw on the water, the diamond she receiv'd by way of present from you, and the regale you are now preparing ; all this speaks much better in favour of your passion than all the things you yourself could possibly have said to her.

Mr. Jordan. There's no expence I would not be at, if I could by that means find the way to her heart. A woman of quality has powerful charms for me, and 'tis an honour I would purchase at any rate.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Nicola.] What can they have to talk of so long together? Go softly, and listen a little.

Dorantes. By and by you will enjoy the pleasure of seeing her at your ease, your eyes will have full time to be satisfy'd.

Mr. Jordan. To be at full liberty, I have order'd matters so, that my wife shall dine with my sister, where she'll pass the whole afternoon.

Dorantes. You have done wisely, for your wife might have perplex'd us a little. I have given the proper orders for you to the cook, and for every thing necessary for the ball. 'Tis of my own invention ; and provided the execution answers the plan, I am sure 'twill be —

Mr. Jordan perceives that Nicola listens, and gives her a box o' th' ear.] Hey, you're very impertinent [to Dorantes.] Let us go, if you please.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. JORDAN, NICOLA.

NICOLA.

I'FAITH, curiosity has cost me something ; but I believe there's a snake in the grass ; for they were talking of some affair, which they were not willing you should be present at.

Mrs. Jordan. This is not the first time, Nicola, that I have had suspicions of my husband. I am the most deceiv'd person in the world, or there is some amour in agitation, and I am labouring to discover what it should be. But let's think of my daughter. You know the love Cleontes has for her. He is a man who hits my fancy, and I have a mind to favour his addresses, and help him to Lucilia, if I can.

Nicola. In truth, madam, I am the most ravish'd creature in the world, to find you in these sentiments ; for if the master hits your taste, the man hits mine no less ; and I could wish our marriage might be concluded under favour of theirs.

Mrs. Jordan. Go, and talk with him about it, as from me, and tell him to come to me presently, that we may join in demanding my daughter of my husband.

Nicola. I fly, madam, with joy, and I could not have receiv'd a more agreeable commission. [alone.] I believe I shall very much rejoice their hearts.

SCENE VIII.

CLEONTES, COVIEL, NICOLA.

NICOLA to Cleontes.

HAH, most luckily met. I'm an ambassadrefs of joy, and I come —

Cleontes. Be gone, ye perfidious slut, and don't come to amuse me with thy traiterous speeches.

Nicola. Is it thus you receive —

Cleontes. Be gone, I tell thee, and go directly and inform thy false mistress, that she never more, while she lives, shall impose upon the too simple Cleontes.

Nicola. What whim is this? My dear Coviel, tell me a little what does this mean.

Coviel. Thy dear Coviel, wicked minx? Away quickly out of my sight, hussy, and leave me at quiet.

Nicola. What! dost thou too —

Coviel. Out o' my sight, I tell thee, and talk not to me, for thy life.

Nicola aside.] Hey-day! What gad-fly has stung them both? Well, I must march and inform my mistress of this pretty piece of history.

SCENE IX.

CLEONTES, COVIEL.

CLEONTES.

WHAT! treat a lover in this manner; and a lover the most constant, the most passionate of all lovers!

Coviel. 'Tis a horrible trick they have serv'd us both.

Cleontes. I discover all the ardour for her, all the tenderneſs one can imagine: I love nothing in the world but her, have nothing in my thoughts beſides her. She is all my care, all my deſire, all my joy. I ſpeak of nought but her, think of nought but her, dream of nought but her, I breathe only for her, my heart lives wholly in her; and this is the worthy recompence of ſuch a love! I am two days without ſeeing her, which are to me two horrible ages; I meet her accidentally, my heart feels all tranſported at the ſight; joy ſparkles in my face; I fly to her with extaſy, and the faithleſs creature turns away her eyes, and brushes haſtily by me, as if ſhe had never ſeen me in her life!

Coviel. I ſay the ſame as you do.

Cleontes. Is it poſſible to ſee any thing, Coviel, equal to this perfidy of the ungrateful Lucilia?

Coviel. Or to that, Sir, of the villanous jade Nicola?

Cleontes. After ſo many ardent ſacrifices of ſighs and vows that I have made to her charms.

Coviel. After ſo many aſſiduous ſneaking cares, and ſervices that I have paid her in the kitchen!

Cleontes. So many tears that I have ſhed at her feet?

Coviel. So many buckets of water that I have drawn for her!

Cleontes. Such ardor as I have ſhown, in loving her more than myſelf!

Coviel. So much heat as I have endur'd, in turning the ſpit in her place!

Cleontes. She ſnubs me with diſdain!

Coviel. She turns her back upon me with impudence!

Cleontes. This is a perfidy worthy the greateſt puniſhment!

Coviel.

Coviel. This is a treachery that deserves a thousand boxes o' the ear.

Cleontes. Prithee, never think to speak once more to me in her favour.

Coviel. I Sir? marry heaven forbid.

Cleontes. Never come to excuse the action of this perfidious woman.

Coviel. Fear it not.

Cleontes. No, d'ye see, all discourses in her defence will signify nothing.

Coviel. Who dreams of such a thing?

Cleontes. I'm determin'd to continue my resentment against her, and break off all correspondence.

Coviel. I give my consent.

Cleontes. This same count that visits her, pleases perhaps her eye; and her fancy, I see plainly, is dazzled with quality. But I must, for my own honour, prevent the triumph of her inconstancy: I'll make as much hast as she can do towards the change, which I see she's running into, and won't leave her all the glory of quitting me.

Coviel. 'Tis very well said, and for my share, I enter into all your sentiments.

Cleontes. Second my resentments, and support my resolutions against all the remains of love, that may yet plead for her. I conjure thee, say all the ill things of her thou canst: paint me her person so as to make her despicable; and, in order to disgust me, mark me out well all the faults thou canst find in her.

Coviel. She, Sir? A pretty mawkin, a fine piece to be so much enamour'd with: I see nothing in her, but what's very indifferent, and you might find a hundred

persons more deserving of you. First of all she has little eyes.

Cleontes. That's true, she has little eyes ; but they are full of fire, the most sparkling, the most piercing in the world, the most striking that one shall see.

Coviell. She has a wide mouth.

Cleontes. Yes ; but one sees such graces in it, as one does not see in other mouths, and the sight of that mouth inspires desire : 'tis the most attractive, the most amorous in the world.

Coviell. As to her height, she's not tall.

Cleontes. No ; but she's easy, and well-shap'd.

Coviell. She affects a negligence in speaking and acting.

Cleontes. 'Tis true ; but all this has a gracefulness in her, and her ways are engaging ; they have I don't know what charms, that insinuate into our hearts.

Coviell. As to her wit ——

Cleontes. Ah ! Coviell, she has the most refin'd, the most delicate turn of wit.

Coviell. Her conversation ——

Cleontes. Her conversation is charming.

Coviell. She's always grave.

Cleontes. Would you have flanting pleasantry, a perpetual profuse mirth ? And d'ye see any thing more impertinent than those women who are always upon the giggle ?

Coviell. But in short she is the most capricious creature in the world.

Cleontes. Yes, she is capricious, I grant ye ; but every thing fits well upon fine women ; we bear with every thing from the fair.

Coviell. Since that's the case, I see plainly you desire always to love her.

Cleontes. I! I should love death sooner; and I am now going to hate her as much as ever I lov'd her.

Coviel. But how, if you think her so perfect?

Cleontes. Therein shall my vengeance be more glaring; therein shall I better display the force of my resolution in hating her, quitting her, most beautiful as she is; most charming, most amiable, as I think her. Here she is.

SCENE X.

LUCILIA, CLEONTES, COVIEL,
EL, NICOLA.

NICOLA to Lucilia.

FOR my part, I was perfectly shock'd at it.

Lucilia. It can be nothing else, Nicola, but what I said. But there he comes.

Cleontes to Coviel.] I won't so much as speak to her.

Coviel. I'll follow your example.

Lucilia. What means this, Cleontes, what's the matter with you?

Nicola. What ails thee, Coviel?

Lucilia. What trouble has seiz'd you?

Nicola. What cross humour possesses thee?

Lucilia. Are you dumb, Cleontes?

Nicola. Has thou lost thy speech, Coviel?

Cleontes. The abandon'd creature!

Coviel. Oh! the Judas!

Lucilia. I see very well that the late meeting has disorder'd your mind.

Cleontes to Coviel.] O, hoh! She sees what she has done.

Nicola. The reception of this morning has made thee take snuff.

Coviel to Cleontes.] She has guess'd where the shoe pinches.

Lucilia. Is't not true, Cleontes, that this is the reason of your being out of humour?

Cleontes. Yes, perfidious maid, that is it, since I must speak; and I can tell you, that you shall not triumph, as you imagine, by your unfaithfulness, that I shall be beforehand in breaking with you, and you won't have the credit of discarding me. I shall, doubtless, have some difficulty in conquering the passion I have for you: 'twill cause me uneasiness; I shall suffer for a while; but I shall compass my point, and I would sooner stab myself to the heart than have the weakness of returning to you.

Coviel to Nicola.] As says the master, so says the man.

Lucilia. Here's a noise indeed about nothing: I'll tell you, Cleontes, the reason that made me avoid joining you this morning.

Cleontes endeavouring to go to avoid Lucilia.] No, I'll hear nothing.

Nicola to Coviel.] I'll let thee into the cause that made us pass you so quick.

Coviel endeavouring to go to avoid Nicola.] I will hear nothing.

Lucilia following Cleontes.] Know that this morning—

Cleontes walks about without regarding Lucilia.] No, I tell you.

Nicola following Coviel.] Learn that —

Coviel walks about likewise without regarding Nicola.] No, traitress.

Lucilia. Hear me.

Cleontes. Not a bit.

Nicola. Let me speak.

Coviel. I'm deaf.

Lucilia. Cleontes?

Cleontes. No.

Nicola. Coviel?

Coviel. No.

Lucilia. Stay.

Cleontes. Idle stuff.

Nicola. Hear me.

Coviel. No such thing.

Lucilia. One moment.

Cleontes. Not at all.

Nicola. A little patience.

Coviel. A fiddle-stick.

Lucilia. Two words.

Cleontes. No, 'tis over.

Nicola. One word.

Coviel. No more dealings.

Lucilia stopping.] Well, since you won't hear me, keep your opinion, and do what you please.

Nicola stopping likewise.] Since that's thy way, e'en take it all just as it pleases thee.

Cleontes. Let's know the subject then of this fine reception.

Lucilia going in her turn to avoid Cleontes.] I've no longer an inclination to tell it.

Coviel. Let us a little into this history.

Nicola going likewise in her turn to avoid Coviel.] I won't inform thee now, not I.

Cleontes following Lucilia.] Tell me —

Lucilia. No, I'll tell you nothing.

Coviel following Nicola.] Say —

Nicola. No, I say nothing.

Cleontes. For goodness fake.

Lucilia. No, I tell you.

Coviel. Of all charity.

Nicola. Not a bit.

Cleontes. I beseech you.

Lucilia. Let me alone.

Coviel. I conjure thee.

Nicola. Away with thee.

Cleontes. Lucilia!

Lucilia. No.

Coviel. Nicola!

Nicola. Not at all.

Cleontes. For heaven's fake.

Lucilia. I will not.

Coviel. Speak to me.

Nicola. Not a word.

Cleontes. Clear up my doubts.

Lucilia. No, I'll do nothing towards it.

Coviel. Cure my mind.

Nicola. No, 'tis not my pleasure.

Cleontes. Well, since you are so little concern'd to ease me of my pain, and to justify yourself as to the unworthy treatment my passion has receiv'd from you, ungrateful creature, 'tis the last time you shall see me, and I am going far from you to die of grief and love.

Coviel to Nicola.] And I'll follow his steps.

Lucilia to Cleontes who is going.] Cleontes?

Nicola to Coviel who follows his master.] Coviel?

Cleontes stopping.] Hey?

Coviel likewise stopping.] Your pleasure.

Lucilia. Whither do you go?

Cleontes. Where I told you.

Coviel. We go to die.

Lucilia. Do you go to die, Cleontes?

Cleontes. Yes, cruel, since you will have it so.

Lucilia. I? I have you die?

Cleontes. Yes, you would.

Lucilia. Who told you so?

Cleontes going up to Lucilia.] Would you not have it so, since you would not clear up my suspicions?

Lucilia. Is that my fault? Would you but have given me the hearing, should I not have told you that the adventure you make such complaints about, was occasion'd this morning by the presence of an old aunt who will absolutely have it, that the mere approach of a man is a dishonour to a girl; who is perpetually lecturing us upon this head, and represents to us all mankind as so many devils, whom one ought to avoid.

Nicola to Coviel.] There's the whole secret of the affair.

Cleontes. Don't you deceive me, Lucilia?

Coviel to Nicola.] Dost thou not put a trick upon me?

Lucilia to Cleontes.] There's nothing more true.

Nicola to Coviel.] 'Tis the very thing, as it is.

Coviel to Cleontes.] Shall we surrender upon this?

Cleontes. Ah, Lucilia! what art have you to calm my passions with a single word! How easily do we suffer ourselves to be persuaded by those we love!

Coviel. How easily is one wheedled by these plaguy animals!

SCENE XI.

Mrs. JORDAN, CLEONTES, LUCILIA,
COVIEL, NICOLA.

Mrs. JORDAN.

I AM very glad to see you, Cleontes, and you are here *a propos*. My husband's a coming, catch your opportunity quick, and demand Lucilia in marriage.

Cleontes. Ah! madam, how sweet is that word? how it flatters my wishes? Could I receive an order more charming? a favour more precious?

SCENE XII.

Mr. JORDAN, Mrs. JORDAN, CLEONTES,
LUCILIA, COVIEL, NICOLA.

CLEONTES.

SIR, I was not willing to employ any other person to make a certain demand of you, which I have long intended. It concerns me sufficiently to undertake it in my own person; and, without farther circumlocution, I shall inform you, that the honour of being your son-in-law is an illustrious favour which I beseech you to grant me.

Mr. Jordan. Before I give you an answer, Sir, I desire you would tell me whether you are a gentleman.

Cleontes. Sir, the generality of people don't hesitate much on this question. People speak out bluff, and with ease. They make no scruple of taking this title upon

them, and custom now-a-days seems to authorize the theft. For my part, I confess to you, my sentiments in this matter are somewhat more delicate. I look upon all imposture as unworthy an honest man; and that there is cowardise in denying what heaven has made us; in tricking ourselves out, to the eyes of the world, in a stolen title; in desiring to put ourselves off for what we are not. I am undoubtedly born of parents who have held honourable employments. I have had the honour of six years service in the army; and I find myself of consequence enough to hold a tolerable rank in the world; but for all this I won't give myself a name, which others in my place would think they might pretend to, and I'll tell you frankly that I am no gentleman.

Mr. Jordan. Your hand, Sir, my daughter is no wife for you.

Cleontes. How?

Mr. Jordan. You are no gentleman, you shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. Jordan. What would you be at then with your gentleman? D'ye think we sort of people are of the line of St. Lewis?

Mr. Jordan. Hold your tongue, wife, I see you're a coming.

Mrs. Jordan. Are we either of us otherwise descended than of plain citizens.

Mr. Jordan. There's a scandalous reflection for you!

Mrs. Jordan. And was not your father a tradesman as well as mine?

Mr. Jordan. Plague take the woman. She never has done with this. If your father was a tradesman, so much was the worse for him; but as for mine, they are num-

sculls that say he was. All that I have to say to you, is that I will have a gentleman for my son-in-law.

Mrs. Jordan. Your daughter should have a husband that's proper for her; and an honest man, who is rich and well made, would be much better for her than a gentleman who is deform'd and a beggar.

Nicola. That's very true. We have a young 'squire in our town who is the most awkward looby, the veriest driv'ler that I ever set eyes on.

Mr. Jordan. Hold your prate, Mrs. Impertinence. You are always thrusting yourself into conversation. I've means sufficient for my daughter, and want nothing but honour, and I will have her a marchioness.

Mrs. Jordan. A marchioness!

Mr. Jordan. Yes, a marchioness.

Mrs. Jordan. Marry, heavens preserve me from it!

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis a determin'd thing.

Mrs. Jordan. 'Tis what I shall never consent to. Matches with people above one, are always subject to grievous inconveniences. I don't like that a son-in-law should have it in his power to reproach my daughter with her parents, or that she should have children who should be ashamed to call me grand-mother. Should she come and visit me with the equipage of a grand lady, and thro' inadvertency, miss curt'sying to some of the neighbourhood, they would not fail, presently, saying a hundred idle things. Do but see, would they say, this lady marchioness, what haughty airs she gives herself! She's the daughter of Mr. Jordan, who was over and above happy, when she was a little one, to play childrens play with us. She was not always so lofty as she is now; and her two grand-fathers sold cloth near St. Innocent's-gate. They amass'd great means for their children,

which they are paying for now, perhaps very dear, in the other world: people don't generally grow so rich by being honest. I won't have all these tittle-tattle stories; in one word, I'll have a man who shall be beholden to me for my daughter, and to whom I can say, sit you down there, son-in-law, and dine with me.

Mr. Jordan. See there the sentiments of a little soul, to desire always to continue in a mean condition. Let me have no more replies; my daughter shall be a marchioness in spite of the world; and if you put me in a passion, I'll make her a duchess.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. JORDAN, LUCILIA, CLEONTES, NICOLA, COVIEL.

Mrs. JORDAN.

CLEONTES, don't be discourag'd for all this. [to Lucilia.] Follow me, daughter, and come tell your father resolutely, that if you have not him, you won't marry any body at all.

SCENE XIV.

CLEONTES, COVIEL.

COVIEL.

YOU have made a pretty piece of work on't with your fine sentiments.

Cleontes. What would'st thou have me do? I have a scrupulousness in this case that no precedents can conquer.

Coviel. You're in the wrong to be serious with such a man as that. Don't you see that he's a fool? And would it cost you any thing to accommodate yourself to his chimeras?

Cleontes. You're in the right; but I did not dream it was necessary to bring your proofs of nobility, to be son-in-law to Mr. Jordan.

Coviel laughing.] Ha, ha, ha.

Cleontes. What d'ye laugh at?

Coviel. At a thought that's come into my head to play our spark off, and help you to obtain what you desire.

Cleontes. How?

Coviel. The thought is absolutely droll.

Cleontes. What is it?

Coviel. There was a certain masquerade perform'd a little while ago, which comes in here the best in the world; and which I intend to insert into a piece of roguery I design to make for our coxcomb. This whole affair looks a little like making a joke of him; but with him we may hazard every thing, there's no need here to study finesse so much, he's a man who will play his part to a wonder; and will easily give in to all the sham tales we shall take in our heads to tell him. I have actors, I have habits all ready, only let me alone.

Cleontes. But inform me of it.

Coviel. I am going to let you into the whole of it. Let's retire; there he comes.

SCENE XV.

Mr. JORDAN alone.

WHAT a duce can this mean? They have nothing

but great lords to reproach me with ; and I, for my part, see nothing so fine as keeping company with your great lords ; there's nothing but honour and civility among them ; and I would it had cost me two fingers of a hand to have been born a count, or a marquis.

SCENE XVI.

Mr. JORDAN, One LACQUY.

LACQUY.

SIR, here's the count, and a lady, whom he's handing in.

Mr. Jordan. Good, lack-a-day ! I have some orders to give. Tell them that I'm a coming in a minute.

SCENE XVII.

DORIMENE, DORANTES, LACQUY.

LACQUY.

MY master says that he's a coming in a minute.

Dorantes. 'Tis very well.

SCENE XVIII.

DORIMENE, DORANTES.

DORIMENE.

I DON'T know, Dorantes ; I take a strange step here in suffering you to bring me to a house where I know no-body.

Dorantes. What place then, madam, would you have

a lover choose to entertain you in, since, to avoid clamour, you neither allow of your own house nor mine?

Dorimene. But you don't mention that I am every day insensibly engag'd to receive too great proofs of your passion. In vain do I refuse things, you weary me out of resistance, and you have a civil kind of obstinacy, which makes me come gently into whatsoever you please. Frequent visits have commenc'd, declarations came next, which drew after them serenades and entertainments, which were follow'd by presents. I oppos'd all these things, but you are not disheartned, and you become master of my resolutions step by step. For my part, I can answer for nothing hereafter, and I believe in the end you will bring me to matrimony, from which I stood so far aloof.

Dorantes. Faith, madam, you ought to have been there already. You are a widow, and depend upon nobody but yourself. I am my own master, and love you more than my life. What does it stick at then, that you should not, from this day forward, complete my happiness?

Dorimene. Lack-a-day! Dorantes, there must go a great many qualities on both sides, to make people live happily together; and two of the most reasonable persons in the world have often much ado to compose an union to both their satisfactions.

Dorantes. You're in the wrong, madam, to represent to yourself so many difficulties in this affair; and the experience you have had concludes nothing for the rest of the world.

Dorimene. In short, I always abide by this. The expences you put yourself to for me, disturb me for two reasons; one is, they engage me more than I could

wish ; and the other is, I'm sure, no offence to you, that you can't do this, but you must incommode yourself, and I would not have you do that.

Dorantes. Fy, madam, these are trifles, and 'tis not by that —

Dorimene, I know what I say ; and, amongst other things, the diamond you forc'd me to take, is of value—

Dorantes. Nay, madam, pray don't enhance the value of a thing my love thinks unworthy of you : and permit — Here's the master of the house.

SCENE XIX.

Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE, DORANTES.

Mr. JORDAN, after having made two bows, finding himself too near Dorimene.

A LITTLE farther, madam.

Dorimene. How ?

Mr. Jordan. One step, if you please.

Dorimene. What then ?

Mr. Jordan. Fall back a little for the third.

Dorantes. Mr. Jordan, madam, knows the world.

Mr. Jordan. Madam, 'tis a very great honour that I am fortunate enough to be so happy, but to have the felicity, that you should have the goodness, to grant me the favour, to do me the honour, to honour me with the favour of your presence ; and had I also the merit to merit a merit like yours, and that heaven — envious of my good — had granted me — the advantage of being worthy — of —

Dorantes. Mr. Jordan, enough of this ; my lady does

not love great compliments, and she knows you are a man of wit. [aside to Dorimene.] 'Tis a downright cit, ridiculous enough, as you see, in his whole behaviour.

Dorimene aside to Dorantes.] It is not very difficult to perceive it.

Dorantes. Madam, this is a very good friend of mine.

Mr. Jordan. 'Tis too much honour you do me.

Dorantes. A very polite man.

Dorimene. I have a great esteem for him.

Mr. Jordan. I have done nothing yet, madam, to merit this favour.

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordan.] Take good care however not to speak to her of the diamond you gave her.

Mr. Jordan aside to Dorantes.] Mayn't I ask her only how she likes it?

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordan.] How! take special care you don't. 'Twould be villainous of you; and to act like a man of galantry, you should make as if it were not you who made the present. [aloud.] Mr. Jordan, madam, says that he's in raptures to see you at his house.

Dorimene. He does me a great deal of honour.

Mr. Jordan aside to Dorantes.] How am I oblig'd to you, Sir, for speaking to her in that manner on my account!

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordan.] I have had a most terrible difficulty to get her to come hither.

Mr. Jordan aside to Dorantes.] I don't know how to thank you enough for it.

Dorantes. He says, madam, that he thinks you the most charming person in the world.

Dorimene. 'Tis a great favour he does me.

Mr. Jordan. Madam, 'tis you who do the favours, and--

Dorantes. Let's think of eating.

SCENE XX.

Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, a LACQUY.

LACQUY to Mr. Jordan.

EVERY thing is ready, Sir.

Dorantes. Come then, let us sit down to table ; and fetch the musicians.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIMENE, Mr. JORDAN, DORANTES,
three MUSICIANS, LACQUIES.

DORIMENE.

HOW, Dorantes ? why, here's a most magnificent repast !

Mr. Jordan. You are pleased to banter, madam, I would it were more worthy of your acceptance. [Dorimene, Mr. Jordan, Dorantes, and three musicians sit down at the table.]

Dorantes. Mr. Jordan, madam, is in the right in what he says, and he obliges me in paying you, after so handsome a manner, the honours of his house. I agree with him that the repast is not worthy of you. As it was myself who order'd it, and I am not so clearly fighted in these affairs, as certain of our friends, you have here no very learned feast ; and you will find incongruities of good cheer in it, some barbarisms of good taste.

Had our friend Damis had a hand here, every thing had been done by rule; elegance and erudition would have run through the whole, and he would not have fail'd exaggerating all the regular pieces of the repast he gave you, and force you to own his great capacity in the science of good eating; he would have told you of bread de Rive, with the golden kissing-crust, raised too all round with a crust that crumples tenderly in your teeth; of wine with a velvet sap, heightned with a smartness not too over-powering; of a breast of mutton stuff'd with parsley; of a loin of veal de Reviere, thus long, white, delicate, and which is a true almond paste between the teeth; of your partridges heighten'd with a surprizing *gout*; and then by way of farce or entertainment, of a soup with gelly broth, fortify'd with a young plump turkey-pout, canton'd with pigeons, and garnish'd with white onions marry'd to the succory. But, for my part, I confess to you my ignorance; and, as Mr. Jordan has very well said, I wish the repast were more worthy of your acceptance.

Dorimene. I make no other answer to this compliment than eating as I do.

Mr. Jordan. Ah! what pretty hands are there!

Dorimene. The hands are so so, Mr. Jordan; but you mean to speak of the diamond which is very pretty.

Mr. Jordan. I, madam? Marry heaven forbid I should speak of it; I should not act like a gentleman of galantry, and the diamond is a very trifle.

Dorimene. You are wondrous nice.

Mr. Jordan. You have too much goodness —

Dorantes having made signs to Mr. Jordan.] Come, give some wine to Mr. Jordan, and to those gentlemen who will do us the favour to sing us a catch.

Dorimene. You give a wondrous relish to the good cheer by mixing music with it ; I am admirably well regal'd here.

Mr. Jordan. Madam, it is not —

Dorantes. Mr. Jordan, let us listen to these gentlemen, they'll entertain us with something better than all we can possibly say.

First and Second MUSICIAN together with a glass in their hands.

*Put it round, my dear Phillis, invert the bright glass ;
Oh what charms to the crystal those fingers impart !
You and Bacchus combin'd, all resistance surpasse,
And with passion redoubled have ravish'd my heart.
'Twixt him, you, and me, my charmer, my fair,
Eternal affection let's swear.*

*At the touch of those lips how he sparkles more bright !
And his touch, in return, those lips does embellish :
I cou'd quaff 'em all day, and drink bumpers all night.
What longing each gives me, what gusto, what relish !
'Twixt him, you, and me, my charmer, my fair,
Eternal affection let's swear.*

Second and Third MUSICIAN together.

*Since time flies so nimbly away,
Come drink, my dear boys, drink about ;
Let's husband him well while we may,
For life may be gone before the mug's out.
When Charon has got us aboard,
Our drinking and wooing are past ;
We ne'er to loss time can afford,
For drinking's a trade not always to last.*

*Let your puzzling rogues in the schools,
 Dispute of the Bonum of man ;
 Philosophers dry are but fools,
 The secret is this, drink, drink off your can.*

*When Charon has got us aboard,
 Our drinking and wooing are past,
 We ne'er to lose time can afford,
 For drinking's a trade not always to last.*

*All three together.
 Why hob there ! some wine, boys ! come fill the glass, fill,
 Round and round let it go, till we bid it stand still.*

Dorimene. I don't think any thing can be better sung;
 and 'tis extremely fine.

Mr. Jordan. I see something here though, madam,
 much finer.

Dorimene. Hey ! Mr. Jordan is more gallant than
 I thought he was.

Dorantes. How, madam ! who do you take Mr. Jordan
 for ?

Mr. Jordan. I wish she would take me for what I
 could name.

Dorimene. Again ?

Dorantes to Dorimene.] You don't know him.

Mr. Jordan. She shall know me whenever she pleases.

Dorimene. Oh ! Too much.

Dorantes. He's one who has a repartee always at
 hand. But you don't see, madam, that Mr. Jordan eats
 all the pieces you have touch'd.

Dorimene. Mr. Jordan is a man that I am charm'd
 with.

Mr. Jordan. If I could charm your heart, I should
 be —

SCENE II.

Mrs. JORDAN, Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE,
DORANTES, MUSICIANS, LACQUIES.

Mrs. JORDAN.

HEY-DAY! why here's a jolly company of you, and I see very well you did not expect me. It was for this pretty affair then, Mr. Husband o' mine, that you were in such a violent hurry to pack me off to dine with my sister; I just now found a play-house below, and here I find a dinner fit for a wedding. Thus it is you spend your money, and thus it is you feast the ladies in my absence, and present them with music and a play, whilst I'm sent abroad in the mean time.

Dorantes. What do you mean, madam Jordan? And what's your fancy to take it into your head, that your husband spends his money, and that 'tis he who entertains my lady? Know, pray, that 'tis I do it, that he only lends me his house, and that you ought to consider a little better what you say.

Mr. Jordan. Yes, Mrs. Impertinence, 'tis the count that presents the lady with all this, who is a person of quality. He does me the honour to borrow my house, and is pleased to let me be with him.

Mrs. Jordan. 'Tis all stuff this. I know what I know.

Dorantes. Mrs. Jordan, take your best spectacles, take them.

Mrs. Jordan. I've no need of spectacles, Sir, I see clear enough; I've smelt things out a great while ago, I am no ass. 'Tis base in you, who are a great lord, to lend a helping hand, as you do, to the follies of my hus-

band. And you, madam, who are a great lady, 'tis neither handsome, nor honest in you, to sow dissension in a family, and to suffer my husband to be in love with you.

Dorimene. What can be the meaning of all this? Go, Dorantes, 'tis wrong in you to expose me to the silly visions of this raving woman.

Dorantes following Dorimene who goes out.] Madam, why, madam, where are you running?

Mr. Jordan. Madam — My lord, make my excuses to her, and endeavour to bring her back.

SCENE III.

Mrs. JORDAN and Mr. JORDAN, LACQUIES.

Mr. JORDAN.

A H! Impertinent creature as you are, these are your fine doings; you come and affront me in the face of all the world, and drive people of quality away from my house.

Mrs. Jordan. I value not their quality.

Mr. Jordan. I don't know what hinders me, you plaguy hussy, from splitting your skull with the fragments of the feast you came here to disturb.

[Lacquies take away the table.

Mrs. Jordan going.] I despise all this. I defend my own rights, and I shall have all the wives on my side.

Mr. Jordan. You do well to get out o' the way of my fury.

SCENE IV.

Mr. JORDAN alone.

SHE came here at a most unlucky time. I was in the humour of saying fine things, and never did I find myself so witty. What have we got here?

SCENE V.

Mr. JORDAN, COVIEL disguis'd.

COVIEL.

SIR, I don't know whether I have the honour to be known to you.

Mr. Jordan. No, Sir.

Coviel. I have seen you when you were not above thus tall.

Mr. Jordan. Me?

Coviel. Yes: you were one of the prettiest children in the world; and all the ladies us'd to take you in their arms to kiss you.

Mr. Jordan. To kiss me?

Coviel. Yes, I was an intimate friend of the late gentleman your father.

Mr. Jordan. Of the late gentleman my father!

Coviel. Yes. He was a very honest gentleman.

Mr. Jordan. What is't you say?

Coviel. I say that he was a very honest gentleman.

Mr. Jordan. My father?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. Did you know him very well?

Coviel. Certainly.

Mr. Jordan. And did you know him for a gentleman?

Coviel. Without doubt.

Mr. Jordan. I don't know then what the world means.

Coviel. How?

Mr. Jordan. There is a stupid sort of people who would face me down that he was a tradesman.

Coviel. He a tradesman! 'Tis a mere scandal; he never was one. All that he did was, that he was very obliging, very officious, and as he was a great Connoisseur in stuffs, he used to pick them up every where, have them carried to his house, and gave them to his friends for money.

Mr. Jordan. I'm very glad of your acquaintance, that you may bear witness that my father was a gentleman.

Coviel. I'll maintain it in the face of all the world.

Mr. Jordan. You will oblige me. What business brings you here?

Coviel. Since my acquaintance with the late gentleman your father, honest gentleman, as I was telling you, I have travel'd round the world.

Mr. Jordan. Round the world?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. I fancy 'tis a huge way off, that same country.

Coviel. Most certainly. I have not been return'd from these tedious travels of mine but four days: and because I have an interest in every thing that concerns you, I come to tell you the best news in the world.

Mr. Jordan. What?

Coviel. You know that the son of the great Turk is here.

Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan. I? No.

Coviel. How? He has a most magnificent train: all the world goes to see him, and he has been receiv'd in this country as a person of importance.

Mr. Jordan. In troth, I did not know that.

Coviel. What is of advantage to you in this affair is, that he is in love with your daughter.

Mr. Jordan. The son of the great Turk?

Coviel. Yes, and wants to be your son-in-law.

Mr. Jordan. My son-in-law, the son of the great Turk?

Coviel. The son of the great Turk your son-in-law. As I have been to see him, and perfectly understand his language, he held a conversation with me; and after some other discourse, says he to me, *Acciam croc soler, onch alla moustaph gidelum amanachem varabini ouffere carbulath*. That is to say, Have you not seen a young handsom person, who is the daughter of Mr. Jordan, a gentleman of Paris?

Mr. Jordan. The son of the great Turk said that of me?

Coviel. Yes. As I made answer to him, that I knew you particularly well, and that I had seen your daughter: ah! says he to me, *Marababa sabem*; that is to say, Ah! how am I enamour'd with her!

Mr. Jordan. *Marababa sabem* means, Ah! how am I enamour'd with her!

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. Marry, you did well to tell me so, for as for my part, I should never have believed that *Marababa sabem* had meant, Ah! how am I enamour'd with her! 'Tis an admirable language, this same Turkish!

Coviel. More admirable than one can believe. Do

you know very well what is the meaning of *Cacaramouchen*?

Mr. Jordan. *Cacaramouchen*? No.

Coviel. 'Tis as if you should say, my dear soul.

Mr. Jordan. *Cacaramouchen* means, my dear soul?

Coviel. Yes.

Mr. Jordan. Why, 'tis very wonderful! *Cacaramouchen*, my dear soul. Would one ever ha' thought it? I am perfectly confounded at it.

Coviel. In short, to finish my embassy, he comes to demand your daughter in marriage; and to have a father-in-law who should be suitable to him, he designs to make you a *Mamamouchi*, which is a certain grand dignity of his country.

Mr. Jordan. *Mamamouchi*?

Coviel. Yes, *Mamamouchi*: that is to say, in our language, a Paladine. Paladine, is your antient — Paladine in short: there's nothing in the world more noble than this; and you will rank with the grandest lord upon earth.

Mr. Jordan. The son of the great Turk does me a great deal of honour, and I desire you would carry me to him, to return him my thanks.

Coviel. How? Why he's just a coming hither.

Mr. Jordan. Is he a coming hither?

Coviel. Yes. And he brings all things along with him for the ceremony of your dignity.

Mr. Jordan. He's main hasty.

Coviel. His love will suffer no delay.

Mr. Jordan. All that perplexes me, in this case, is that my daughter is an obstinate hussy, who has took into her head one Cleontes, and vows she'll marry no person besides him.

Coviel. She'll change her opinion, when she sees the son of the grand Turk ; and then there happens here a very marvellous adventure, that is, that the son of the grand Turk resembles this Cleontes, with a trifling difference. I just now came from him, they shew'd him me ; and the love she bears for one, may easily pass to the other, and — I hear him coming ; there he is.

SCENE VI.

CLEONTES like a Turk, three pages carrying the vest of Cleontes, Mr. JORDAN, COVIEL.

CLEONTES.

AMBUSAHIM *oqui boraf, Iordina, salamalequi.*

Coviel to Mr. Jordan.] That is to say, Mr. Jordan, may your heart be all the year like a rose-tree in flower. These are obliging ways of speaking in that country.

Mr. Jordan. I am his Turkish highness's most humble servant.

Coviel. *Carigar camboto oustin moraf.*

Cleontes. *Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran.*

Coviel. He says that heaven has given you the strength of lions, and the prudence of serpents.

Mr. Jordan. His Turkish highness does me too much honour ; and I wish him all manner of prosperity.

Coviel. *Ossa binamin sadoc babally oracaf ouram.*

Cleontes. *Bel-men.*

Coviel. He says that you should go quickly with him, to prepare yourself for the ceremony, in order afterwards to see your daughter, and to conclude the marriage.

Mr. Jordan. So many things in two words ?

Coviel. Yes, the Turkish language is much in that way ; it says a great deal in a few words. Go quickly where he desires you.

SCENE VII.

C O V I E L alone.

H A, ha, ha. I'faith, this is all absolutely droll. What a dupe ! Had he had his part by heart, he could not have play'd it better. O, hoh !

SCENE VIII.

D O R A N T E S, C O V I E L.

C O V I E L.

I BESEECH you, Sir, lend us a helping hand here, in a certain affair which is in agitation.

Dorantes. Ah ! ah ! Coviel, who could have known thee ? How art thou trim'd out there !

Coviel. You see. Ha, ha.

Dorantes. What do ye laugh at ?

Coviel. At a thing, Sir, that well deserves it.

Dorantes. What ?

Coviel. I could give you a good many times, Sir, to guess the stratagem we are making use of with Mr. Jordan, to bring him over to give his daughter to my master.

Dorantes. I don't at all guess the stratagem, but I guess it will not fail of it's effect, since you undertake it.

Coviel. I know, Sir, you are not unacquainted with the animal.

Dorantes. Tell me what it is.

Coviel. Be at the trouble of withdrawing a little farther off, to make room for what I see a-coming. You will see one part of the story, whilst I give you a narration of the rest.

SCENE IX.

The TURKISH CEREMONY.

The MUFTI, DERVIS, TURKS assisting
to the MUFTI, Singers and Dancers.

SIX Turks enter gravely, two and two, to the sound of instruments. They bear three carpets, with which they dance in several figures, and then lift them up very high : the Turks singing, pass under the carpets, and range themselves on each side of the stage. The Mufti, accompany'd by Dervises, close the march.

Then the Turks spread the carpets on the ground, and kneel down upon them ; the Mufti and the Dervises standing in the middle of them ; while the Mufti invokes Mahomet in dumb contorsions and grimaces, the Turks prostrate themselves to the ground, singing *Alli*, raising their hands to heaven, singing *Alla*, and so continuing alternately to the end of the invocation : when they all rise up, singing *Alla ekber* ; then two Dervises bring Mr. Jordan.

SCENE X.

The MUFTI, DERVIS, Turkish Singers and
Dancers, Mr. JORDAN cloath'd like a Turk,
his head shav'd, without a turban or sabre.

The MUFTI to Mr. Jordan.

IF thou understandest,

Answer ;

If thou dost not understand,

Hold thy peace, hold thy peace.

I am Mufti,

Thou ! who thou art

I don't know :

Hold thy peace, hold thy peace.

[Two Dervises retire with Mr. Jordan.]

SCENE XI.

The MUFTI, DERVISES, TURKS singing and dancing.

MUFTI.

SAY, Turk, who is this,

An Anabaptist, an Anabaptist ?

The Turks. No.

Mufti. *A Zuinglian ?*

The Turks. No.

Mufti. *A Cofsite ?*

The Turks. No.

Mufti. *An Uffite? a Morift? a Froneft?*

The Turks. *No, no, no.*

Mufti. *No, no, no. Is he a Pagan?*

The Turks. *No.*

Mufti. *A Lutheran?*

The Turks. *No.*

Mufti. *A Puritan?*

The Turks. *No.*

Mufti. *A Bramin? a Moflian? a Zurian?*

The Turks. *No, no, no.*

Mufti. *No, no, no. A Mahometan, a Mahometan?*

The Turks. *There you have it, there you have it.*

Mufti. *How is he call'd? how is he call'd?*

The Turks. *Jordan, Jordan.*

Mufti dancing.] *Jordan! Jordan!*

The Turks. *Jordan, Jordan.*

Mufti. *To Mahomet for Jordan,*

I pray night and day,

That he wou'd make a paladine

Of Jordan, of Jordan.

Give him a turban, and give a fabre,

With a galley and a brigantine,

To defend Palestine.

To Mahomet for Jordan,

I pray night and day.

[To the Turks.]

Is Jordan a good Turk?

The Turks. *That he is, that he is.*

Mufti finging and dancing.] *Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.*

The Turks. *Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.*

SCENE XII.

MUFTI, DERVISES, Mr. JORDAN,
TURKS singing and dancing.

The Mufti returns with the state turban, which is of an immeasurable largeness, garnish'd with lighted wax candles, four or five rows deep, accompany'd by two Dervises bearing the Alcoran with conic caps, garnish'd also with lighted candles.

The two other Dervises lead up Mr. Jordan, and place him on his knees with his hands to the ground, so that his back, on which the Alcoran is plac'd, may serve for a desk to the Mufti, who makes a second burlesque invocation, knitting his eye-brows, striking his hands sometimes upon the Alcoran, and tossing over the leaves with precipitation; after which, lifting up his hands, and crying with a loud voice, *Hou*.

During this second invocation, the assistant Turks bowing down and raising themselves alternately, sing likewise, *hou, hou, hou*.

Mr. JORDAN after they have taken the Alcoran off of his back.

O U F.

Mufti to Mr. Jordan.] *Thou wilt not be a knave?*

The Turks. *No, no, no.*

Mufti. *Not be a thief?*

The Turks. *No, no, no.*

Mufti to the Turks.] *Give the turban.*

Turks. *Thou wilt not be a knave?*

No, no, no.

Not be a thief?

No, no, no.

Give the turban.

The Turks dancing put the turban on Mr. Jordan's head at the sound of the instruments.

Mufti giving the sabre to Mr. Jordan.] *Be brave, be no scoundrel,*

Take the sabre.

The Turks drawing their sabres.] *Be brave, be no scoundrel,*

Take the sabre.

The Turks dancing strike Mr. Jordan several times with their sabres, to music.

Mufti. *Give, give*

The bastonade.

The Turks. *Give, give*

The bastonade.

The Turks dancing give Mr. Jordan several strokes, with a cudgel, to music.

Mufti. *Don't think it a shame,*
This is the last affront.

Turks. *Don't think it a shame,*
This is the last affront.

The Mufti begins a third invocation. The Dervises support him with great respect, after which the Turks singing and dancing round the Mufti, retire with him, and lead off Mr. Jordan.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mrs. JORDAN, Mr. JORDAN.

Mrs. JORDAN.

BLESS us all! Mercy upon us! What have we got here! What a figure! What! drest to go a mumming! and is this a time to go masqu'd? Speak therefore, what does this mean? Who has truss'd you up in this manner?

Mr. Jordan. Do but see the impertinent slut, to speak after this manner to a *mamamouchi*.

Mrs. Jordan. How's that?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, you must shew me respect now I am just made a *mamamouchi*.

Mrs. Jordan. What d'ye mean with your *mamamouchi*?

Mr. Jordan. *Mamamouchi*, I tell you. I am a *mamamouchi*.

Mrs. Jordan. What beast is that?

Mr. Jordan. *Mamamouchi*, that is to say, in our language, a *paladine*.

Mrs. Jordan. A *baladin*? Are you of an age to be a morrice-dancer?

Mr. Jordan. What an *ignoramus*! I say, *paladine*; 'tis a dignity, of which I have just now gone through the ceremony.

Mrs. Jordan. What ceremony then?

Mr. Jordan. *Mahameta per Jordina*.

Mrs. Jordan. What does that mean?

Mr. Jordan. *Jordina*, that is to say, *Jordan*.

Mrs. Jordan. Well, how Jordan?

Mr. Jordan. *Voler far un paladina-de Jordina.*

Mrs. Jordan. What?

Mr. Jordan. *Dar turbanta con galera.*

Mrs. Jordan. What's the meaning of that?

Mr. Jordan. *Per defender Palestina.*

Mrs. Jordan. What is it you would say?

Mr. Jordan. *Dara, dara, bastonnara.*

Mrs. Jordan. What is this same jargon?

Mr. Jordan. *Non tener honta, questa star l'ultima affronta.*

Mrs. Jordan. What in the name o' wonder, can all this be?

Mr. Jordan singing and dancing.] *Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.* [Falls down to the ground.

Mrs. Jordan. Alas, and well-a-day! My husband is turn'd fool.

Mr. Jordan getting up and walking off.] Peace, insolence, shew respect to Mr. Mamamouchi.

Mrs. Jordan alone.] How could he lose his senses? I must run and prevent his going out. [Seeing Dorimene and Dorantes.] So, so, here come the rest of our gang. I see nothing but vexation on all sides.

SCENE II.

DORANTES, DORIMENE.

DORANTES.

YES, madam, you'll see the merriest thing that can be seen; and I don't believe 'tis possible, in the whole world, to find another man so much a fool as this here.

And besides, madam, we must endeavour to promote Cleontes's amour, and to countenance his masquerade. He's a very pretty gentleman, and deserves that one should interest one's self in his favour.

Dorimene. I've a very great value for him, and he deserves good fortune.

Dorantes. Besides, we have here, madam, an entertainment that will suit us, and which we ought not to suffer to be lost; and I must, by all means, see whether my fancy will succeed.

Dorimene. I saw there magnificent preparations, and these are things, Dorantes, I can no longer suffer. Yes, I'm resolv'd to put a stop, at last, to your profusions; and to break off all the expences you are at on my account, I have determin'd to marry you out of hand. This is the real secret of the affair, and all these things end, as you know, with marriage.

Dorantes. Ah! madam, is it possible you should form so kind a resolution in my favour?

Dorimene. I only do it to prevent you from ruining yourself; and without this, I see plainly, that before 'tis long you won't be worth a groat.

Dorantes. How am I oblig'd to you, madam, for the care you take to preserve my estate! 'Tis entirely at your service, as well as my heart, and you may use both of them just in the manner you please.

Dorimene. I shall make a proper use of them both. But here comes your man; an admirable figure.

SCENE III.

Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE, DORANTES.

DORANTES.

SIR, my lady and I are come to pay our homage to your new dignity, and to rejoice with you at the marriage you are concluding betwixt your daughter and the son of the grand Turk.

Mr. Jordan bowing first in the Turkish manner.] Sir, I wish you the force of serpents, and the wisdom of lions.

Dorimene. I was exceeding glad to be one of the first, Sir, who should come and congratulate you upon the high degree of glory to which you are rais'd.

Mr. Jordan. Madam, I wish your rose tree may flower all the year round; I am infinitely obliged to you for interesting yourselves in the honour that's paid me; and I am greatly rejoic'd to see you return'd hither, that I may make my most humble excuses for the impertinence of my wife.

Dorimene. That's nothing at all, I can excuse a commotion of this kind in her; your heart ought to be precious to her, and 'tis not at all strange the possession of such a man as you are, should give her some alarms.

Mr. Jordan. The possession of my heart is a thing you have intirely gain'd.

Dorantes. You see, madam, that Mr. Jordan is none of those people whom prosperity blinds, and that he knows, in all his grandeur, how to own his friends.

Dorimene. 'Tis the mark of a truly generous soul.

Dorantes. Where is his Turkish highness? We should be glad, as your friends, to pay our devoirs to him.

Mr. Jordan. There he comes, and I have sent to bring my daughter to join hands with him.

SCENE IV.

Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE, DORANTES,
CLEONTES in a Turkish habit.

DORANTES to Cleontes.

SIR, we come to compliment your highness, as friends of the gentleman your father-in-law, and to assure you, with respect, of our most humble services.

Mr. Jordan. Where's the druggerman, to tell him who you are, and make him understand what you say; you shall see that he'll answer you, and he speaks Turkish marvellously. Hola there; where the deuce is he gone? [to Cleontes.] *Stref, strif, strof, straf.* The gentleman is a *grande segnore*, *grande segnore*, *grande segnore*; and madam is a *granda dama*, *granda dama*. [seeing he cannot make himself be understood.] Lack-a-day! [to Cleontes.] Sir, he be a French *mamamouchi*, and madam a French *mamamouchess*. I can't speak plainer. Good, here's the druggerman.

SCENE V.

Mr. JORDAN, DORIMENE, DORANTES, CLEONTES in a Turkish habit, COVIEL disguis'd.

Mrs. JORDAN.

WHERE do you run? We can say nothing with-

out you. [pointing to Cleontes.] Inform him a little that the gentleman and lady are persons of great quality, who come to pay their compliments to him, as friends of mine, and to assure him of their services. [to Dorimene and Dorantes.] You shall see how he will answer.

Coviel. *Alabala crociam, ácci boram alabamen.*

Cleontes. *Catalequi tubal ourin sotor amalouchan.*

Mr. Jordan to Dorimene and Dorantes.] Do ye see?

Coviel. He says that the rain of prosperity waters, at all seasons, the garden of your family.

Mr. Jordan. I told you that he speaks Turkish.

Dorantes. This is admirable.

S C E N E VI.

CLEONTES, Mr. JORDAN, LUCILIA,
DORIMENE, DORANTES, COVIEL.

Mr. JORDAN.

COME, daughter, come nearer, and give the gentleman your hand, who does you the honour of demanding you in marriage.

Lucilia. What's the matter, father, how are you dress'd here! What! are you playing a comedy?

Mr. Jordan. No, no, 'tis no comedy, 'tis a very serious affair; and the most honourable for you that possibly can be wish'd. [pointing to Cleontes.] This is the husband I bestow upon you.

Lucilia. Upon me, father?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, upon you. Come, take him by the hand, and thank heaven for your good fortune.

Lucilia. I won't marry.

Mr. Jordan. I'll make you, am I not your father?

Lucilia. I won't do it.

Mr. Jordan. Here's a noise indeed! Come, I tell you. Your hand here.

Lucilia. No, father, I've told you before that there's no power can oblige me to take any other husband than Cleontes; and I am determin'd upon all extremities rather than — [discovering Cleontes.] 'Tis true that you are my father; I owe you absolute obedience; and you may dispose of me according to your pleasure.

Mr. Jordan. Hah! I am charm'd to see you return so readily to your duty; and it is a pleasure to me to have my daughter obedient.

SCENE THE LAST.

CLEONTES, Mrs. JORDAN, Mr. JORDAN, LUCILIA, DORIMENE, DORANTES, COVIEL.

Mrs. JORDAN.

HOW, how? what does this mean? They tell me you design to marry your daughter to a mummer.

Mr. Jordan. Will you hold your tongue, impertinence. You're always coming to mix your extravagances with every thing; there's no possibility of teaching you common sense.

Mrs. Jordan. 'Tis you whom there's no teaching to be wise, and you go from folly to folly. What's your design? what would you do with this flock of people?

Mr. Jordan. I design to marry my daughter to the son of the grand Turk.

Mrs. Jordan. To the son of the grand Turk?

Mr. Jordan. Yes, [pointing to Coviell.] Make your compliments to him by the druggerman there.

Mrs. Jordan. I have nothing to do with the druggerman; and I shall tell him plainly to his face that he shall have none of my daughter.

Mr. Jordan. Will you hold your tongue once more.

Dorantes. What, Mrs. Jordan, do you oppose such an honour as this? Do you refuse his Turkish highness for a son-in-law?

Mrs. Jordan. Lack-a-day, Sir, meddle you with your own affairs.

Dorimene. 'Tis a great honour, 'tis by no means to be rejected.

Mrs. Jordan. Madam, I desire you too not to give yourself any trouble about what no ways concerns you.

Dorantes. 'Tis the friendship we have for you, that makes us interest ourselves in what is of advantage to you.

Mrs. Jordan. I shall easily excuse your friendship.

Dorantes. There's your daughter consents to her father's pleasure.

Mrs. Jordan. My daughter consent to marry a Turk?

Dorantes. Certainly.

Mrs. Jordan. Can she forget Cleontes?

Dorantes. What would one not do to be a great lady?

Mrs. Jordan. I would strangle her with my own hands, had she done such a thing as this.

Mr. Jordan. Here's tittle-tattle in abundance. I tell you this marriage shall be consummated.

Mrs. Jordan. And I tell you it shall not be consummated.

Mr. Jordan. What a noise is here?

Lucilia. Mother!

Mrs. Jordan. Go, you are a pitiful huffey.

Mr. Jordan to Mrs. Jordan.] What! do you scold her for being obedient to me?

Mrs. Jordan. Yes, she belongs to me as well as you.

Coviel to Mrs. Jordan.] Madam.

Mrs. Jordan. What would you say to me, you?

Coviel. One word.

Mrs. Jordan. I've nothing to do with your word.

Coviel to Mr. Jordan.] Sir, would she hear me but one word in private, I'll promise you to make her consent to what you have a mind.

Mrs. Jordan. I won't consent to it.

Coviel. Only hear me.

Mrs. Jordan. No.

Mr. Jordan to Mrs. Jordan.] Give him the hearing.

Mrs. Jordan. No, I won't hear him.

Mr. Jordan. He'll tell you —

Mrs. Jordan. He shall tell me nothing.

Mr. Jordan. Do but see the great obstinacy of the woman! Will it do you any harm to hear him?

Coviel. Only hear me; you may do what you please afterwards.

Mrs. Jordan. Well, what?

Coviel aside to Mrs. Jordan.] We have made signs to you, madam, this hour. Don't you see plainly that all is done purely to accommodate ourselves to the visions of your husband; that we are imposing upon him under this disguise, and that it is Cleontes himself who is the son of the great Turk?

Mrs. Jordan aside to Coviel.] Oh, hoh!

Coviel aside to Mrs. Jordan.] And that 'tis me, Coviel, who am the druggerman.

Mrs. Jordan aside to Coviel.] Hoh! in that case, I give up.

Coviell aside to Mrs. Jordan.] Don't seem to know any thing of the matter.

Mrs. Jordan aloud.] Yes, 'tis all done, I consent to the marriage.

Mr. Jordan. Ay, all the world submits to reason. [to Mrs. Jordan.] You would not hear him. I knew he would explain to you what the son of the great Turk is.

Mrs. Jordan. He has explain'd it to me sufficiently, and I'm satisfy'd with it. Let us send to see for a notary.

Dorantes. 'Tis well said. And, Mrs. Jordan, that you may set your mind perfectly at rest, and that you should this day quit all jealousy which you may have entertain'd of the gentleman your husband, my lady and I shall make use of the same notary to marry us.

Mrs. Jordan. I consent to that too.

Mr. Jordan aside to Dorantes.] 'Tis to make her believe.

Dorantes aside to Mr. Jordan.] We must by all means amuse her a little with this pretense.

Mr. Jordan. Good, good. [aloud.] Let some-body go see for the notary.

Dorantes. In the mean time, till he comes and has drawn up the contracts, let us see our entertainment, and give his Turkish highness the diversion of it.

Mr. Jordan. Well advis'd: come, let us take our places.

Mrs. Jordan. And Nicola?

Mr. Jordan. I give her to the druggerman; and my wife, to whosoever pleases to take her.

Coviell. Sir, I thank you. [aside.] If 'tis possible to find a greater fool than this, I'll go and publish it at Rome.

T H E E N D.

Dear Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. H. B.

Enclosed you will find a copy of the report of the committee on the subject of the proposed amendment.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. H. B.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

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J. H. B.

THE
IMPERTINENTS.

▲
COMEDY.

A C T O R S.

DAMIS, guardian of Orphisa.

ORPHISA.

ERASTUS, in love with Orphisa.

ALCIDORUS.

LYSANDER.

ALCANDER.

ALCIPPUS.

ORANTE.

CLIMENE.

DORANTES.

CARITIDES.

ORMIN.

PHILINTES.

Impertinents.

MONTAIGN, servant of Erastus.

L'ESPINE, servant of Damis.

LA RIVIERE, and two other servants of Erastus.

S C E N E, P A R I S.

T H E

IMPERTINENTS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

E R A S T U S, M O N T A I G N.

E R A S T U S.

UNDER what planet, kind heaven, must I be born, to be always plagu'd to death with impertinents! I think fortune throws them in my way where-ever I go, and I see some new species of them every day. But there's nothing can equal to-day's impertinent. I thought I should never have got rid of him; and a hundred times did I curse that innocent fancy, which took me at dinner, of seeing a play; where, thinking to divert myself, I unhappily met with a most severe punishment for my sins; I must give thee an account of the whole affair; for I find my passion is still up when I think of it. I was got upon the stage in an humour of hearkening to the piece, which I had heard cry'd up by several persons: the actors began, and every body was silent, when, with a blustering air, and full of extravagance, in brushes a man with huge pantaloons, crying out, Soho there! a chair, quickly; and surpris'd the audience with his great noise; being interrupted in one of the most beautiful passages of the piece. Heaven defend us! says I, will our Frenchmen, who are so often corrected, never behave themselves with an air of men

of sense? Must we, through excess of folly, expose ourselves in a public theatre, and so confirm, by the noise of fools, what is every where said of us among our neighbours? While I was shrugging up my shoulders at this, the actors were willing to go on with their parts: but the fellow, in seating himself, made a new disturbance, and crossing the stage again with large strides, tho' he might have sat at his ease on either side, he planted his chair in the middle of the front, and insulting the spectators with his brawny back, he hid the actors from three fourths of the pit. There was a noise set up, that would have 'sham'd another man; but he, steady and firm, did not at all mind it, and would have continu'd just as he had plac'd himself, had he not, to my misfortune, spy'd out me. "Ha! marquis," says he to me, placing himself by me, "How dost thou do? Let me embrace thee." I immediately blush'd that people should see I was acquainted with such a shittle-brain'd mortal; though I was very little so: but it will be seen in those people, who will be hugely great with you from nothing at all, whose kisses you must endure, as you tender your happiness, and who are so familiar with you, as even to *thee* and *thou* you. He ask'd me, immediately, a hundred frivolous questions, exalting his voice above the actors. Every body curs'd him, and to stop him, I should be very glad, says I, to hear the play. "Thou hast not seen this, marquis, heh! Rat me, I think it droll enough, and I'm no ass in these things; I know by what rules a work is to be finish'd, and Corneille reads every thing he does to me." Upon this, he gave me a summary of the whole piece, telling me, scene by scene, what was to be done next, and even the verses he could say by heart, he repeated aloud to

to me before the actors. 'Twas in vain for me to resist, he push'd his point, and towards the end got up a good while before the time; for these fine fellows, to act genteelly, take special care above all things not to hear the conclusion. I thank'd heaven, and reasonably thought that with the play my misery would have ended: but, as if I had come off too cheap, my gentleman join'd me afresh; rehears'd to me his exploits, his uncommon virtues, spoke of his horses, his good fortune, and the favour he had at court, offering me his service there with all his heart. I thank'd him gently, with a nod, meditating at every turn a handsom retreat; but he observing me upon the move in order to leave him, "Come," says he to me, let's go, every body's gone:" and being got out of that place, giving it me more home, "Marquis, let us go to the ring and see my chariot," 'tis well contriv'd, and more than one duke and lord have bespoke one of the same fashion of my coach-maker." I thank'd him, and the better to get off, told him that I had a certain entertainment to make. "Hah! I'll make one at it, egad, being in the number of thy friends, and balk the man of quality, to whom I was engag'd." Our poor pittance of chear, says I, is by much too small to dare invite a person of your condition to it. "No, answer'd he, I'm a man of no ceremony, and I only go there to have a little chat with thee; I swear to thee, I'm tir'd with great entertainments:" but, says I, 'twill be wrong if they expect you. "Thou art out, marquis, we have all a good understanding together; and I think entertainments much pleasanter with thee." I storm'd within myself, was melancholy and confus'd at the unhappy success my excuse had had, and knew not whither to betake myself to get

rid of a trouble that was death to me ; when a chariot, made after a most sumptuous manner, and loaded with footmen before and behind, happen'd to stop with a huge noise just before us ; from whence out jumps a young fellow, dress'd out after an ample manner ; my impertinent and he rushing to embrace, surpriz'd the passers-by with their furious encounter ; and whilst they were both thrown into the convulsions of their civilities, I stole slyly away without saying a word ; not without having groan'd long under the torture, and curs'd the impertinent whose obstinate fondness kept me from the rendezvous which had been appointed me here.

Montaign. There are vexations mix'd with the pleasures of life ; every thing, Sir, goes not exactly to our liking ; heaven thinks fit we should all have our impertinents here below, and without this, men would be too happy.

Eraustus. But of all my impertinents, the most impertinent still is Damis, guardian to her I adore ; who dashes all the hopes she is pleas'd to give me in my addresses ; and notwithstanding her kindness prevents her to see me. I'm afraid I have already pass'd the hour appointed, and 'twas in this walk Orphisa was to be.

Montaign. The hour of an appointment has generally some latitude, and is not confin'd to the limits of an instant.

Eraustus. 'Tis true ; but I tremble, and the excess of my passion makes a crime even of nothing towards her I love.

Montaign. If this perfect love, which you so well testify, makes a crime of nothing, towards her you love ; in return, the just passion she entertains for you, makes nothing of all your crimes.

Erastus. But dost thou, in good earnest, believe she loves me?

Montaign. What! do you still doubt of a confirm'd love?

Erastus. Ah! 'tis with great difficulty that in such a matter a heart much enamour'd, rests intirely satisfy'd. It is afraid of flattering itself, and amidst it's various cares, what it most wishes is what it least believes. But let us endeavour to find the delightful creature.

Montaign. Sir, your band gapes before.

Erastus. No matter.

Montaign. Pray, let me set it right.

Erastus. Pho! you strangle me, blockhead, let it alone as it is.

Montaign. Let me comb a little ——

Erastus. Was ever such stupidity! Thou hast almost took off one of my ears with a tooth of the comb.

Montaign. Your pantaloons ——

Erastus. Let them alone, you are over careful.

Montaign. They are all rumpled.

Erastus. I'll have them so.

Montaign. Permit me, for goodness sake, to brush this hat which is full of dust.

Erastus. Brush it then, since I must go through all this.

Montaign. Will you wear it cock'd, as it is?

Erastus. S'death! make haste.

Montaign. 'Twould be a shame ——

Erastus having waited some time.] 'Tis enough.

Montaign. Have a little patience.

Erastus. He kills me.

Montaign. Where have you been thrusting yourself?

Erastus. D'ye design to keep the hat for ever?

Montaign. 'Tis done.

Erastus. Give it me then.

Montaign letting the hat fall.] Hey!

Erastus. There, 'tis down! I'm finely help'd forward.
A plague take thee.

Montaign. Let me but with a rub or two take off—

Erastus. I'll not have it done. A deuce take all
troublesome servants who fatigue their masters, and do
nothing but displease by mere affectation of being neces-
sary.

SCENE II.

ORPHISA, ALCIDORE, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

BUT don't I see Orphisa? Yes, 'tis she that comes.
Whither is she going so fast, and who is he that hands
her? [He salutes her as she passes by, and she turns
her head another way.

SCENE III.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

WHAT! see me here plainly before her and pass
me, pretending not to know me! What can I think?
What say you? Speak, if you will.

Montaign. Sir, I say nothing, for fear of being im-
pertinent.

Erastus. And it is in reality being so, to say nothing
to me, in the extremity of this cruel torture. Make

some answer to my dejected heart. What am I to imagine? Speak, what d'ye think of it? Tell me your opinion.

Montaign. Sir, I'll be silent, and don't desire to affect being necessary.

Eraustus. Plague on the impertinent puppy! Go follow them; and see what becomes of them, and don't quit them.

Montaign coming back.] Must I follow them at a distance?

Eraustus. Yes.

Montaign coming back.] Without their seeing me, or making the least shew of being sent after them?

Eraustus. No, you'll do better to give them notice that you follow them by my express order.

Montaign coming back.] Shall I find you here?

Eraustus. Heaven confound thee, for the most impertinent fellow, in my opinion, in the world.

SCENE IV.

ERASTUS alone.

O H! what trouble do I feel! How happy had it been for me, had they made me balk this fatal appointment! I thought to have found every thing propitious to me; and my eyes have seen what stabs me to the heart.

SCENE V.

LYSANDER, ERASTUS.

LYSANDER.

I KNEW thee, my dear marquis, at a great distance

under these trees, and immediately made up to thee. I must sing to thee, as one of my friends, a certain air of a little courant that I have made, which pleases all the people at court, who have any skill ; and to which more than twenty have already made verses. I have wealth, birth, and a good tolerable employment, and make a figure in France, considerable enough ; but I would not, for all I'm worth, but have made that air, which I am going to shew thee : La, la, hem, hem ; pr'ythee mind it. [He sings his courant.] Isn't it pretty ?

Erastus. Oh !

Lyfander. This close is pretty. [He sings the close over again four or five times successively.] What think you of it ?

Erastus. Very pretty, certainly.

Lyfander. The steps I have made to it are not less agreeable ; and above all, the figure has a marvellous grace. [He sings, talks, and dances all together.] Stay, the man crosses thus : then the woman crosses again : together, then they quit, and the woman comes there : dost thou see this pretty touch of a feint here ? this fleuret ? these couplees running after the fair one ? back to back ; face to face pressing up close to her ? What dost thou think of it, marquis ?

Erastus. All these steps are fine.

Lyfander. For my part, I despise the dancing-masters.

Erastus. I see so.

Lyfander. Then the steps ?

Erastus. Have nothing but what is surprizing.

Lyfander. Wouldst thou have me teach them thee out of friendship ?

Erastus. Faith, for the present, I have a certain perplexity —

Lyfander. Well then, it shall be when you please ; if I had these new words about me, we would read them together, and see which were prettiest.

Erastus. Another time.

Lyfander. Adieu. My dearest Baptist has not seen my courier, and I am going to seek for him. We have a mighty sympathy in our taste for tunes, and I'll desire him to add the parts of it. [Exit, singing as he goes.

SCENE VI.

ERASTUS alone.

HEAVENS ! must quality, which people would make a cover for every thing, oblige us daily to endure a hundred fools ! and make us demean ourselves frequently, even to the complaisance of applauding their impertinencies !

SCENE VII.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

MONTAIGN.

SIR, Orphisa is alone, and coming this way.

Erastus. Oh ! what hurry and disorder am I in ! I have still a fondness for his inhuman beauty, and my reason bids me hate her.

Montaign. Your reason, Sir, neither knows what it would have, nor what power a mistress has over a man's heart. Though one has ever so just cause to be in a passion, a fine woman can adjust every thing with a word speaking.

Erastus. Alas ! I confess it, and the sight of her has already impress'd a respect upon all my resentment.

SCENE VIII.

ORPHISA, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ORPHISA.

YOUR countenance seems to me not very chearful, should it be my presence, Erastus, that offends you ? What means this ? What's the matter with you ? What uneasiness makes you sigh so deep at the sight of me ?

Erastus. Alas ! Can you then ask me, cruel creature, what it is that occasions this mortal sorrow of heart ? Is it not the effect of a malicious temper to pretend ignorance of what you have done ? He whose conversation made you pass me in full view —

Orphisa laughing.] Is that what you are disturb'd about ?

Erastus. Do, inhuman creature, still insult my misery ; go, it ill becomes you to rally my sorrow ; to abuse, ungrateful as you are, and to injure my passion, on account of the foible which you know is owing to yourself.

Orphisa. Certainly one must laugh at you, and confess too, that you are very silly to give yourself such uneasiness. The man you speak of, so far from pleasing me, is an impertinent fellow whom I was contriving to shake off ; one of those troublesome and officious fools, who can't suffer one to be alone any where, come immediately, with fawning compliments, to offer you

their hand, which one wishes them hang'd for. I pretended to be going away, to hide my design; and he would hand me even to my coach. I got rid of him presently in that way, and came in again by the other gate to see for you.

Erastus. Shall I give credit to this story of yours, Orphisa? And is your heart sincere to me?

Orphisa. You are a pretty gentleman indeed, to talk in this manner; when I justify myself against your frivolous complaints. I am very simple too, and my foolish kindness —

Erastus. Ah! be not angry, too severe beauty. Being absolutely under your command, I will implicitly believe every thing you are so good as to tell me. Deceive, if you please, an unhappy lover; I shall respect you, even to the grave. Abuse my love, and refuse me yours; expose to my sight the triumph of my rival; yes, I'll bear with every thing from those heavenly charms; I'll die for it, but, in short, never will complain.

Orphisa. When such sentiments reign in your breast, I shall on my part —

SCENE IX.

ALCANDER, ORPHISA, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ALCANDER.

MARQUIS, a word with thee. [to Orphisa.] Madam, be so good to pardon the indiscretion of presuming to whisper before you. [Orphisa goes out.]

S C E N E X.

ALCANDER, ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

A L C A N D E R.

'TIS with reluctance, marquis, I make thee this request; but there's a man has just now palpably affronted me, and I heartily wish, not to be behind-hand with him, that thou would'st immediately carry him a challenge from me. Thou knowest that, in the like case, I should gladly repay thee in the same coin.

Erastus having stood silent some time.] I will not now act the *bravo*; yet I have been a soldier before I was a courtier; I serv'd fourteen years, and think I may fairly withdraw myself from such a scrape, with a good grace, and not fear that the refusal of my sword will be imputed to me as any cowardise. Duelling puts people in a wretched posture; and our king is no mere painted monarch, he will be obey'd by the people of first rank in his kingdom; and I think he acts in this like a worthy prince. When his service calls me I have a heart to do it: but I don't find I have one to displease him. I regard his order as a supreme law; seek some-body else, and not me, to disobey him. I talk with great frankness to thee, marquis, and am, in any other affair, thy most obedient. Adieu.

SCENE XI.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

A LEGION take all impertinents for me. Where is this dear object of my vows retir'd to?

Montaign. I don't know.

Eraustus. Go search every where to find her out. I shall wait in this walk.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ERASTUS.

WHAT! have my impertinents dispers'd at last?

I think it rains impertinents from all quarters. I fly from them, and meet them; and for an additional torment, I cannot find her I wish to find. The thunder and rain are quickly over, and have not chac'd away the *beau monde*. Would heaven, among the favours it bestows here so profusely, they had but chac'd away the people that teize me! The fun goes down apace, and I am astonish'd my man is not come back yet.

SCENE II.

ALCIPPUS, ERASTUS.

ALCIPPUS.

A GOOD day t'ye.

Eraustus aside.] What! always my love diverted?

Alcippus. Give me consolation, marquiss, for the strange hand I yesterday lost at piquet, with one St. Bovain, to whom I could have given fifteen, and the eldest hand. 'Tis a blow would make one mad, it plagues me ever since yesterday, and would make one wish all gamesters at the devil; a blow most certainly to make one hang one's self at the market cross. I want but two, the other wants a pique: I deal, he takes six, and demands to deal over again: I seeing myself almost up, would not consent to it. I go out ace of clubs (do but admire my misfortune) the ace, king, knave, ten, and eight of hearts; and throw out, as my policy was to go for point, queen and king of diamonds; ten and queen of spades. To my five hearts that I went out, I took in also the queen, which made me exactly a quint major: but my gentleman with the ace, not without my extreme surprize, spreads upon the table a sixieme of low diamonds. I had thrown out the queen of the same with the king, but he missing of his pique, I recover'd my fright, and reasonably thought I should make at least two poor tricks. With the seven diamonds he had four spades; and playing the last of them, it puzzled me cruelly, as not knowing which of my two aces to keep. I threw away the ace of hearts, as I think, with good reason, but he had discarded four clubs. And there was I capoted with a six of hearts, without being able, through vexation, to utter one word. S'heart, do me justice for this horrible stroke; had one not seen it, could one possibly have believ'd it?

Erastus. The greatest strokes of fortune are observ'd to be in play.

Alcippus. S'death, you yourself shall be judge whether I am wrong; and whether 'tis without reason that

this accident puts me out of all patience, for here are our two games, which I have directly about me ; stay, this is the hand I went out, as I told you ; and here——

Erastus. I comprehend it all by your description of it, and see the justice of the passion which ruffles you ; but I must leave you, upon a certain affair. Adieu, comfort yourself however under your misfortune.

Alcippus. Who I ? I shall always have it next my heart : 'tis to my mind, worse than a thunderbolt ; I'm determin'd to shew it to all the world. [He goes a little way, and ready to turn back, calls out.] A fix o' hearts ! Two tricks !

Erastus alone.] What place are we got into ? Turn which way one will, one sees nothing but fools.

SCENE III.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

H A H ! How hast thou suffer'd me to languish through impatience !

Montaign. Sir, I could make no more haste.

Erastus. But dost thou bring me any news at last ?

Montaign. Doubtless, and from the object, on whom depends your destiny, I have, by her express order, something to tell you.

Erastus. What ! My heart already longs to hear this : speak.

Montaign. Do you wish to know what it is ?

Erastus. Yes, say quick.

Montaign. Stay, Sir, if you please ; I've almost put myself out o' breath with running.

Erastus. Dost thou take pleasure in keeping me in pain ?

Montaign. Since you desire immediately to know the order I receiv'd from this charming object, I'll tell you—Troth, without bragging to you of my diligence, I went a huge way to find the lady ; and if ——

Erastus. Plague o' thy digressions.

Montaign. Fy ! you should moderate a little your passions ; and Seneca ——

Erastus. Seneca's a fool, in thy mouth, since he tells me not a word that concerns me. Give me the order, quick.

Montaign. To satisfy your longing, your Orphisa—there's an insect got into your hair.

Erastus. Let it be there.

Montaign. This fair one bids me tell you on her part ——

Erastus. What ?

Montaign. Guess.

Erastus. Dost thou know I am not in a laughing humour ?

Montaign. Her order is, that you are to stay in this place, assuring yourself, that in a little while you shall see her here, when she has got rid of some country ladies, who are a troublesome sort of animals to courtiers.

Erastus. Let us then keep in the place that she was pleas'd to choose : but since this appointment gives me here some leisure, leave me to think a little ; [Montaign goes out.] I have a design of making her some verses, to a tune which I know she takes delight in.

[Musing.]

SCENE IV.

ORANTE, CLIMENE, ERASTUS

at a corner of the stage without being seen.

ORANTE.

ALL the world will be of my opinion.

Climene. Do you think to carry it by obstinacy?

Orante. I think my reasons better than yours.

Climene. I wish some-body would give us both the hearing.

[Orante seeing Erastus.] I see a man here who is no ignoramus; he may be judge in our difference. [to Erastus.] marquis, a word with you, pray; allow us to appeal to you, to be judge in a quarrel betwixt us two, in a debate arising from our different sentiments, about what is a sign of the most perfect lover.

Erastus. 'Tis a difficult question to decide, and you had best see for a more skilful judge.

Orante. No, these stories you tell us are to no purpose: you are a noted wit, and we know you well; we know that every body, with justice, gives you the character —

Erastus. Oh! I beseech you —

Orante. In one word, you shall be our arbitrator, and you must bestow a minute or two upon us.

[Climene to Orante.] You retain here a person who is to condemn you: for in short, if what I venture to believe of him is true, the gentleman will honour my reasons with the victory.

Erastus aside.] That I can't beat it into my rascal's head, to invent something to get me off!

Orante to Climene.] For my part, I have too good proof of his wit, to fear he should pronounce any thing to my disadvantage. [to Erastus.] In short, this grand debate which is kindled betwixt us, is whether a lover should be jealous.

Climene. Or, the better to explain our thoughts, who should please most, one that is jealous, or one that is otherwise.

Orante. For my part, without dispute, I am for the last.

Climene. And I hold, in my sentiment, for the former.

Orante. I think we should give our vote on the side of him who shews most respect.

Climene. And I, that if our inclinations must appear, it should be in favour of him who discovers most love.

Orante. Yes, but one discovers the warmth of a lover's passion much better in respect, than jealousy.

Climene. And 'tis my opinion, that whoever has an attachment to us, is by so much the more amorous, as he is the more jealous.

Orante. Fy, Climene, talk not to me of those people for lovers, whose love resembles hatred, and who, instead of respect, and gentle addresses, never apply themselves to any thing but being troublesome; whose minds, being ever prompted by a gloomy passion, busy themselves in converting our least actions into a crime; subject our innocence to their blindness, and want an explanation from us upon the least glance of an eye; who perceiving in us any appearance of sadness, presently complain it arises from their presence; and when the least joy brightens up in our eyes, will have their rivals to be at the bottom of it: in short, who taking privi-

lege from the fury of their love, never speak to us but with a design to pick a quarrel ; they presume to forbid every body approaching us, and set themselves up for tyrants over their very conquerors. The lovers for me, are such as respect inspires, and their submission is a surer mark of our power.

Climene. Fy, talk not to me of those persons as true lovers, who feel no manner of transports ; those lukewarm galants, whose peaceable hearts reckon already upon all things as sure in their favour ; have no fear of losing us, and through too great confidence, suffer their love, at every turn, to fall asleep ; have a good intelligence with their rivals, and leave them a clear stage to push their point. A love so sedate raises my choler, not to be jealous is loving with indifference ; and I would have a lover, to convince me of his passion, float on eternal suspicions ; one who, by his hasty transports, gives a glaring token of the esteem he has for her to whom he makes his pretensions. One then applauds one's self for his disquiet ; and if he sometimes treats us in too rude a manner, the pleasure of seeing him on his knees before us, to excuse himself for the violence of his passion, his tears, his vexation for having displeas'd us, are a charm sufficient to appease all our anger.

Orante. If there must go so much raving to please you, I can tell who could content you ; and I know some five or six people in Paris, who, as they make it appear, love to such a degree as to go to cuffs about it.

Climene. If to please you there must be no jealousy, I know some certain people would hit you exactly : men of so patient a humour in their love, that they could see you in the arms of thirty, without being concern'd at it.

Orante. In short, you are to declare, by your sentence, which person's love appears preferable to you.

[Orphisa appears at the farther end of the stage, and sees Eraſtus between Orante and Climene.]

Eraſtus. Since I can't get clear without giving sentence, I'll ſatisfy you both at once; and not to blame what is agreeable to either of you, the jealous loves moſt, and the other loves much the beſt.

Climene. The ſentence is very judicious; but —

Eraſtus. No more, I am clear of it. After what I have ſaid, permit me to leave you.

SCENE V.

ORPHISA, ERASTUS.

ERASTUS ſeeing Orphisa, and going up to her.

HOW long you ſtay, madam, and how plainly I ſee —

Orphisa. No, no, by no means quit ſuch pleaſant converſation. You are in the wrong to accuſe me for being too long a-coming; and you had ſomething could make you eaſily diſpenſe with my abſence.

Eraſtus. Will you fall into a paſſion with me without cauſe? and do you reproach me for the plague they have given me? Nay, I beſeech you ſtay —

Orphisa. Pray let me alone, and go join your company again.

SCENE VI.

ERASTUS alone.

HEAVENS! must impertinents of both sexes conspire this day to frustrate the dearest of my wishes! But let me follow her, in spite of her opposing it, and clear up my innocence to her.

SCENE VII.

DORANTES, ERASTUS.

DORANTES.

HA! marquis, what swarms of impertinents does one every day meet with, to interrupt the course of one's pleasures! Here am I in such a rage at a very fine chace, which a booby —— 'Tis a story that I must tell thee.

Erastus. I'm looking for a certain person here, and can't stay.

Dorantes. I'gad, I'll tell it thee as we go along. We were an agreeable select company of us, who made a party yesterday to hunt a stag; and we went on purpose into the country to lie upon the spot, that is to say, my dear, in the thickest part of the forest. As this exercise is my supreme delight, I had a mind, that the thing might be well done, to go into the wood myself; and we all concluded to bend all our efforts upon a stag, which every body told us was a full-made stag; but for my part, my judgment was, without standing to observe

the marks, that he was only a stag of the second head. We had separated our relays, as was proper, and were breakfasting in haste, upon some new-laid eggs, when a plain countryman, with a long rapier, proudly mounting his breeding-mare, which he honour'd with the title of his good mare, came to make us an awkward compliment, presenting us also, to complete the vexation, with a great looby of a son, as much a fool as his father. He called himself a great hunter, and beg'd of us that he might have the favour of the chace along with us. Heaven preserve every skilful person, when hunting, from a fellow that blows his horn unseasonably, from people, who, having half a score scabby beagles at their heels, cry, *my pack*, and are marvellous hunters! His request being granted, and his virtues esteem'd, we were all pursuing our blinks. Within the distance of three bow-shots, all of a sudden was cry'd, *Ilho ! Ilho !* The dogs were laid on the stag ; I second it, and blow aloud ; my stag unharbours, and passes a pretty long plain, and my dogs after him, but so well in breath that you might have cover'd them all with a cloke. He made to the forest. We then slip the old pack upon him, and I, in great haste, take my horse Allezan. Have you seen him ?

Erastus. I think not.

Dorantes. How ! 'tis a horse as good as he is handsome, and which I bought a few days ago of Gaveau. I leave you to judge whether he would deceive me in such a matter as this, he that considers who I am ; so that I am perfectly easy about him ; and in reality he never sold a better horse, nor a better made one. The head of a barb, with a fair star, the neck of a swan, slender, and very straight ; no more shoulders than a hare, short-jointed, and that shews his vivacity by his carriage ;

feet, i'gad, such feet ! double-rein'd ; to say the truth, I was the only person could find the way to master him, and young Jack Gaveau never mounted him without trembling, though he endeavour'd to set a good face on't. His buttocks are not to be equall'd for largeness, and legs, mercy o' me ! In short he's a miracle ; if you'll believe me, I refus'd a hundred pieces for him, and one of the king's horses to-boot. I mount, therefore, and was in high pleasure to see the vintagers in rows at a great distance on the plain ; I spur on, and find myself in a by-thicket at the heels of the dogs, only I and Drecar : within that our stag stood at bay for an hour ; upon this I cheer the dogs, and play'd the duce and all among them. In short, never was hunter in higher glee ; I imprim'd him myself, and all things went swimmingly ; ours join'd company with a young hind ; one part of my dogs divided from the other, and then, marquis, as you may easily imagine, they all hunted timorous, and Jowler was at a loss ; he turn'd all o' the sudden, which made my heart jump for joy ; he struck in afresh upon the track, and I found my horn, and cry, hark to Jowler, hark to Jowler ; I trac'd him again with pleasure upon a mole-hill, and sounded again a long while. Some of the dogs came back to me, when, as ill-luck would have it, the young hind, marquis, passes my country bumpkin. My hair-brains, as was likely, falls a blowing his horn, and bellowing aloud, *Ilho, Ilho, Ilho*. My dogs all quitted me, and make directly to my booby ; I puts on thither, and discover'd the track again in the high road ; but no sooner, my dear, had I cast my eyes on the ground, but I found out the change, and was heartily mortify'd. In vain did I shew him all the differences between the edge of

my stag's hoofs, and his marks ; he still maintains to me, like a blockhead of a sportsman, that 'tis the pack-stag, and by this dispute he gave time for the dogs to get a great way off : I storm'd at it, and cursing the mortal with all my heart, I spurs my horse full speed over hill and dale, who brush'd through boughs as thick as my arm : I recover'd the dogs to my first scent, who, to my great joy, run upon the quest of our stag, as if they had been in full view. They imprime him afresh ; but was ever such a trick seen before ? To tell thee the truth, marquis, it frets me to death ; our stag being imprim'd, runs by our spark, who, thinking to do the exploit of a most laudable huntsman, with a holster-pistol, that he had brought along with him, shoots him directly through the head, and cries out to me, a vast way off, I've fetch'd the beast down. Good heaven ! Did ever any body hear of pistols in stag-hunting ? For my part, when I arriv'd at the spot, I thought it was so out-of-the-way an action, that I claps both spurs to my horse in a rage, and never stop'd gallop 'till I got home, without saying so much as one word to this ignorant puppy.

Eraustus. You could not do better, thy prudence is admirable ; just so should we shake off all impertinents. Adieu.

Dorantes. When you please, we'll go to some place where we shall have no fear of your country hunters.

Eraustus. Very well. [alone.] I think at last I shall lose all patience. Let me make all haste possible to excuse myself.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ERASTUS, MONTAIGN.

ERASTUS.

'TIS true, my diligence hath succeeded on one hand: the dear object was at last appeas'd: but on the other, they quite weary me, and my cruel stars have persecuted me in my amour, with double fury. Yes, her tutor, Damis, one of my most shocking impertinents, afresh opposes my most tender addresses; has forbid me the sight of his lovely niece; and designs to provide her another husband to-morrow. Orphisa, however, in spite of his discharging her, deigns this evening to grant one favour to my love; and I have prevail'd upon the fair one to permit me to wait upon her in private, at her own house. Love delights, above every thing, in secret favours, it finds a pleasure in breaking through opposition; and when 'tis forbid, the least conversation with the beloved beauty becomes a supreme favour. I must to my appointment: 'tis near upon the hour: and besides, I would choose to be there rather before than after the time.

Montaign. Shall I follow you?

Erastus. No, I should be afraid you would discover me to some suspicious person or other.

Montaign. But —

Erastus. I would not have you.

Montaign. I must obey your commands: but at a distance, at least —

Erastus. Twenty times over must I bid thee hold thy tongue? Wilt thou never leave off this way of mak-

ing thyself troublesome, at every turn, for an impertinent valet?

SCENE II.

CARITIDES, ERASTUS.

CARITIDES.

SIR, 'tis an unseasonable time to do myself the honour of waiting upon you, the morning is most proper for the performance of that duty: but it is not very easy to meet with you; for you are always either asleep, or abroad; at least your servants always tell me so; and I took this opportunity to find you; 'tis a great happiness too that fortune favours me with, for two moments later, and I had miss'd of you again.

Erastus. Sir, do you want any thing with me?

Caritides. I acquit myself, Sir, of the duty I owe you; and come — excuse the boldness that inspires me, if —

Erastus. Without so much ceremony, what have you to say to me?

Caritides. As the rank, the wit, the generosity, which every body extols in you —

Erastus. Yes, I am very much extoll'd; proceed, Sir.

Caritides. Sir, it is an extreme difficulty upon a man, when he is oblig'd to produce himself to any person: and one should always be introduc'd to great men, by people who set us forth a little; whose discourse being hearken'd to, displays, with some weight, what our little merit can shew: for my part, I should have been
glad

glad that some-body, who were well appriz'd of it, could have told you, Sir, who I am.

Erastus. I see sufficiently, Sir, what you are, and your manner of accosting me gives me to know that.

Caritides. Yes, I am a man of learning, who am charm'd with your virtues; none of those learned men whose name ends only in *us*: there is nothing so common as a name after the Latin termination; they who are habited after the Greek manner, have a much better mien; and that I might have one which should terminate in *es*, I call myself Mr. Caritides.

Erastus. Mr. Caritides be it. What would you say?

Caritides. I have a petition, Sir, which I would read to you, and which, in the situation your employment places you, I presume to conjure you to present to the king.

Erastus. Lack-a-day, Sir, you can present it yourself.

Caritides. It is true, Sir, the king grants this extreme favour, but through this very excess of his unparallel'd goodness, so many villanous petitions, Sir, are presented, that they stifle the good ones; and what my hope rests upon, is, that some-body would give mine, when the king is alone.

Erastus. Well, you can do it, and take your own time.

Caritides. Ah! Sir, the door-keepers are terrible fellows, they treat men of learning with a filip o' the nose, as if they were mere scoundrels; and I can get no farther than the guard-room. / The ill treatment I must endure would make me retire from court for ever, had I not conceiv'd strong hope that you will be my Macce-

nas with his Majesty. Yes, your credit is a certain means —

Erastus. Well, give it me, I will present it.

Caritides. Here it is ; but please to hear it read however.

Erastus. No —

Caritides. That you may be acquainted with it, Sir, I conjure you.

A

P E T I T I O N
T O T H E
K I N G.

S I R,

“ **Y**OUR most humble, most obedient, most faithful,
 “ and most learned subject and servant, Caritides,
 “ a Frenchman by nation, a Grecian by profession,
 “ having consider’d the great and notable abuses com-
 “ mitted in the inscriptions upon signs of houses, shops,
 “ taverns, ninepin-allies, and other places of your good
 “ city of Paris ; in that certain ignorant composers of
 “ the said inscriptions, do subvert, by a barbarous, per-
 “ nicious, and detestable orthography, all manner of
 “ sense and reason, without regard to any etymology,
 “ analogy, energy, or allegory whatsoever, to the great
 “ scandal of the republic of letters, and of the French
 “ nation, which is discredited and dishonour’d by the
 “ said abuses and gross faults, in respect to strangers,

“ and notoriously, in respect to the Germans, curious
 “ readers and inspectors of the said inscriptions —

Erastus. This petition is very long, and may very likely weary —

Caritides. Oh ! Sir, not a word can be retrench'd from it.

[He goes on.]

“ Humbly supplicates your majesty, for the good of
 “ your kingdom, and glory of your government, to in-
 “ stitute an office of comptroller, intendant, corrector,
 “ reviser, and restorer-general of the said inscriptions ;
 “ and to honour your suppliant with this, as well in
 “ consideration of his rare and eminent erudition, as of
 “ the great and signal services he has done to the state,
 “ and to your majesty in composing an anagram upon
 “ your said majesty in French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew,
 “ Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic —

Erastus interrupting him.] Very well : give it me quick, and retire ; the king shall see it ; the thing is as good as done.

Caritides. Oh ! Sir, if you shew but my petition, 'tis all in all. If the king but sees it, I am sure of my point : for as his justice is, in every thing, so great, he cannot refuse my demand. And now, to exalt your name to the skies, give me your name and surname in writing, and I'll make a poem that shall have the form of an acrostic, at both ends of the verse, and in each hemistich.

Erastus. Yes, Mr. Caritides, you shall have it to-morrow. [Alone.] In good truth, such learned fellows are most admirable asses. Another time I should have laugh'd heartily at his folly.

S C E N E III.

O R M I N, E R A S T U S.

O R M I N.

THOUGH an affair of great consequence brings me hither, I was willing that man should leave you before I spoke with you.

Eraſtus. Very well, but diſpatch, for I muſt be gone.

Ormin. I don't in the leaſt doubt, but the fellow who has juſt left you, has very much tir'd you, Sir, with his viſit. 'Tis a troubleſome old mortal, who is a little crack-brain'd; and to get rid of whom I have always ſome contrivance ready at hand. In the Mall, at Luxemburgh, and in the Thuilleries, he fatigues all the world with his idle notions; and ſuch perſons as you ſhould avoid the converſation of theſe pedantic ſcholars who are good for nothing. For my part, I have no fear of being troubleſome to you, ſince I come, Sir, to make your fortune.

Eraſtus aſide.] This is ſome whiſſing alchimiſt, one of thoſe fellows who are not worth a groat; and are ever a promiſing you ſo much wealth. [loud.] You have hit upon that bleſſed ſtone, Sir, which, of itſelf, can enrich all the kings of the earth?

Ormin. A pretty fancy! Oh! you are out, Sir; heaven preſerve me from being one of thoſe ſort of fools! I don't feed upon frivolous viſions, I bring you here ſolid words of a propoſal which I would communicate by you to the king, and which I always carry about me ſafe under ſeal. None of thoſe fooliſh projects, thoſe

vain chimeras which the super-intendants have dinn'd in their ears ; none of those beggarly propofals, whose pretensions go no farther than to talk of twenty or thirty millions of livres ; but one which fhall annually, at a moderate computation, bring in to the king four hundred millions hard money ; with eafe, without rifque or fufpicion, and without the leaft hardship upon the fubject. In fhort, 'tis a hint of inconceivable gain, and which, at the firft word you will find to be feasible. Yes, provided I can but be encourag'd by you —

Eraftus. Well, we fhall talk of it ; I am a little in hafte.

Ormin. If you would promife me to keep it fecret, I would difcover to you this important project.

Eraftus. No, no, I won't be let into your fecret.

Ormin. Sir, I believe you too difcreet to betray it, and will, with great franknefs, inform you of it in two words — we muft mind leaft fome-body fhould overhear us.— [Whifpers Eraftus.] This marvellous project of which I am the inventor, is that —

Eraftus. A little farther off, Sir, for a certain reafon.

Ormin. You know, without my needing to tell you, the vaft profit the king receives annually from his fea-ports. Now the project, which no-body has hit upon as yet, and 'tis an eafy matter, is that you fhould turn all the coafts of France into famous fea-ports. This would amount to immense fums ; and if —

Eraftus. The project is good, and will pleafe the king exceedingly. Adieu. We fhall fee you.

Ormin. At leaft ftand by me for having difcover'd the firft hint of it.

Eraftus. Yes, yes.

Ormin. If you would lend me a brace of pieces,

which you might repay yourself, Sir, out of the profits of the invention —

Erastus gives two pieces of gold to Ormin.] Yes, with all my heart. [alone.] Would heaven I could get rid of all the impertinents at this rate! To see the unreasonableness of their visits! I hope at last I shall get clear. Won't some-body else come and divert me?

SCENE IV.

PHILINTES, ERASTUS.

PHILINTES.

MARQUIS, I have heard strange news just now. Erastus. What?

Philintes. That a man has quarrell'd with thee a little while ago.

Erastus. With me?

Philintes. What signifies dissembling the matter? I have it from good hands, that you have had a challenge sent you; and as your friend, I come, at all events, to offer my service to you against all the world.

Erastus. I'm oblig'd to you; but believe me, you—

Philintes. You won't confess it; but you come abroad without servants: stay you in town, or go into the country, you shall go no where but I will accompany you.

Erastus aside.] Plague! I shall run mad.

Philintes. To what end do you hide it from me?

Erastus. I swear, marquis, they have impos'd upon you.

Philintes. In vain do you deny it.

Erastus. May I be thunder-struck, if I have had any quarrel —

Philintes. Do you think I believe you?

Erastus. Bless me! I tell you without disguise, that—

Philintes. Don't imagine me either a dupe or credulous upon this point.

Erastus. Will you oblige me?

Philintes. No.

Erastus. Pray leave me.

Philintes. By no means, marquis.

Erastus. A little galantry calls me this evening to a certain place —

Philintes. I shan't leave you: I shall follow you, be it to what place it will.

Erastus. S'death! since you will have me have a quarrel, I consent to it, to satisfy your zeal; it shall be with you who plague me to distraction, and from whom I cannot, by fair means, disengage myself.

Philintes. This is accepting a piece of service not at all like a friend: but since I do you so ill an office, adieu. Determine all your affairs withour me.

Erastus. You'll be my friend when you leave me. [alone.] But what misfortunes persecute me! They'll have made me slip the hour appointed.

SCENE V.

DAMIS, L'ESPINE, ERASTUS,
LA RIVIERE and his Comrades.

DAMIS to L'Espine.

WHAT! does the traitor hope to gain her in spite of me? My just vengeance shall prevent him.

Erastus aside.] I have a glimpse of some-body there, before Orphisa's door. What! must I always have some obstacle or other in the way of a passion she is pleas'd to authorize?

Damis to L'Espine.] Yes, I have learn'd that my niece, in spite of all my care, is to have a private interview this evening with Erastus, in her chamber, no witnesses present.

La Riviere to his comrades.] What! do I hear those people there talking of our master? let us draw nearer softly, without discovering ourselves.

Damis to L'Espine.] But before he has room to accomplish his design, I must stab that traiterous heart of his in a thousand places. Go and fetch those folks I spoke of just now, to place them in ambush where I would have them; that at the mention of the name of Erastus, you may be ready to revenge my honour, which his passion has the insolence to injure; break off the assignation which calls him hither, and smother his criminal passion in his blood.

La Riviere with his comrades attacking Damis.] Traitor, before they can sacrifice him to thy fury, thou must have something to say to us.

Erastus. Though he would have destroy'd me, the point of honour urges me to succour my mistress's uncle. [to Damis.] I'm your man, Sir. [draws his sword against Riviere and his companions, whom he drives off.]

Damis. Heavens! by what succour is my life preserv'd from certain death? To whom am I oblig'd for so singular a piece of service?

Erastus returning.] I have only done an act of justice in saving you.

Damis. O heaven! can I believe my ears? Is it Erastus's hand —

Erastus. Yes, Sir, yes, 'tis I; too happy in that my hand has sav'd you; too unhappy, in that I have deserv'd your displeasure.

Damis. What! is he whose death I had resolv'd upon, the person who has fought in my favour? Oh! 'tis too much; my heart is forc'd to surrender; and whatever, this night, might be the intention of your love, this surprizing piece of generosity ought to stifle all animosity. I blush at my crime, and blame my caprice. My hatred has too long injur'd you; and that I may, by a most shining instance, condemn it, I join you this very night to the object of your wishes.

SCENE VI.

ORPHISA, DAMIS, ERASTUS.

ORPHISA, coming out of her house with a candle.

SIR, what accident has occasion'd that dreadful disturbance —

Damis. Nothing, my niece, but what is very agreeable, since, after my so long blaming your passion, 'tis what gives you Erastus for a husband. His arm has sav'd me from a death I most narrowly escap'd; and I desire the gift of your hand may requite him for me.

Orphisa. Sir, if it is to discharge the debt you owe, I agree to it; above all on the account of the life he has sav'd.

Erastus. My heart is so surpriz'd at such a wonder, that in this ecstasy I doubt whether I am awake.

Damis. Let us celebrate the happy state you are go-

ing to enjoy, and let our violins come and regale us.

[A knocking at Damis's door.

Eraustus. Who knocks so loud there?

SCENE THE LAST.

DAMIS, ORPHISA, ERAUSTUS, L'ESPINE.

L'ESPINE.

SIR, here are masks with their kits and tabors.

[Enter masques who take up the whole stage.

Eraustus. What! impertinents for ever! Soho, there! Suifs, drive out these tatterdemallions.

THE END.

T H E
S I C I L I A N :

O R,
Love makes a PAINTER.

A
C O M E D Y.

A A C T I O R S.

DON PEDRO, a Sicilian gentleman.

ADRASTUS, a French gentleman, in love with Isidora.

ISIDORA, a Grecian, slave to Don Pedro.

ZAIDE, a young slave.

A SENATOR.

HALI, a Turk, slave to Adrastus.

TWO LACQUIES.

S C E N E at Messina, in a public place.

THE SICILIAN.

O R,

Love makes a PAINTER.

SCENE I.

H A L I, M U S I C I A N S.

H A L I to the Musicians.

H I S T. Come no farther, and stay on this side till
I call you.

SCENE II.

H A L I alone.

'TIS as dark as if a man were in an oven ; the sky is drest like Scaramouche to-night, and I see not one star, to shew one the end o' one's nose. What a scurvy condition is that of a slave ! Never to live for yourself, and to be intirely ingross'd by the passions of a master ! To be govern'd by nothing but his humours, and to be reduc'd to make all the cares he's pleas'd to take into his head, one's own proper business ! Mine, here, makes me espouse all his anxieties ; and because he's in love, 'tis necessary I should have no rest by night or by day. But here are the flambeaux, and without doubt 'tis he.

S C E N E III.

A D R A S T U S, and two Lacquies, carrying each
a Flambeau, H A L I.

A D R A S T U S.

I S it thee, Hali ?

Hali. And who could it be but me, at these hours o' the night ? Besides you, and myself, Sir, I don't believe any body takes it into his head to scour the streets at present.

Adrastus. No more do I believe the man can be found, who feels, at heart, the pain that I feel : for, in short, 'tis nothing to have the indifference or the cruelty of the beauty one loves, to combat ; one has always, at least, the pleasure of complaining, and the liberty of fighting. But not to be able to find one opportunity to speak with her we adore ; not to know from the fair one, whether the love her eyes inspire us with, is pleasing, or displeasing to her, is, in my fancy, the most vexatious of all disquietudes ; and to this am I reduc'd by this impertinent jealous fellow, who watches with so much care over my charming Grecian, and never stirs a step without dragging her at his heels.

Hali. But there are, in love, various ways of speaking to each other ; and it should seem to me, that your eyes and hers, for near this two months, have said a good many things.

Adrastus. 'Tis true that she and I have often spoke together by the eyes : but how to know that each of us, on our part, have mutually explain'd this language as we ought ? And what know I, after all, whether she well understands all that my looks say to her ? and whether hers tell me, what I sometimes fancy I hear ?

Hali. We must seek out some means of talking together after another manner.

Adrastus. Have you your musicians there?

Hali. Yes.

Adrastus. Bid them come nearer. [alone.] I'll have them sing here till day-light, and see whether their music will not oblige the fair one to appear at some window.

SCENE IV.

ADRASTUS, HALI, MUSICIANS.

H A L I.

H E R E they are. What shall they sing?

Adrastus. What they shall think best?

Hali. They must sing a three-part song, that they sing me t' other day.

Adrastus. No, 'tis not that will suit me.

Hali. Oh! Sir, 'tis a fine Beccare.

Adrastus. What the deuce dost thou mean with thy fine Beccare?

Hali. Sir, I am for the Beccare. You know that I am a Connoisseur in that. The Beccare charms me: setting aside the Beccare, no soundness in harmony. Harken a little to this three-part song.

Adrastus. No. I'll have something tender and passionate; something that entertains me with a soothing thoughtfulness.

Hali. I see plainly you are for the Bemol: but there's a way to please us both. They must e'en sing a certain scene of a short play, which I saw them practise. There are two amorous shepherds, all full of languishment, who, in the Bemol, come separately to make their complaints in the grove; afterwards they discover

to each other the cruelty of their mistresses, and there-upon comes a jovial swain, with an admirable Beccare, who laughs at their folly.

Adrastus. Agreed. Let's see what it is.

Hali. Here's exactly a proper place to serve for a scene; and there are flambeaux to light the play.

Adrastus. Place yourself opposite to this house, that at the least noise within, I may order the lights to be struck.

A FRAGMENT OF A COMEDY,
Sung and accompany'd by the Musicians which
H A L I had brought.

S C E N E I.

P H Y L E N A, T H Y R S I S.

1. MUSICAAN representing PHYLENA.

I F to recite my amorous care,

Disturb your solitary rest,

Forgive, ye rocks, and hear my pray'r ;

Let me but tell what anguish racks my breast,

Rocks though you are, my moving ditty

Shall melt your flinty hearts to pity.

2. Musician representing Thyrsis.

Through these vast groves the feather'd throng,

Salute each dawn with sprightly song ;

Whilst I, with each returning day,

My sorrows vent in doleful lay.

My dear Philene.

Phylena. *My Thyrsis dear.*

Thyrsis. *Great is my pain.*

Phylena. *As great my care.*

Thyrsis. *Climene's deaf to all my vows.*

Phylena. *Cloris nor love, nor pity knows.*

Both together.

*O love, inhuman are thy laws !
Their breasts with ardent passion warm,
Or leave 'em not the power to charm.*

SCENE II.

PHYLENA, THYRSIS, A SHEPHERD.

3. MUSICIAN representing a shepherd.

*YE captivated youths, no more
The cruel and the fierce adore :
Upon himself no wiser swain
Will e'er revenge the nymph's disdain.
Give me the maid that's soft and kind,
'Tis she alone my heart can bind.*

*These plains are throng'd by numerous fair,
Whom I address with studious care ;
To each I vow, to each complain,
In humblest guise, in softest strain :
But if a tigress I must woo,
I court her as a tiger too.*

Phylena and Thyrsis together.

Happy the swains who thus the fair pursue !

Hali. Sir, I heard some noise within, just now.

Adrastus. Let us retire quick, and put out the flambeaux.

SCENE IV.

D. PEDRO, ADRASTUS, HALI.

D. PEDRO coming out of his house in his night-cap
and night-gown, with a sword under his arm.

I HAVE heard, this good while, a singing at my

door ; and doubtless, this is not done for nothing. I must endeavour, in the dark, to discover who these people can be.

Adrastus. Hali ?

Hali. What ?

Adrastus. D'ye hear nothing more ?

Hali. No. [D. Pedro is behind 'em, and overhears 'em.

Adrastus. What ! can't all our efforts obtain one moment's discourse for us with this lovely Greek ? And this cursed jealous-pat, this traitor of a Sicilian, will he always debar me from all access to her ?

Hali. I wish, with all my heart, the d—I had him, for the plague he gives us, troublesome cur, a hang-dog as he is. Oh ! if we had him but here, what pleasure should I take to revenge upon his shoulders, all the fruitless steps his jealousy has made us take.

Adrastus. We must, however, find some means, some invention, some cunning trick to catch our bear ; I am too far engag'd here, to brook a disappointment ; and though I should employ ——

Hali. Sir, I don't know what this means ; but the door is open ; I'll go in softly, if you please, to discover whence this happens.

[D. Pedro retires within his door.

Adrastus. Yes, do so, but without noise, I shan't be far behind thee. Would to heaven it were the charming Isidora !

D. Pedro giving Hali a blow.] Who's there ?

Hali striking D. Pedro again.] A friend.

D. Pedro. Why, hoh ! Francis, Dominic, Simon, Martin, Peter, Thomas, George, Charles, Bart'lemew ; here, quick, my sword, my target, my halbert, my pistols, my blunderbusses, my carbines ; quick, dispatch ; here, kill and slay, no quarter.

SCENE V.

ADRASTUS, HALI.

ADRASTUS.

I DON'T hear a soul stir. Hali! Hali!

Hali hid in a corner.] Sir.

Adrastus. Where dost thou hide thyself?

Hali. Are all these fellows come out?

Adrastus. No, no-body stirs.

Hali coming out of the place where he had hid himself.] If they do come, they shall be heartily drubb'd.

Adrastus. What! must all our pains then be in vain? Must this troublesom jealous fellow always balk our designs?

Hali. No, the rage of the point of honour seizes me; it shall never be said that they triumph over my dexterity. My quality of sharper disdains all these obstacles, and I shall take upon me fully to display the talents which heaven has bestow'd upon me.

Adrastus. I only wish that by some means, by a letter, by word o' mouth of any body, she were but appriz'd of the sentiments I entertain for her, and I could know hers in return upon this head. Then afterwards one might easily find out ways —

Hali. Only let me alone. I'll make so many experiments of all kinds, that something or other in short must succeed for us. Come, the day breaks; I'll go fetch my people, and come wait here till our jealous spark comes abroad.

SCENE VI.

D. PEDRO, ISIODORA.

ISIODORA.

I CAN'T imagine what pleasure you can take in

awaking me so early in the morning; this does not suit very well, I should think, with your design of having my picture drawn to-day; and 'tis by no means the way to have a fresh colour and sparkling eyes, to rise at break o' day.

D. Pedro. I have an affair which obliges me to go abroad at this time.

Isidora. But, I think, the affair you have in hand might very well have dispens'd with my absence; and you might, without any inconvenience to yourself, allow me to taste the sweets of a morning nap.

D. Pedro. Yes, but I am highly pleas'd to have you always in my sight. There is no harm in being guarded a little against the designs of spies; and this night again, people came and sung under our windows.

Isidora. 'Tis true. The music was admirable.

D. Pedro. That was all done for you.

Isidora. I would believe so, since you tell me so.

D. Pedro. Do you know who it was that gave this serenade?

Isidora. No; but whoever it was, I am much oblig'd to him.

D. Pedro. Oblig'd?

Isidora. Without doubt, since he endeavours to divert me.

D. Pedro. You like then that people should be in love with you?

Isidora. Mightily, that can't but be always obliging.

D. Pedro. And do you wish well to all those who take this pains?

Isidora. Certainly.

D. Pedro. That's speaking your thoughts very plain.

Isidora. What should one dissemble for? Whatever looks one may put on, one is always very glad to be belov'd; this homage to our charms is never displeasing to

us. Whatever they may say, believe me, the great ambition of women is to inspire love. All the pains they take are for no earthly thing but that; and one does not see a woman so disdainful, but in her heart applauds herself for the conquests her eyes make.

D. Pedro. But if you, for your part, take pleasure in seeing yourself admir'd; do you know that I who love you, take no manner of pleasure in it?

Isidora. I don't know why so; if I were in love with any body, I should have no greater pleasure than in seeing him belov'd by all the world. Is there any thing can more shew the agreeableness of the choice one makes? And is it not what we should applaud ourselves for, that what we love all the world thinks lovely?

D. Pedro. Every one loves in their own way, and that is not my method. I shall be exceeding glad that people don't think you quite so handsome, and you will oblige me if you don't affect so much to appear so in the eyes of others.

Isidora. What! jealous of these things?

D. Pedro. Yes, jealous of these things; but jealous as a tiger, and, if you please, as a devil. My love would have you wholly to myself: it's delicacy takes offence at a smile, at a glance that any person forces from you, and all the care you see me take, is for nothing else but to debar all access of galants, and secure to myself the possession of a heart, the least thing relating to which, I can't bear any body should rob me of.

Isidora. In good truth, would you have me speak? You take a very wrong method; and the possession of a heart is very ill secur'd, when people think to keep it by force. For my part, I protest to you, were I galant to a lady, who were in the power of another, I should bend all my study to make that other person jealous, and oblige him to watch the fair one I had a mind to win day and

night. 'Tis an admirable way to advance our affairs; and persons will not fail taking advantage of the uneasiness and resentments, which constraint and servitude create in the mind of a woman.

D. Pedro. So then, should any one make love to you, he would find you dispos'd to receive his addresses.

Isiodora. I say not a word to you on that head. But in short, women don't love people should lay a restraint upon them, and 'tis running a great risque, only to discover a suspicion of them, and keep them lock'd up.

D. Pedro. You make me a poor recompence for what you owe me; and, methinks, a slave whom I have set at liberty, and design to make her my wife —

Isiodora. What obligation have I to you, if you change my slavery into one much more severe; if you let me enjoy no manner of liberty, and teize me, as you do, with a continual guard?

D. Pedro. But all this proceeds only from excess of love.

Isiodora. If this is your way of loving, I desire you would hate me.

D. Pedro. You are in a very cross humour to-day; but I pardon these speeches, on account of the uneasiness you may be under by getting up so early.

S C E N E VII.

D. PEDRO, ISIODORA, HALI dress'd like a Turk, making a great many bows to D. Pedro.

D. P E D R O.

A Truce with your ceremonies. What's your business?

Hali stands between D. Pedro and Isiodora. He turns to Isiodora at every word he speaks to D. Pedro, and makes signs to her to let her understand the design of his master.]
ir, (with the lady's permission) I shall inform you (with

the lady's permission) that I came to see you (with the lady's permission) to desire of you (with the lady's permission) that you would be so kind (with the lady's permission)—

D. Pedro. With the lady's permission, come a little on this side. [D. Pedro goes between Hali and Isiodora.

Hali. Sir, I am a virtuoso.

D. Pedro. I have nothing to give.

Hali. That is not what I ask. But as I practise a little in music and dancing, I have instructed some slaves who would be glad to find a master who takes pleasure in these things, and as I know you are a person of note, I would desire you to see and hear 'em, to buy 'em, if they please you, or to direct 'em to some of your friends, whom they would suit.

Isiodora. This is a thing worth seeing, and will divert us. Bring them hither.

Hali. Chala bala — This is a new song, and is quite in season. Mind it well. Chala bala.

SCENE VIII.

D. PEDRO, ISIODORA, HALI, TURKISH SLAVES.

A slave singing to ISIODORA.

*A SWAIN pursues his lovely fair,
With eager heart, from place to place,
But an old churl, with jealous care,
For ever interrupts the chace,
And leaves no commerce, or access,
But by the language of the eyes ;
Say then, what greater pain than this,
Can lover fear, or heart devise ?*

To D. Pedro.

Chiribirida ouch alla,
Star bon Turca,
Non aver danara
Ti voler comprara,

Mi servir a ti,
 Si pagar per mi,
 Far bona coucina,
 Mi levar matina,
 Far boller caldara,
 Parlara, parlara,
 Ti voler comprara.

Slave sings to Isidora.

*'Tis more than death, at every stroke,
 Th' expiring tortur'd lover feels ;
 But if his saint, with one kind look,
 Her suff'ring martyr cheers and heals,
 And grants him but this farther boon,
 In public to confess his love,
 His rival's jealous arts would soon
 The subject of his mockery prove.*

To D. Pedro.

Chiribirida ouch alla,
 Star bon Turca,
 Non aver danara
 Ti voler comprara,
 Mi servir a ti,
 Se pagar per mi,
 Far bona coucina,
 Mi levar matina,
 Far boller caldara,
 Parlara, parlara,
 Ti voler comprara.

D. Pedro sings.

*D'ye know, my arch wags,
 That either I judge ill ;
 Or this pretty song
 Smells strong of a cudgel ?*

Chiribirida

Chiribirida ouch alla,
 Mi ti non comprara,
 Ma ti bastonnara,
 Si, si, non andara,
 Andara, andara,
 O ti bastonnara.

Oh, oh! the wanton rogues! [to Ifiodora.] Come, let us go in again, I've chang'd my mind, and since the weather too is a little over-cast. [To Hali who still continues there.] Ay, rascal, let me find you there.

Hali. Well, 'tis true, my master adores her; there's nothing he is more desirous of than to shew her that he loves her; and if one consents to it, he'll marry her.

D. Pedro. Yes, yes, I keep her for him.

Hali. We shall have her, in spite of you.

D. Pedro. How, scoundrel!

Hali. We'll have her, I tell you, in spite o' your teeth.

D. Pedro. If I lay hold —

Hali. Your guard signifies nothing, she shall be ours, I have sworn it.

D. Pedro. Let me come; scamper, or I shall catch thee.

Hali. We shall catch you; she shall be our wife, that's determin'd; [alone.] I'll bring it about or I'll swing for't.

SCENE IX.

ADRASTUS, HALI, TWO LACQUIES.

ADRASTUS.

WELL, Hali, how prosper our affairs?

Hali. Sir, I've made a little sort of a push already, but I —

Adrastus. Don't trouble thy head, I have, by accident, met with all I could wish, and am going to enjoy the hap-

piness of an interview with this fair one at her own home. I was at my friend Damon's the painter, who told me, that to-day he was to draw the picture of this adorable creature ; and as he has been, this long time, one of my most intimate friends, he was pleas'd to favour my passion, and sends me in his place, with a short letter to gain me acceptance. You know, I always took delight in painting, and that I sometimes handle the pencil, contrary to the custom of France, which will not allow that a gentleman should know how to do any thing : thus I shall have the liberty of seeing my charmer at my leisure. But I make no doubt but our impertinent jealous mortal will always be present, and hinder all the discourse we might have together ; and to tell thee the truth, I have a stratagem in readiness, by the means of a young slave, to get this fair Greek out of her jealous-pate's hands, if I can prevail with her to consent to it.

Hali. Let me alone, I'll shew you the way a little, how you may entertain him. [Whispers Adrastus.] It shall never be said that I am of no service in this affair. When do you go ?

Adrastus. Immediately ; and I have already prepar'd every thing.

Hali. I'm going to prepare myself too, on my part.

Adrastus alone.] I won't lose time. Ho ! there, I long for the pleasure of seeing her.

S C E N E X.

D. PEDRO, ADRASTUS, Two LACQUIES.

D. P E D R O.

W H O do you want, Sir, in this house ?

Adrastus. I want signior D. Pedro.

D. Pedro. You have him before you.

Adrastus. If he pleases to take the trouble of reading this letter.

D. Pedro. *I send you, in my room, this French gentleman, to draw the picture you know of, who, being a person ambitious of obliging people of worth, was very ready to undertake this trouble, upon my proposing it to him. He is, beyond contradiction, the first man in the world for these sort of performances ; and I thought I could not do you a more agreeable piece of service, than to send him to you, as your design is to have a finish'd picture of her you love. Have a care, above all things, how you mention a word of recompence ; for he's a man who would be affronted at it, and who does things only for his glory and reputation.*

D. Pedro. Signior François, 'tis a great favour you design me ; and I am very much oblig'd to you.

Adrastus. All my ambition is to serve people of character and merit.

D. Pedro. I'll bring the person who is to be drawn.

SCENE XI.

ISIODORA, D. PEDRO, ADRASTUS,
and two LACQUIES.

D. PEDRO to Isiodora.

HERE's a gentleman that Damon sends us, who is so kind to give himself the trouble of taking your picture. [to Adrastus who embraces Isiodora by way of salutation.] Hold, signior François, this way of saluting is not customary in this country.

Adrastus. 'Tis the French manner.

D. Pedro. The French manner is well enough for your women, but it is a little too familiar for ours.

Isiodora. I accept this honour with a great deal of joy ;

the adventure very much surprizes me ; and, to say the truth, I did not expect so illustrious a painter.

Adrastus. There is no-body sure who would not reckon it a great glory to touch upon such a piece of work. I have no great skill ; but here, the subject furnishes but too much of itself ; and there is room to make something beautiful upon such an original as this is.

Isiodora. The original is a trifle, but the skill of the painter can hide it's defects.

Adrastus. The painter sees none in it ; and all he wishes is to be able to represent those graces to the eyes of all the world, as great as they appear to him.

Isiodora. If your pencil flatters as much as your tongue, you are going to draw a picture which will not be like me.

Adrastus. Heaven, which form'd the original, deprives us of the power of doing a picture which should flatter.

Isiodora. Heaven, say what you will, did not ——

D. Pedro. No more o' this, pray let's ha' done with compliments, and go about the picture.

Adrastus to the Lacquies.] Come, bring ev'ry thing.

[They bring every thing necessary to paint Isiodora.

Isiodora to Adrastus.] Where would you have me place myself ?

Adrastus. Here. This is the most advantageous place, and best admits of those favourable degrees of light which we want.

Isiodora sitting down.] Am I right so ?

Adrastus sitting.] Yes. A little more erect, if you please ; a little more on that side ; your body turn'd so ; the head lifted up a little that the beauty of the neck may appear. This a little more uncover'd. [Uncovering her neck a little more.] Good. A little more ; the least more imaginable.

D. Pedro to Isiodora.] There's a great deal of trouble in placing you ; can't you keep yourself as you should do.

Isiodora. These things are quite new to me ; and 'tis the gentleman's part to place me as he would have me.

Adrastus. 'Tis extremely well now, and you behave to a wonder. [Turning her a little towards him.] So, if you please. All depends on the attitudes we give the persons we paint.

D. Pedro. Very well.

Adrastus. A little more on this side : your eyes turn'd always towards me, pray ; your looks fix'd upon mine.

Isiodora. I am not like those women, who, when they have their pictures drawn, will have a portrait that's none of their own ; and are not satisfy'd with a painter, if he makes 'em not handsomer than they really are. There need only to satisfy them, one picture be drawn for all, for every one requires the same things ; a complexion intirely of lilies and roses, a well-made nose, a little mouth, and large lively eyes, well divided ; and, above all, the face not larger than one's fist, though 'twere a foot square. For my part, I desire a picture of you that may really be myself, and that mayn't oblige people to ask who it is.

Adrastus. 'Twere very hard if they should ask that of yours ; for you have features which very few resemble. What sweetness, and what charms have they ! What hazard one runs to paint them !

D. Pedro. The nose seems to me a little too large.

Adrastus. I have read, I don't know where, that Apelles formerly painted a mistress of Alexander, of marvellous beauty, and that in painting her, he fell so desperately in love with her, that he had like to have lost his life ; inso-much that Alexander, in generosity, gave him up the object of his wishes. [to D. Pedro.] I might do now, what Apelles did formerly ; but, perhaps, you would not do what Alexander did. [D. Pedro looks sour.

Isiodora to D. Pedro.] All this shews the nation ; the

gentlemen of France have always a fund of galantry which displays itself every where.

Adrastus. One is not easily deceiv'd in these sort of things, and you have too discerning a judgment, not to see the source from whence these things I have said, proceed. Yes, tho' Alexander were here, and he were your lover, I could not forbear telling you, that I never saw any thing so beautiful as what I now see, and that —

D. Pedro. Seignior François, methinks you should not talk so much, it takes you off from your work.

Adrastus. Oh! not at all; I always accustom myself to talk when I paint; and a little conversation is necessary in these affairs, to revive the fancy, and keep the face in such a gaiety as is necessary in persons we would paint.

S C E N E XII.

H A L I dress'd like a Spaniard, D. P E D R O,
A D R A S T U S, I S I O D O R A.

D. P E D R O.

W H A T means this man here? And who suffers people to come up stairs, without coming to give us notice of it?

Hali to D. Pedro.] I enter here with freedom; but such liberties are allow'd amongst gentlemen. Am I known to you, Sir?

D. Pedro. No, Sir.

Hali. I am Don Gilles d' Avalos; and the history of Spain must have inform'd you of my merit.

D. Pedro. Is there any thing I can serve you in?

Hali. Yes, advice upon a point of honour. I know that in these sort of matters, there is not a more consummate gentleman than yourself; but I beg the favour of you, that we may step a little aside.

D. Pedro. We are far enough distant.

Adrastus to D. Pedro, who surprizes him as he is whispering Isidora.] I was observing, a little nearer, the colour of her eyes.

Hali taking D. Pedro aside.] Sir, I receiv'd a slap o' the face. You know what a slap o' the face is, when 'tis given with the open hand, full on the middle o' the cheek. This slap o' the face sticks grievously in my stomach; and I am uncertain whether to revenge the affront, I ought to fight my man, or rather have him assassinated.

D. Pedro. Assassinating is the surest and shortest way, Who is your enemy?

Hali. Pray, let us speak softly.

Adrastus kneels to Isidora, during the time that D. Pedro and Hali whisper.] Yes, charming Isidora, my looks have told it you this two months past; and you must have understood 'em. I love you above every thing that man can love, and I have no other thought, no other end, no other passion, but to be yours for my whole life.

Isidora. I don't know whether you speak truth, but you persuade.

Adrastus. But do I so persuade you, as to inspire you with ever so little a degree of kindness for me?

Isidora. I only fear I have too much.

Adrastus. Have you enough, fair Isidora, to consent to the design I have told you of?

Isidora. I can't tell you as yet.

Adrastus. What d'ye wait for, as to that?

Isidora. To form a resolution.

Adrastus. Ah! when one is thoroughly in love, one presently forms a resolution.

Isidora. Well, go; yes, I do consent to it.

Adrastus. But, tell me, do you consent that it shall be this very moment?

Isidora. When one is once resolv'd upon a thing, do we stick at the time?

D. Pedro to Hali.] You have my opinion, and I kiss your hand.

Hali. Sir, when you have receiv'd any slap o' the face, I am a man also to be advis'd with, and I may do the same for you.

D. Pedro. I leave you without waiting on you down again; but these freedoms are allow'd amongst gentlemen.

Adrastus to Isiodora.] No, there is nothing can efface from my mind the tender proofs — [Adrastus perceiving that D. Pedro observ'd him in close conversation with Isiodora.] I was looking upon this small dimple that she has on her chin; and I thought at first that it had been a mole. But we have done enough for to-day, we shall finish another time. [to D. Pedro, who would look at the picture.] No, don't look at any thing as yet; let it be lock'd up, pray. [to Isiodora.] And you, madam, I conjure you not to droop; and to keep yourself in gaiety of spirit, for the design I have of finishing our work.

Isiodora. I shall preserve all the gaiety necessary for that purpose.

S C E N E XIII.

D. P E D R O, I S I O D O R A.

I S I O D O R A.

WHAT say you of him? This gentleman appears to me the most civil in the world; and one must own that the French have something galant and polite in them, that other nations have not.

D. Pedro. Yes, but they have this bad property, that they give themselves too much liberty, and make love at random to every woman they meet.

Isiodora. That's because they know these things please the ladies.

D. Pedro. Yes, but if they please the ladies, they

very much displease the gentlemen ; and one does not much like to see a man saucily court your wife, or mistress, under your nose.

Isidora. What they do is only for diversion.

SCENE XIV.

Z A I D E, D. P E D R O, I S I O D O R A.

Z A I D E.

O H! good Sir, please to save me from the hands of a furious husband who pursues me. His jealousy is incredible, and works him up to an excess beyond imagination. He goes so far as to desire I should always be veil'd, and because he caught me with my face a little uncover'd, he snatch'd up his sword, and forc'd me to fly to your house to demand your protection against his injustice. But I see him appear. For heaven's sake, good Sir, save me from his fury.

D. Pedro to Zaide, and pointing to Isidora.] Step in thither with her, and fear nothing.

SCENE XV.

A D R A S T U S, D. P E D R O.

D. P E D R O.

O H, fy! is it you, Sir? So much jealousy in a Frenchman! I thought we had been the only persons capable of it.

Adrastus. The French always excel in every thing they do: and when we take upon us to be jealous, we are twenty times more so than a Sicilian. The infamous creature thinks she has found a sure refuge in your house, but you are too considerate to blame my resentment. Pray suffer me to treat her as she deserves.

D. Pedro. Nay, for goodness sake, stay. The offence is too small for so great a fury.

Adrastus. The greatness of an offence of this nature is

not so much in the things people do ; 'tis in transgressing the orders one gives ; and in such affairs as this, what is but a trifle becomes very criminal, when 'tis forbidden.

D. Pedro. In the manner she told the story, all she did was without design ; and in short I intreat you to be reconcil'd together.

Adrastus. How ! do you take her part, you who are so delicate upon these sort of things ?

D. Pedro. Yes, I take her part ; and if you will oblige me, you will forget your passion, and you will be reconcil'd to each other. 'Tis a favour I ask of you ; and I shall take it as an instance of that friendship which I desire may be betwixt us.

Adrastus. I am not permitted, upon these conditions, to refuse you any thing : I shall do what you desire.

S C E N E XVI.

ZAIDE, D. PEDRO, ADRASTUS at a corner of the stage.

D. P E D R O to Zaide.

H O H there, come ; you have nothing to do but to follow me, I have made your peace. You could never fall into better hands than mine.

Zaide. I am oblig'd to you more than can be conceiv'd : but I must take my veil, I care not to appear before him without it.

S C E N E XVII.

D. P E D R O, A D R A S T U S.

D. P E D R O.

H E R E's she's a coming ; and I assure you she appear'd full of joy, when I told her that I had made up the whole affair.

SCENE XVIII.

ISIODORA in Zaide's veil, ADRASTUS, D. PEDRO.

D. PEDRO to Adrastus.

SINCE you were so kind to abandon your resentment, allow me here to make you join hands, and to conjure you both out of love to me, to live in perfect union.

Adrastus. Yes, I promise you that out of love to you, I shall live with her in the best manner in the world.

D. Pedro. You most sensibly oblige me, and I shall not forget it.

Adrastus. I give you my word, signior Don Pedro, that in regard to you, I shall treat her in the best way I possibly can.

D. Pedro. 'Tis too great a favour you do me: [alone.] 'tis good always to make peace, and to soften matters. Hola, Isiodora, come.

SCENE XIX.

Z A I D E, D. P E D R O.

D. P E D R O.

H O W ! What's the meaning of this ?

Zaide unveil'd.] The meaning of this ! that a jealous man is a monster hated of all the world ; and that there is no person but would be delighted to do him a mischief, had he no other interest in it ; that all the locks and bars in the world will not hold people, and that 'tis the heart should be secur'd by gentleness and complaisance ; that Isiodora is in the hands of a gentleman whom she loves, and that you are caught for a dupe.

D. Pedro. Shall D. Pedro bear this mortal injury ! No, no, I have too great a soul, and I will demand the support of law to prosecute the perfidious man to the utmost. Here is a senator's lodging. Hola !

SCENE THE LAST.

A SENATOR, D. PEDRO.

SENATOR.

YOUR servant, signior D. Pedro. How luckily you come!

D. Pedro. I come to complain to you of an affront offer'd me.

Senator. I have made one of the finest masquerades in the world.

D. Pedro. A traitor of a Frenchman has play'd me a trick.

Senator. You never in your life saw any thing so fine.

D. Pedro. He has carry'd off a young woman to whom I had given her freedom.

Senator. They are people dress'd like Moors, who dance admirably.

D. Pedro. Do but see whether 'tis an injury that ought to be born with.

Senator. The habits are marvellous, and made on purpose.

D. Pedro. I demand the assistance of justice against this action.

Senator. I must have you see this; they are going to rehearse it, to give the public the diversion of it.

D. Pedro. How! What is't you talk of?

Senator. I talk of my masquerade.

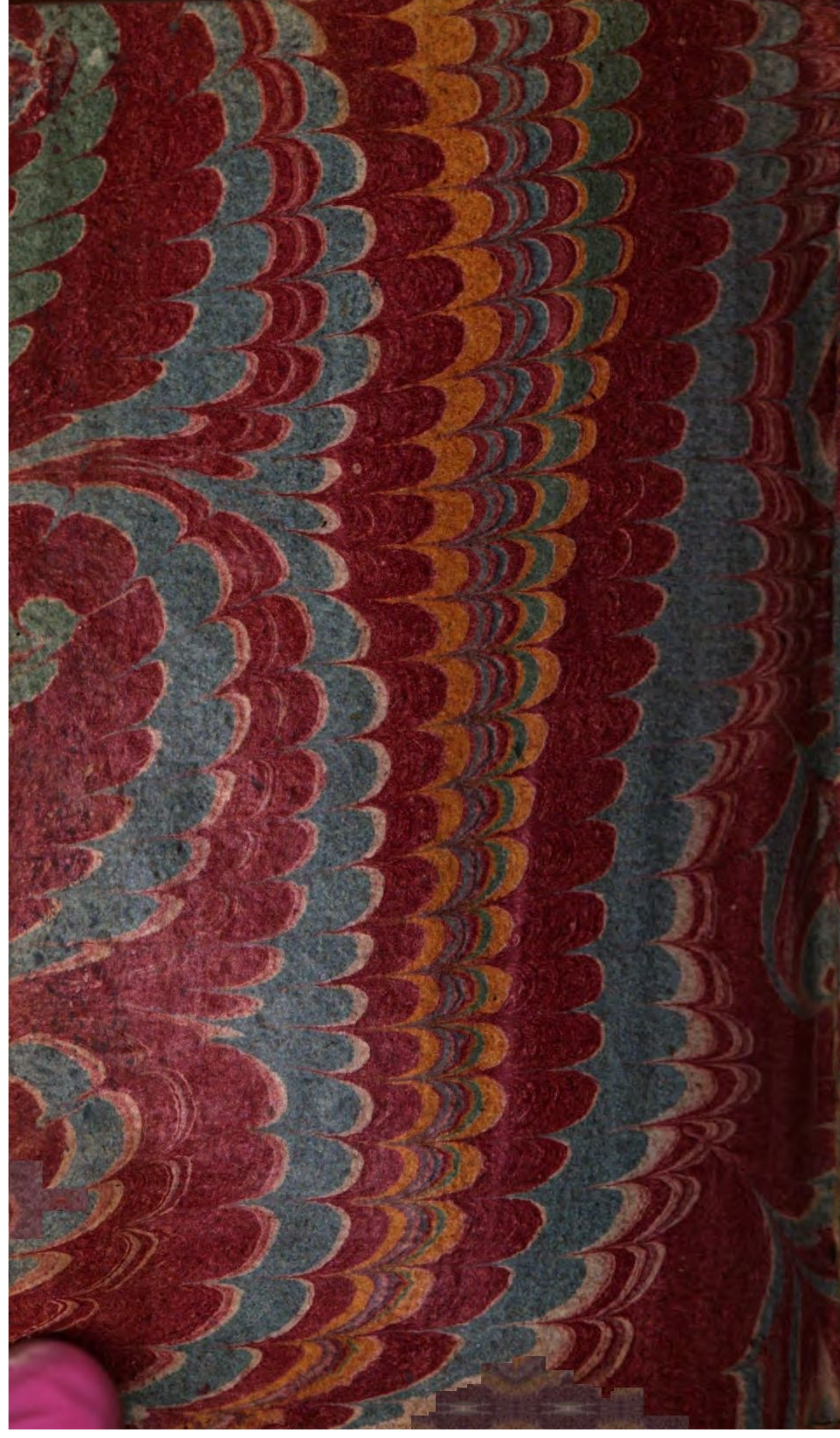
D. Pedro. I talk to you of my affair.

Senator. I'll have no other affairs to-day but pleasure. Come, gentlemen, come; let us see whether it will take well.

D. Pedro. Plague o' the fool, with his masquerade.

Senator. Duce take the troublesome fellow with his affair.

The End of the Fourth Volume.







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